VOGUE

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first
fall
choices

summer!

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU...

fashion, fitness, beauty, money
what's ahead

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A few

words

on the

performing

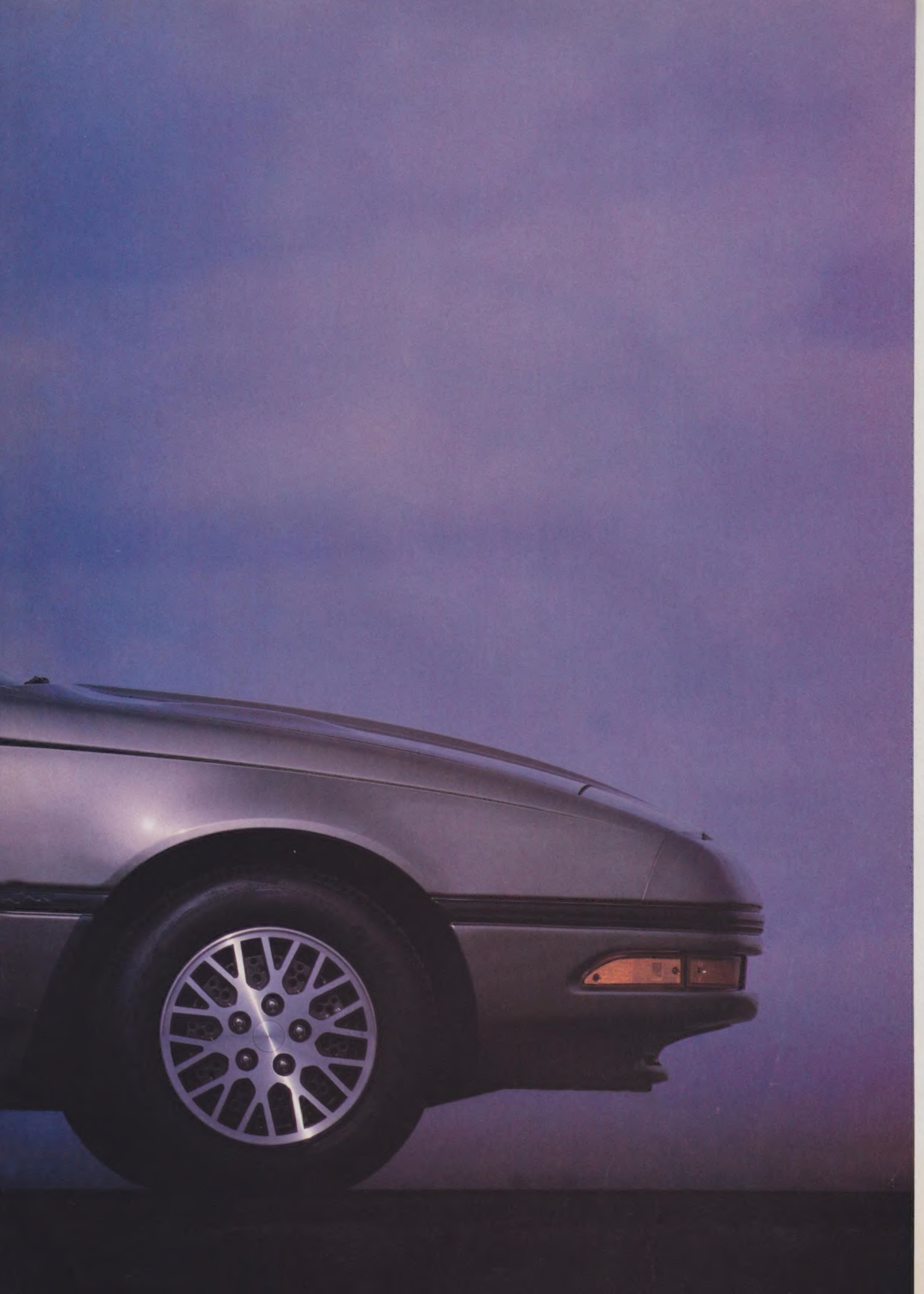
arts.

Responsive.

Balanced.

Precise.

Detailed.



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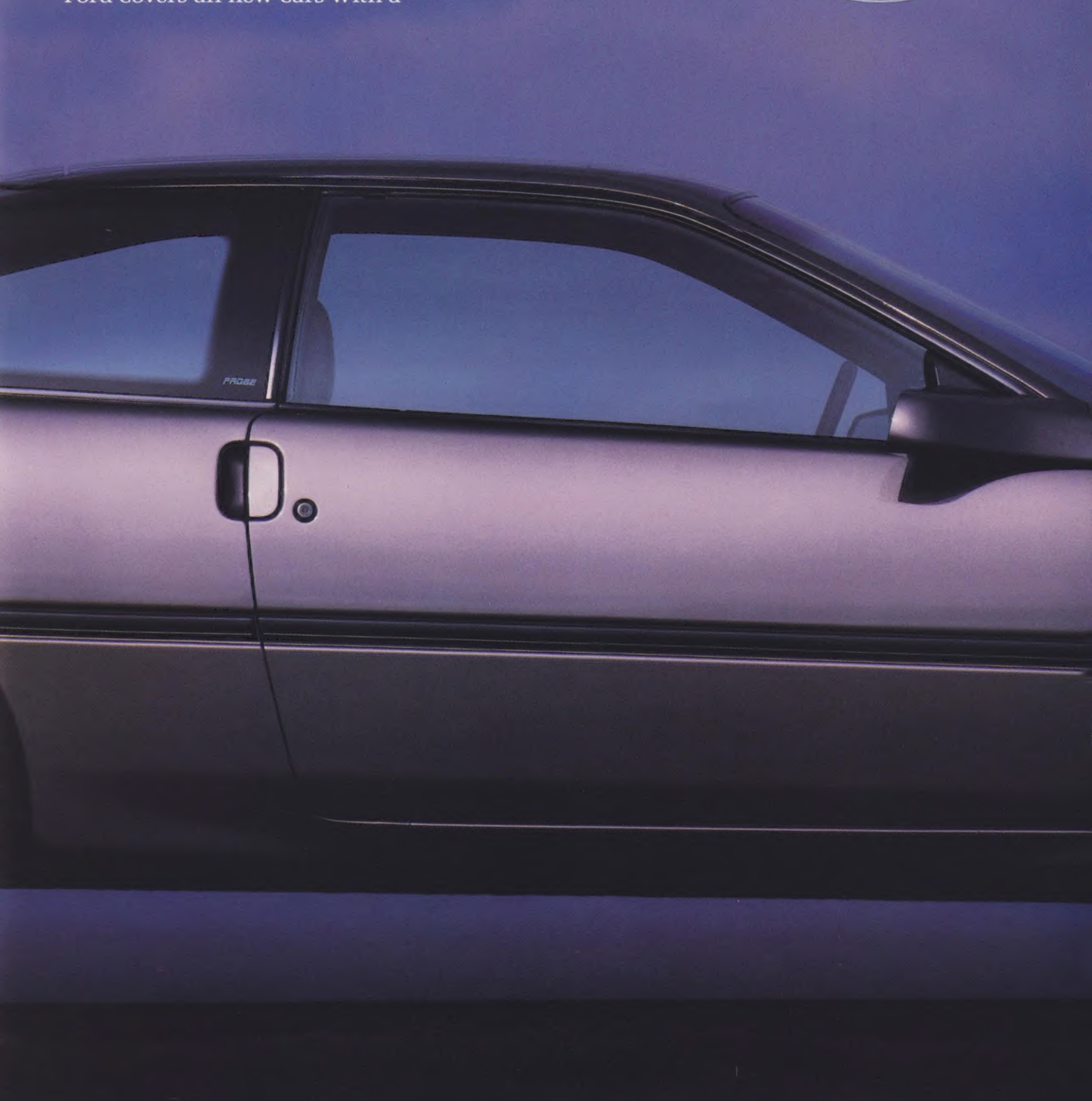
Ford



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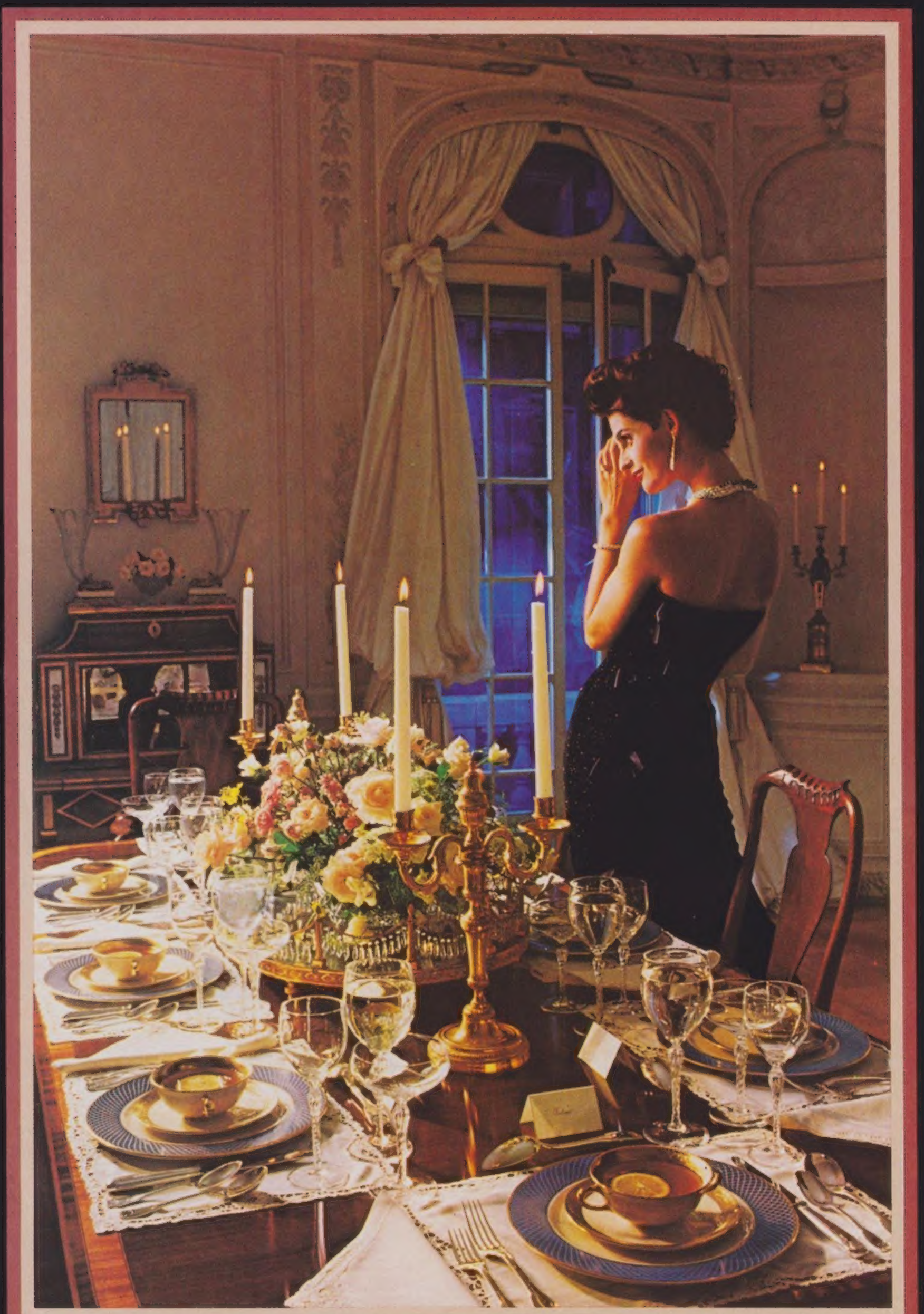

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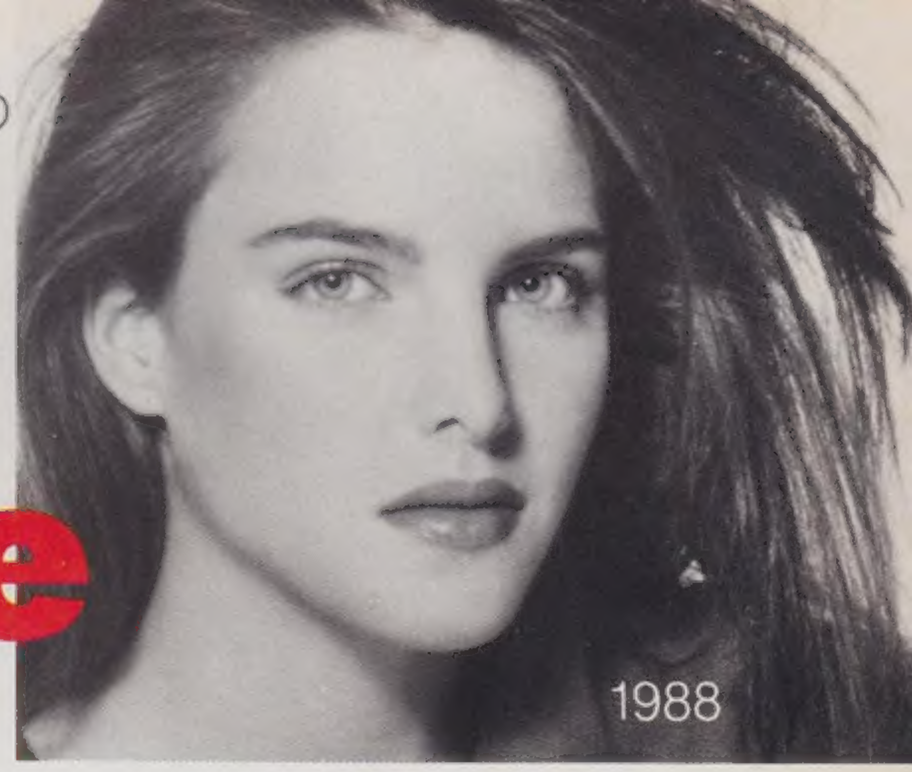

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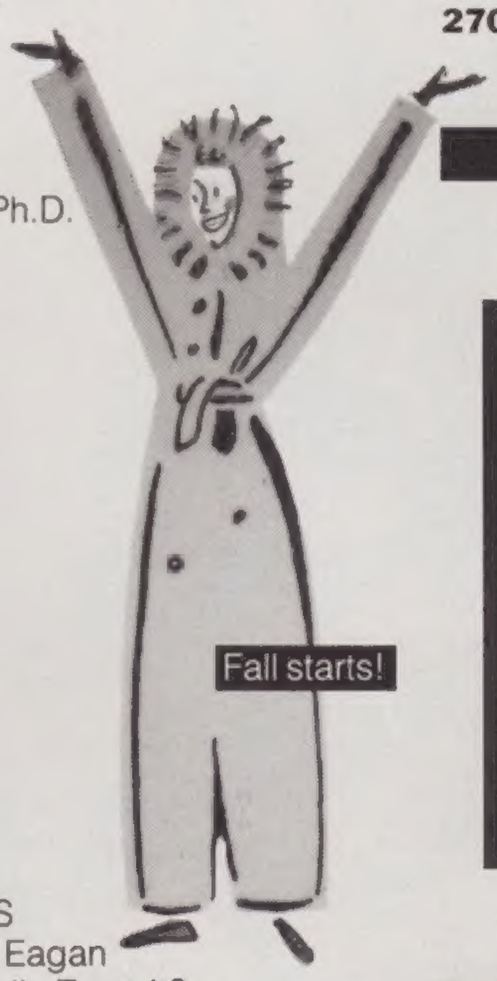
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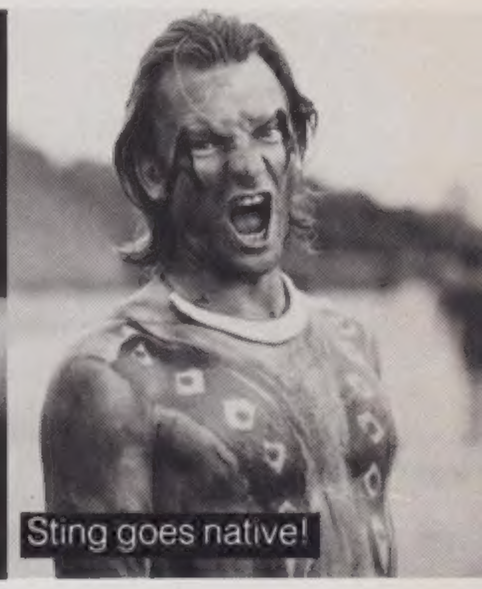
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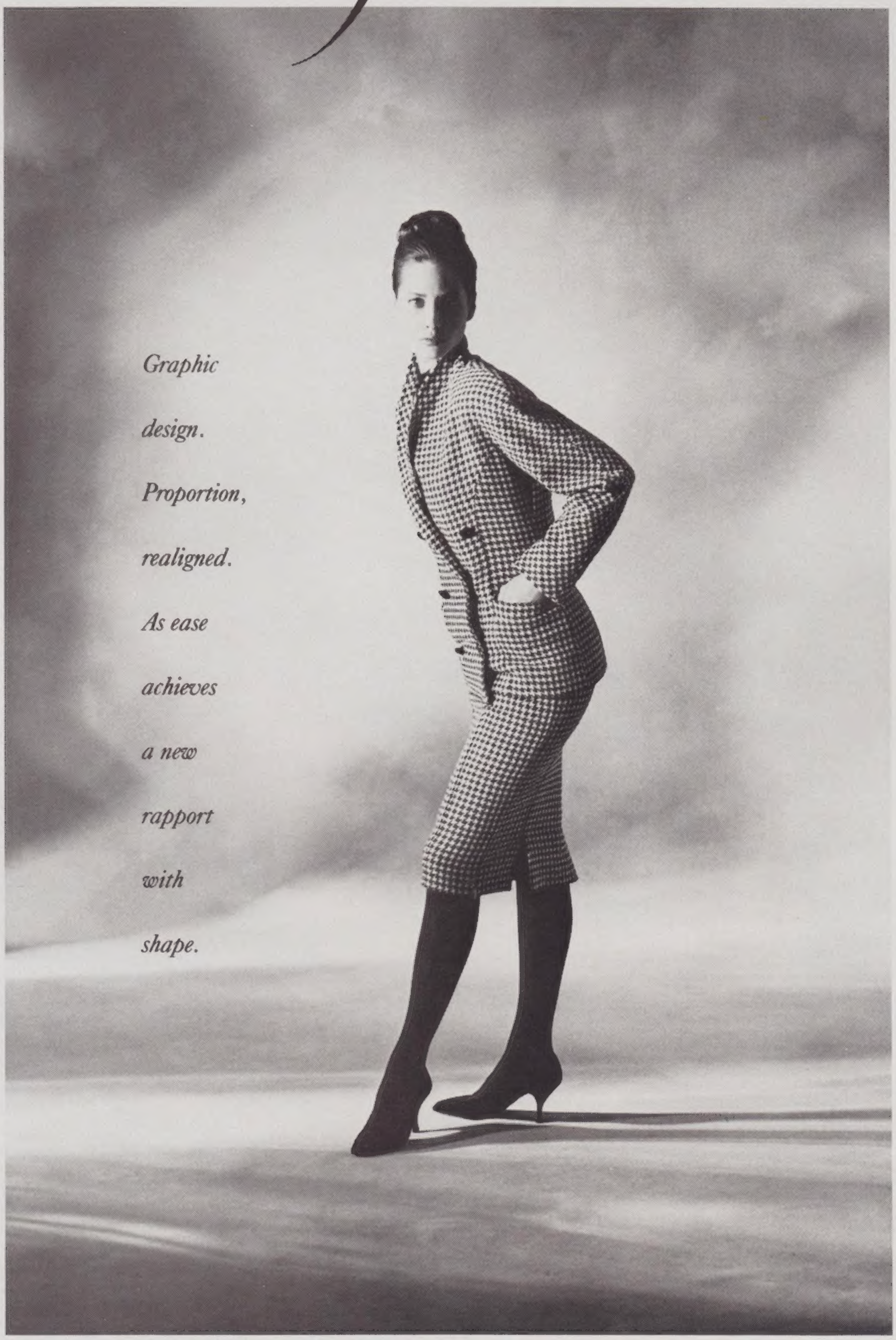

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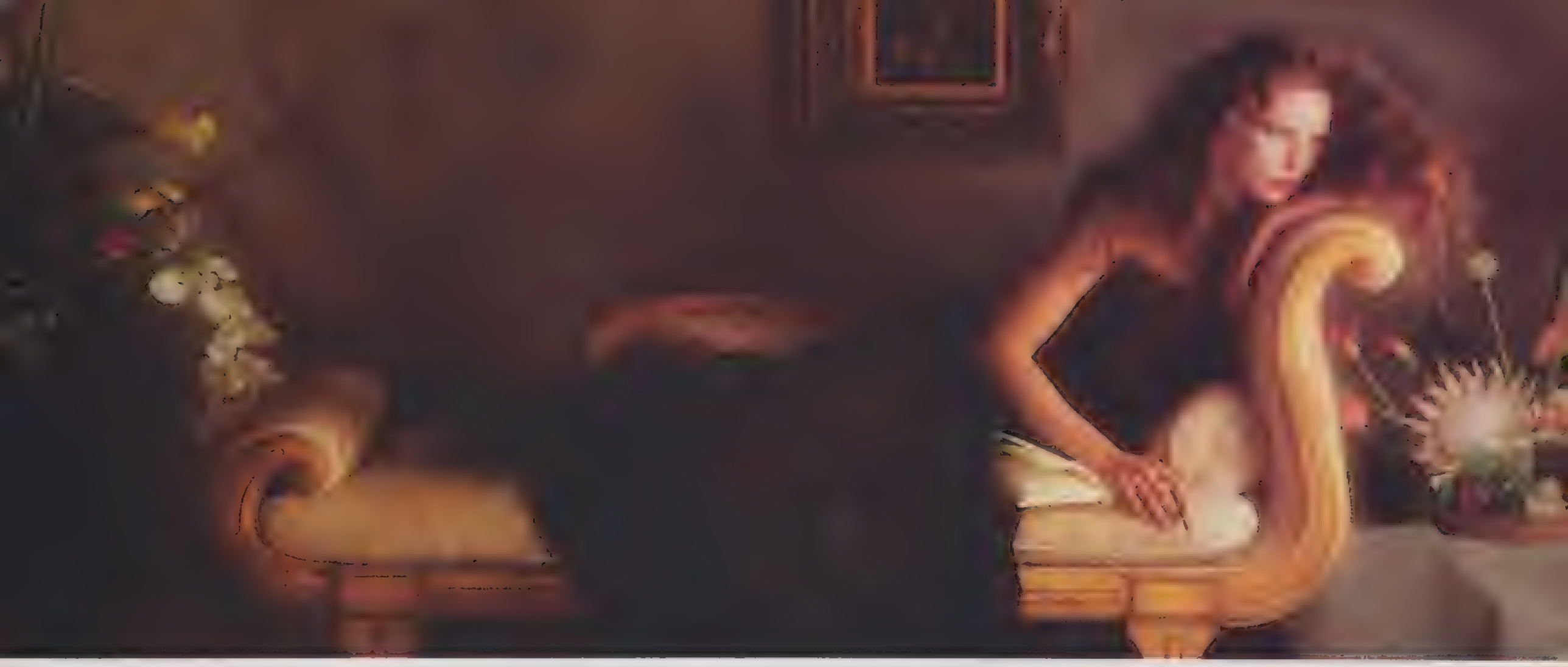

I gave up chocolate. I gave up espresso.

I gave up the Count (that naughty man).

And his little house in Cap Ferrat.

The Waterman, however, is not negotiable.

I must have something thrilling with
which to record my boredom.

Pens write. A Waterman pen expresses. For more than a century, this distinction has remained constant. In the precise, painstaking tooling, for example. In the meticulous balancing. In layer upon layer of precious lacquers. In accents plated with pure gold. Those who desire such an instrument of expression will find Waterman pens in a breadth of styles, prices and finishes.

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PARIS

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Caution: curves ahead. Donna Karan's stretch denim suit puts the sizzle into summer. Jacket; 325.00. Skirt; 165.00. In Collectors.

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nordstrom

FOR YOUR MOST SENSITIVE AGE ZONE...YOUR EYES.

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Which results in something rarely seen: visible change. Now isn't that something to look forward to?

REVLON

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KNOWING

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LAUDER

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BEAUTY NOW

Beauty in this issue: short hair plays, pared-down makeup with polish

COVER LOOK

easy style!

Low-key, easy-going appeal describes one of the freshest new faces around: model Cathy Fedoruk, *above* and on our cover (more on this Canadian beauty's outdoor good looks, pages 258-269). Fedoruk—who plays basketball for exercise—exemplifies the style of an active woman: attractive but not overly "done." Here, most appealing for summer: a shorter, "swing" cut, a faux tan skin color, neutral lips. Specifics, from Christian Dior: Teint d'Eté Tinted (Summer Blond) base, Two Eyeshadows (in Havana/Rose), Subdued Light lipgloss. Hair, Suga/Suga salon, NYC; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Paul Stuart shirt. Details, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

Even the most "finished" looks this season—this issue—start with a simpler, less time-consuming approach to makeup and hair. For summer, hair that's tied up, held back with the lightest touch of gel, only takes minutes, always looks neat. At night, precisely defined red lips play against the punch of a hammered gold earring (1) to brighten the face, bring light to summer color.

The notion: looking ahead to fall. On runways, designers are styling models' hair shorter, neater, but never contrived. Sometimes that simply translates into freer, above-the-shoulder styles. At other times, hair is smoothed back and wound into a French twist, braid, or chignon as it was at Montana's fall collection (2).

Short hairstyles of the moment play up volume, movement. Layers cut into "active" hair, the strength of a side part creates swing, at times a bit of wave (4). The accessory turning everything from jackets to hair, now: scarves, wrapped around the neck (3) to add a burst of color to frame a face.

Even the look of less makeup, less artifice can suggest polish. To offset the severity of minimalist clothes in greys, browns, paler makeup is slightly more intense but never "overdone." A turned-up white collar brightens a face; rich, truly "neutral" browns highlight lids, lips (5). A wash of warm color on cheeks, a hint of shine on lips give a clean finish (6).

1

3

4

5

6

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LANCÔME
PARIS

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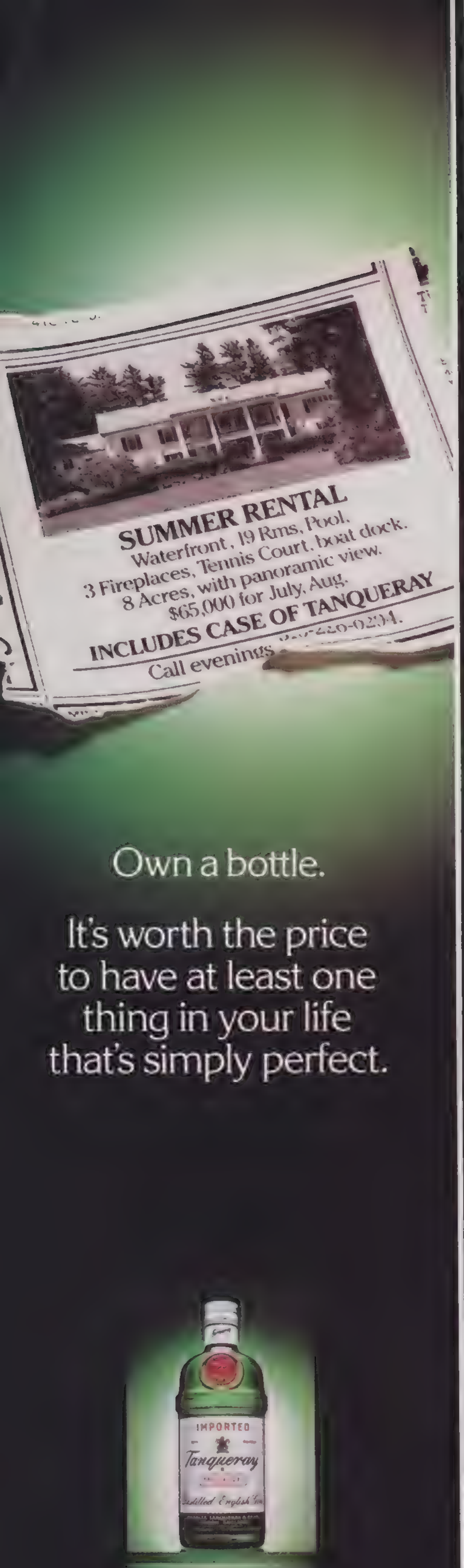

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All automobile engineers dream of "a clean sheet of paper." A chance to create a car that embodies their best thinking, regardless of the demands of mass production.

For the engineers of BMW, the 735i is that dream come true.

Over the course of 7 years, they devoted 2 million hours and $1 billion in development funds to literally rethinking every aspect of the automobile.

As a result, the 735i "represents the best sedan in the world" (Automobile Magazine) and provides "our clearest glimpse at next-century car design" (Automotive Industries) wherever you focus attention.

Observe the sleek, muscular body. While its lines produce a stable 0.32 drag coefficient and a subdued airflow, its 20 percent fewer parts make it immensely strong and virtually rattle-free.

Close the hand-fitted doors and flush windows. Their unique hermetic seals combine with the car's aerodynamics, rigid construction, and doubly-insulated sus-

pension for a ride that is "whisper quiet" (Motor Trend) at Autobahn speeds.

Sit back in the leather driver's seat. The push-button seat memory commands eight-way adjustments from among presettings for up to three drivers, sets the outside mirrors, and slides the seatbelt anchor to better accommodate you.

Press the accelerator. BMW's engine-management computer and free-flow catalytic converter ensure "a smooth rush right up to (the) 6300-rpm redline" (Car and Driver) under varying conditions of climate and load.

As the landscape blurs past you on either side, electronic variable-power steering preserves your feel for the road and aims through curves with surgical precision.

And if the landscape turns stormy, your vision is assured by ellipsoid headlights that cast broader, whiter light and computerized windshield wipers that adjust their force to cope with high-speed driving.

These are just a few of the more than one thousand innovations and refinements that distinguish the roomy, five-passenger 735i from the luxury car as you have known it.

Innovations and refinements proven in more than 3 million miles of test driving. So that the 735i not only debuts as supremely advanced, but supremely reliable as well.

A THOUGHTFULLY PLANNED, METICULOUSLY CRAFTED RESPITE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

The quiet cockpit of the 735i is, as one demanding British automotive journalist has put it, "soothing, comfortable, and quite elegant." A sanctuary in which supple Nappa leather and rich wood trim provide aesthetic satisfaction commensurate with superb performance.

It is also, in the words of Automobile Magazine, an "ergonomically perfect" environment that can make a good driver masterful.

Intelligibly marked controls are within ready reach. Analog instruments are conveniently clustered in the curving console. The BMW Active Check Control advises you on the status of some 26 vital functions, and the supportive seating and faultless driving position help ensure freedom from fatigue over long distances.

Distances which may be further beguiled by the electronic cruise control and the bass-rich, 10-speaker anti-theft stereo system.

B M W

PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ABOUT IT IS ITS SPIRIT.

As its standard five-speed manual and special high-performance automatic transmissions indicate, the 735i is designed to involve the driving enthusiast. And it does so with an eagerness and finesse that no other car can match.

The deep-breathing new fuel-injected, 3.5-liter, 6-cylinder overhead-cam engine thrusts from 0 to 60 in just 8.1 seconds or less. Proceeding to 140 mph* and beyond with "remarkable smoothness" as the car remains "supremely poised and stable" (Car and Driver).

This poise and stability is maintained even in tight cornering, thanks to the 735i's flex-resistant body, wide track, and refined suspension. Its carefully calculated aerodynamics. Low center of gravity. And virtually perfect weight distribution.

Perhaps more extraordinary, notes AutoWeek, "the eternal compromise between ride and handling appears to be no compromise at all."

Because the fully-independent suspension is thoroughly isolated from the body and mated to adaptive gas-pressure shocks that provide comfort over bumps and potholes alike.

ON
RW
3
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A SYSTEM THAT ALLOWS THE HOT-BLOODED AND THE COLD-BLOODED TO PEACEFULLY COEXIST.

Among the technological amenities that make the 735i "radically different and innovative" (Automobile Magazine) is a most accommodating climate-control system.

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There's also a special keylock function that lets you close the windows and two-way power sunroof from outside the car. And the right outside mirror automatically tilts down when you shift into reverse, so you can watch the curb as you park.

These and other features must acquit themselves in a series of final inspections that few car makers would have the time, or perhaps the courage, to duplicate.

Because each 735i is painstakingly scrutinized against a 4,800-item checklist. And each is tested at up to 100 mph and then given a final tuning.

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It has always been BMW's contention that true automotive safety is the ability to endure mishaps combined with performance features that help you to avoid them in the first place.

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On the other hand, the 735i's responsiveness and handling are abetted by a fast, sure antilock braking system. It helps to prevent the wheels from seizing when you apply the big, thick, four-wheel disc brakes, so that you can steer the car around potential accidents.

And along with vision-enhancing ellipsoid lights and vigilant Active Check Control, there is a foresightful Service Interval Indicator. It calculates the effects of actual driving on 17 systems, to avoid unwise delays in routine maintenance.

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As the editors of Auto-Week have put it, "There is a completeness, a cohesiveness to the new Seven that is its most remarkable attribute. It is a true performance sedan that gives up nothing in comfort. It is a luxury sedan that will embarrass most sports cars."

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BEAUTY STYLE

Here, what's happening behind the scenes in the beauty/fitness world: people . . . places . . . trends . . . ideas

BY DOROTHY SCHEFER AND SHIRLEY LORD

SCENT FLASHES

● What's next for Elizabeth Taylor, whose Passion perfume is one of the year's hottest sellers? A men's fragrance, due out next year. (Another men's scent in the works is Tiffany's, due in '89.)

● Are fragrance names a sign of the times? Last year's Poison and Obsession are being replaced with less overtly sexual names such as Eternity (from Calvin Klein) and Knowing (Estée Lauder).

● Are women devoted to classics or are they more interested in "fashionable" fragrances? Bic, the disposable pen, lighter, and razor firm is banking on the latter, with new fragrances for men (Homme), women (Jour and Nuit), or either sex (Sport). Currently, they're only available in France.

Fitness Briefs

● *In an effort to reach more people, Pritikin has been working on ways to bring their expertise to those who don't have the time to participate in their in-residence programs. The result: "storefront" exercise-oriented Pritikin Centers . . . and a four-week outpatient program that offers exercise and education. . . . More info: 800/421-9911; in CA, 800/421-0981.*

● *The plushest NYC gym: Plus One Fitness Clinic, 106 Crosby St., which includes private dressing rooms with showers and phones. Seen on the gym floor: Madonna, Cher, Kevin Kline, John F. Kennedy, Jr.*

MARKET MOVES

Increasing market share is everyone's goal. Calvin Klein, for one, seems headed for success with his new Obsession hair line—which, he says, takes fragrance layering to the nth degree. . . . The people at Coke also have a novel idea: To persuade young adults to get their morning caffeine/sugar fix from cola instead of coffee. Just when we thought we were making healthy progress, along comes their "Coke in the Morning" campaign. Coffee producers are clearly worried: coffee consumption is down from a U.S. average of 3 cups a day (in 1962) to about 1.76 cups. Jesse Meyers of *Beverage Digest* says the move toward soft drinks in the morning is clearly a "social phenomenon." For women, however, it presents an important liability: caffeinated soft drinks may inhibit calcium absorption. Nutritionists worry about Coke's effects on consumption of another A.M. drink, orange juice. But the Coca-Cola Company, which also owns Minute Maid orange juice, has all bases covered.

Cosmetics companies with a conscience?

An increasing sign of more caring, committed times: some successful companies are now putting big bucks behind privately funded organizations to help those who can't help themselves. Neutrogena, for instance, has been donating funds to the Foster Parents Plan, a nonprofit, nonpolitical national organization working with UNICEF to improve the lives of children and families in developing countries who live below the poverty line. Neutrogena president Lloyd Cotsen is himself supporting three children in Indonesia and Ecuador. At Clairol, the Sea Breeze Spirit of Young America Annual Awards gives grants to youngsters from every state who have made a significant difference in the lives of other people. . . . For fourteen years now, Clairol Scholarships have been awarded to women over thirty who wish to further their careers by going to school: No ulterior motives, no future "spokespeople," just the satisfaction of putting profit to good use.

LAGERFELD BEHIND THE LENS

When Karl Lagerfeld told friends last year that he was "taking up photography for the first time," nobody thought he was talking about a new hobby. As he describes it, "Pursuits that interest me merit my full concentration—after all, I am spending my time."

The result? Karl is now art director for the fragrances (licensed to Elizabeth Arden) that carry his name. He has also designed the fall season's new KL ads, with the look of a movie ad ("Kiss of the Spider Woman" is his description) . . . and taken the ads' pictures in his Monte Carlo home. This isn't Karl's first photography assignment: he shot advertising photographs for his signature apparel line, which appeared in the spring. Now he has been asked to design the look for a new "Elizabeth Arden woman."

A BETTER BACK?

What is Arthur Jones—inventor of Nautilus machines—up to now? Jones sold his Nautilus business to concentrate on his dream invention: a back machine he claims will triple, even quadruple, back strength in a matter of weeks. Jones says he has already invested nearly $40 million in three thousand prototypes. Jones, who will sell his Medx back machine to doctors rather than gyms, claims that sales will exceed $2 billion by 1990. The machine is now undergoing clinical trials at the University of Florida, paid for with a grant from Medx Corp. "What we're finding is so astounding, we're having trouble believing it ourselves," said Michael Pollock, Ph.D., director of the Center for Exercise Science at the University. "Our test subjects are showing as much as 200 to 300 percent increases in back strength."

Happy feet *Whenever Japanese dancer Yuichi (who used to dance with Alice Cooper's rock band) gives a class at California's Golden Door spa, the opinion: "Sensational."*

And at the hot new Miami spa Doral Saturnia, what's getting rave reviews? Tap, an aerobics class where spa-goers are given top hats and canes as they dance away to "42nd Street" sounds.

Says dancer/instructor Joanne Hissey, "It's the perfect way to get people unused to regular exercise to lose their inhibitions fast, loosen up, improve muscle coordination."

Author Barbara Goldsmith ("Little Gloria . . . Happy At Last"; "Johnson v. Johnson") took so fervently to Doral's tap class that she's considering signing up with a tap-dance teacher at home in NYC.

CELLULITE: AN OLD PROBLEM GETS NEW HELP.

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Both our new Thermo-Active and our Original Body Contouring Treatments visibly improve the appearance of Cellulite in 10 Days. The degree of improvement depends upon your skin's condition. For maximum results, use daily.

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People are **TALKING** about...

Hunter S. Thompson

Is the man who put the fangs in new journalism going as soft as a character on *thirtysomething*? One might think so, looking through his new book in which he calls George Bush **"the meanest yuppie who ever lived"**; and defends his buddy Gary Hart by comparing him to the Kennedys. The toughest thing about *Generation of Swine* is the title. . . . In the land of pigs, **cows are trendy**, turning up on everything from T-shirts to coffee mugs. Slavish followers of Sante Fe fashion prefer cowhide rugs, while more original aficionados get creative, like artist Ofer Kotler, who painted his old rusty car to look like a bum steer. . . .

Filofads

The English have thought of more clever ways to use a Filofax than anyone, the latest being Filofiction. Brainchild of a marketing director at Paul Hamlyn Publishing, **Filofictions** are reprints of already published books, small-sized, pre-punched, and shrink-wrapped, which can be slipped, a few pages at a time, into a Filofax, read, and thrown away. Well, it's a new slant on being remaindered. . . . F.A.O. Schwarz this spring introduced Ptisenbon, the first line of **children's perfume** by a major fragrance company (Givenchy). . . . Sanctuary, in NYC's Greenwich Village, may be the first **New-Age nightclub**, hosting a series of special theme evenings with luminaries such as Rock Kenyon, the "Celebrity Psychic." . . .

Artburn

Americans evidently see artists as the last of the rugged individualists—an image artists are paying for, according to a recent Harris poll, "Americans and the Arts V," which says that the majority of people surveyed have **great admiration for artists**, and yet these same people are only slowly coming around to believing in governmental financial aid to artists. . . . **Best first line in a first novel?** "You broke my heart and now I'm pissed," from Paul Watkins' *Night Over Day Over Night*, the story of a young S.S. officer. . . . The best short-story writer in America today? **Bruce Springsteen**. . . . The best new musical collaboration? **Chubby Checker and the Fat Boys** reworking "The Twist" this month. . . .

The Silent Majority

In a new book, *What Americans Really Think*, Barry Sussman says that **opinion polls** are a far more accurate reflection of what the people want than election results, particularly since so few people vote. The **national priorities**, according to him, are: decent Social Security and Medicare programs; a fair chance for the poor to join the mainstream; a reduction in drug use and crime; clean air and water; fair taxation; a stable economy and no more Vietnams. . . . Isn't it amazing that the Democrats are nervous about **Jesse Jackson** because they don't think the American people have the imagination to accept a black President? After all, who elected an actor for two terms?. . . Things could be worse. England's **Mrs. Thatcher** has been in office thirteen years, four months. . . .

Real-Estate Envy

If nostalgia is the predominant emotion of the baby-boom generation, the cardinal sin is real-estate envy. Whether they covet another's duplex, or consider themselves homeless if they can't afford a weekend place, they're all caught up in what economist John Tuccillo calls a **"crisis of rising expectations"**, the result of inflated real-estate prices and lagging incomes. . . . To people fed up with New York City, what's beginning to look good is not L.A., but rather a human-sized city with heart. Take **Minneapolis**, which has a hot local rock scene (Prince's Paisley Park studio for one thing), great restaurants, and a burgeoning community of young artists who enjoy rents that, says an employee at the Walker Art Center, "can go as high as $500 for a one bedroom." . . .

Intimacy

According to a study conducted by the American Sociological Review and American Demographics, wives in **dual-earner couples** say that they and their husbands spend twelve minutes a day talking to each other, and forty-four minutes daily watching TV. . . . Can that explain what happened to **Sonny and Cher**, whose divorce became final on the twenty-sixth of this month back in 1975?. . . Smoke gets in your eyes! Now that **no one is having sex anymore**, people are feeling bold enough to confide that they "only did it for the cigarette afterwards." . . . The **best invitation** in a long time—Billy Ocean's song "Get Outta My Dreams, Get Into My Car."—TRACY YOUNG *("PATA" continued on page 52)*

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COOL OFF THE SOPHISTICATED WAY: **IN BERMUDA, WITH BAILEYS**

Your cool-drink: light, luscious and fresh as an ocean breeze. It's Baileys Original Irish Cream, the summer surprise that's both tender and tangy.
Your private beach: a pink-and-white cliff-side colony called The Reefs.
Your tropical bouquet: from Gottex, part of the preview '89 swim collections now on view at B. Altman.

Brilliant flowers on a Lycra/spandex [illegible], s,m,l. 80.00. More blossoms on the cover-up of polyester crepe de chine, s,m,l. 170.00. The Beach Shop, Fifth Avenue and all B. Altman's suburban stores.

For hotel reservations call toll-free 1-800-223-1363. In Maryland call 1-301-321-1218.

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FIFTH AVENUE • MANHASSET • PARAMUS
SHORT HILLS • ST. DAVIDS • WHITE PLAINS

DINE AT THE SOPHISTICATED INNS: **THE BERMUDA COLLECTION**

Here you are toasting sunset at one of the seven fine hotels that comprise "The Bermuda Collection." This is Pompano Beach Club, where the dining room looks over a turquoise sea. Your after-dinner drink is Baileys Original Irish Cream, the smooth compliment to coffee. Your dress, a soft whisper of crinkled silk by Nipon Boutique, is one of the summer delights at B. Altman now.

Puffed sleeve dress in black silk scattered with mini flowers, 4 to 14, $228.00. Americana Dresses, second floor at Fifth Avenue and all B. Altman's suburban stores.

For hotel reservations call toll-free 1-800-343-4155. In Massachusetts call 1-617 [illegible]

Stonington Beach Hotel a member of
The Bermuda Collection.

After a long lazy afternoon at the pool at Stonington Beach Hotel, nothing could be nicer than a basket of fresh fruit and a splash of Baileys Original Irish Cream, faintly sweet and fragrant over ice. Next, a siesta on your private balcony facing the ocean. But for now, show off your Bermuda tan in an Anne Cole suit from the '89 swim news at B. Altman.

Two versions of the new tank suit. Left: mint, lavender or rose, 6 to 14, 40.00. Right: lavender/rose/mint on icy white, 6 to 14, 52.00. Both Lycra spandex. Beach Shop at Fifth Avenue, and all B. Altman's stores.

For hotel reservations call toll-free 1-800-223-1588. In New York call 1-212-661-4540.

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SHORT HILLS • ST. DAVIDS • WHITE PLAINS

Cambridge Beaches, a member of The Bermuda Collection.

RENEW AT THE SOPHISTICATED INNS: **THE BERMUDA COLLECTION**

Here you are sailing over azure-clear waters, your 25-acre cottage colony, Cambridge Beaches, glowing pink in the background. Your chef has packed you a lavish lunch and of course you haven't forgotten your favorite quaff, Baileys Original Irish Cream, so refreshing on the rocks. Your boating clothes: Liz Sport from the Liz Claiborne collections at B. Altman.

Left: printed camp shirt, s.m.l. 38.00. Checked shorts, s.m.l. 40.00. Right: white camp shirt, s.m.l. 34.00. Knit tank top in red or black, s.m.l. 18.00. Striped easy-pants, 4 to 16, 54.00. All in pure cotton. Liz Claiborne Shops at all B. Altman's stores.

For hotel reservations call toll-free 1-800-468-7300.

RELAX THE SOPHISTICATED WAY: **WITH BAILEYS, IN BERMUDA**

Nearly lunch time, but it's hard to leave the terrace at Glencoe, your charming 18th century country inn perched on the edge of the Great Sound. You'll take a little more sunshine and a smooth taste of Baileys Original Irish Cream.

Your sun-and-swim suit is a Jantzen, from the next-season group at B. Altman now.

Black and white tank/bandeau has a streaming bright red midriff. Polyester cotton/Lycra. 6-16. 50.00. The Beach Shops at all B. Altman's stores.

For hotel reservations call toll-free 1-800-468-7500.

B. ALTMAN'S

FIFTH AVENUE • MANHASSET • PARAMUS
SHORT HILLS • ST. DAVIDS • WHITE PLAINS

In the background, the blue harbor and a view of Bermuda's capital, Hamilton. You're sight-seeing the easy way, by the pool at Newstead, a lovely English manor house turned hotel. You've chosen rich and racy Baileys Original Irish Cream for your apres- swim sip and you're catching compliments for your '89 Bill Blass swim suit, ready now at B. Altman.

Left: marine blue tank suit with passementerie bows. 6-14, 55.00.
Right: bandeau with brilliant color draping, 6-14, 55.00. Both in Lycra/spandex. Beach Shops at all B. Altman's stores.

For hotel reservations call toll-free 1-800-468-4111.

Newstead, a member of The Bermuda Collection

SUN-BATHE THE SOPHISTICATED WAY:
WITH A COOL SPLASH OF BAILEYS

FLY THE AIRLINE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELERS PREFER:
PAN AM

Lantana Colony Club, a member of The Bermuda Collection.

Your vacation begins with a refreshing Baileys Original Irish Cream on-the-rocks while you relax on Pan Am, celebrating its 50th Anniversary flight to Bermuda this year. Now Pan Am offers service from 25 U.S. cities, two nonstops daily from New York. You've arrived ready for a dip at Lantana Colony Club, famous for the sculptures in its semi-tropical gardens. Your new bikini, by Mainstream, is from the '89 preview collections at B. Altman.

Black bandeau bikini has hot spots of fuchsia and jade. Spandex matelasse for 8 to 14, 34.00. The Beach Shops at all B. Altman's stores.

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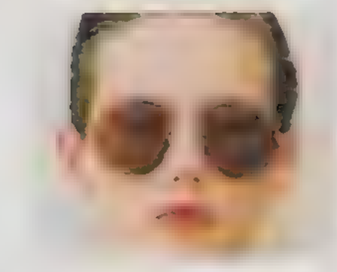

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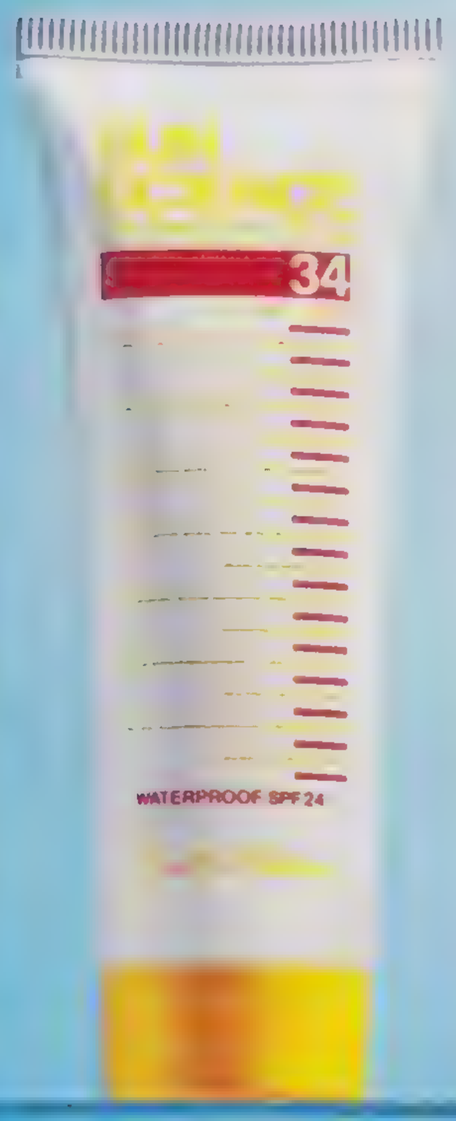

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LAZARUS

Elizabeth Arden

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...MOVIES

(Continued from page 40)

A WIM AND A PRAYER

A postmodern fable set in postwar Berlin, city of ghosts, and an angel

Heaven help us: clockwise from bottom, angelic hero Bruno Ganz; Peter Falk and director Wenders; Ganz and "Desire"-able Solveig Dommartin.

The story of the angel who comes to Earth with a transforming effect has had a sentimental cachet in Hollywood movies: the cranky Clarence (Henry Travers) in *It's a Wonderful Life;* a suave Cary Grant in *The Bishop's Wife;* the "messenger" played by Claude Rains in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*. Traditionally, in these God-centered fables, angels are divine interventionists who help convert mortals into candidates for eternity. Like these holy ambassadors, Bruno Ganz, in the German film *Wings of Desire*, is a real angel. He sometimes wears real wings and perches atop steeples in a very real, contemporary Berlin; and he is not without his cornball touches. But this movie by modernist heavyweights Wim Wenders *(The American Friend; Paris, Texas)* and Peter Handke (with whom Wenders wrote the screenplay) is something else altogether, a contemporary passion play in godless reverse. In this absurdist yet ultimately life-affirming fable, imperfect man is the measure of all things. Trapped in limbo, the angel is a melancholy figure until he falls for a beautiful circus acrobat and, like the dead in *Nosferatu*, is tempted back to life by love.

Ganz, the personification of modern German cinema (*The American Friend, The Left-Handed Woman*), and his fellow angel (Otto Sander) are our mythological guides on a journey that finds heaven and hell on Earth. They record suicides, deaths, and unusual conversations like journalists covering a war, while longing for such human pleasures as sleep, the smell of coffee, and the capacity for surprise. An American actor (Peter Falk) who arrives to make a movie turns out to be a former angel. An old poet—shades of Rilke, whose spirit hovers over the project—laments that he is unread, the last of the world's storytellers.

Philosophically, the movie bristles with too many undigested ideas and sometimes makes us feel as if we were attending an overpowering, if stimulating, lecture. But the film is held together by the magnetizing presence of Bruno Ganz, who in effect presides over his own transformation, and by postwar Berlin itself, city of ghosts, eerily definitive in Henri Alekan's black-and-white cinematography. Contemporary rubble-strewn landscapes recall war footage, rendering harrowingly inescapable the idea of Berlin as a permanently war-scarred city.

Wenders has made a film that is elegiac and harsh, hard-edged and romantic, haunted as well as haunting but that, unlike his earlier road films with their drifter heroes, holds out the promise of love as a benign coming-to-rest. —MOLLY HASKELL

HEAVY METTLE

Percy Adlon's new film, "Bagdad Cafe," like his first, "Sugarbaby," is unpolished, eccentric, and subtly charming. If by chance some artsy cinema you know is willing to show this diamond-in-the-rough, see it—if only to watch an obese Bavarian woman ("Sugarbaby"'s Marianne Sägebrecht) gradually become the film's object of desire; if only to see Jack Palance, who is weirder than Dennis Hopper ever was, as her gypsy seducer; if only to be touched by a film so obviously low-budget. —J.S.

FRANÇOIS LEHR/Sipa Press

("PATA" continued on page 54)

RALPH LAUREN

(Continued from page 52)

"Bright" star Phoebe Cates is in the pink

A MODEL ACTRESS

Up from teen flicks, Phoebe Cates is playing opposite Michael J. Fox . . . and with Kevin Kline

Phoebe Cates, who plays Michael J. Fox's ex-wife in *Bright Lights, Big City*, lives in a Manhattan apartment that looks as if it were decorated by a twelve-year-old with good taste and a lot of money. Pink and white rugs, fabric, and wallpaper as far as the eye can see; and one can hardly sit down without squashing a ruffled cushion. A jukebox dominates the living room; a doll's house sits in a study, flanked by two Raggedy Anns. "You're no bunny unless some bunny loves you" is embroidered on a pillow. A film script and Cates's passport lie strewn on the floor like discarded toys. Despite the baby-doll touches, the bookshelves are filled not with Pooh and Babar but with Ayn Rand and Shirley MacLaine. Cates, twenty-four, admits she's interested in past life recall, although her present life's brief past is full enough.

Cates grew up about ten blocks from her apartment. The daughter of TV producer Joseph Cates, she has been a career girl since fifteen, when she left private school in Manhattan to begin modeling. "I was so bored!" she says of school, although former classmates recall her stellar performance as the Artful Dodger in a school production.

After two years, modeling also bored her, and so she turned to acting—in time to cash in on the teen movie deluge, appearing in such films as *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, *Private School*, and *Gremlins*. Cates's chance for a big break into "serious" films was given to Meg Tilly, who won the part they both auditioned for in *The Big Chill*, that of a fortyish man's younger girlfriend. It's a role Cates came to play in real life; she and *Big Chill* actor Kevin Kline have been together for three years. The only reminder that a forty-year-old man lives in the apartment is a Casio keyboard near the dollhouse. "I'm just lucky he likes pink!" Cates sighs.

Although Cates is cast as a fashion model in *Bright Lights*, she falls a few inches short of runway height. "They needed someone who looked like a model," she says, "but who wouldn't look ridiculous standing next to Michael." (Fox barely clears 5′4″.) For the fashion show scene, her shorter stature was made less obvious, Cates explains a little testily, by surrounding her with shorter models.

Cates has been active in New York theater for the past two years, appearing in several one-act plays, and has even joined Kline at the Shakespeare workshop held at the Public Theater. But she thinks it may be a while before they work together professionally. ("It's so weird working with him!" she says, a little in awe.) She will soon be off to Mississippi to play a beatnik in Marty Davidson's *The Heart of Dixie*, a film set in 1957, starring Ally Sheedy. "I love acting! You get to do all the things you can't do in real life—like doing accents and smoking," Cates says as she rather expertly lights one up. "I have to smoke in this movie," she explains wide-eyed. This makes it all right. As the method-acting books behind her would confirm, she's not really smoking, she's acting. —LYNN SNOWDEN

GERE ENERGY

Just as it's hard for a child to imagine his parents were ever young, so it's hard for the public to visualize a film star's lean beginnings. Richard Gere spent seven years in summer stock, Off-Off Broadway, and London's Young Vic before being plucked out as a hot leading man in movies like *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and *An Officer and a Gentleman*. Lately, he's appeared once or twice a year in films that range from fair to middling. That may explain why he's felt the need to go legit again, taking a chance on a low-budget film, *Miles from Home*, with first-time movie director Gary Sinise. Sinise is best known for his work with Steppenwolf, the muscular Chicago company that has spawned actors like John Malkovich and Gere's co-star in *Miles*, Kevin Anderson (*Orphans*).

The film is the story of two brothers on the lam after they burn their farm to protest a debt. "What's great about Sinise and Kevin," says Gere, "is that they take their work very seriously. You do your homework, abuse your emotions, but you have fun at the same time." *Miles* is also a first film for producer Fred Zollo and screenwriter Chris Gerolmo. "All of a sudden I'm the wizened old man," says Gere, laughing. Early footage shows the opposite—he looks revitalized. —LYNN GELLER

("PATA" continued on page 60)

Richard Gere goes back to his roots (with Kevin Anderson) in "Miles"

Top: TIZIANO MAGNI. Hair: Stephen Knoll. Makeup: Giana for Clive Summers. Raincoat by Drizzle. Bottom: CAROL ROSEGG

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...reached with Congress in the wake of
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...s that the U.S.
...will continue for
...ome that many

...break for the
...es claimed
...kidnapping
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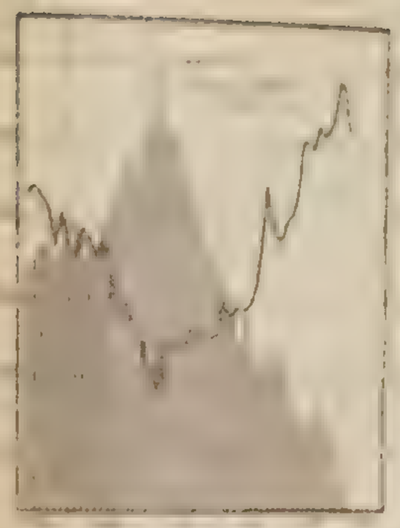

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Of the Winter Game...

Jamaica's ... Team
To a ...
But the ...

CALGARY ...
question at ...
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Dave Burt...
U.S. Virg...
the team ...
the competi...
"We know ...
the line, but w...
drivers, ...
two teams ...

Financial Hurdl...
Until last ...
...r own ...

PremièreVision

2

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The return of tweed and fur

ON FALL 1988

PremièreVision

3

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ON FALL 1988

PremièreVision

4

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crackling taffetas or whispering velvets

ON FALL 1988

PremièreVision

5

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for a subdued approach to evening
with a medieval inspiration in shape

ON FALL 1988

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...MOVIES

(Continued from page 54)

OYE COMO VA

Salsa is about the *real* dirty dancing

Choreographer Kenny Ortega and Miranda Garrison heat up "Salsa"

"Movie musicals were supposed to be dead. Then came *Dirty Dancing*," says Kenny Ortega, whose choreography for the surprise hit was unashamedly, brazenly erotic and went a long way toward making dance hot stuff in the movies again. "So this time, we knew at the outset there was an audience for what we wanted to do."

"This time" is Ortega's new film, *Salsa*. Ortega and Boaz Davidson, *Salsa*'s director, have consciously kept step with this trend toward more positive and pivotal roles for Latins (evident in recent films like *La Bamba*, *Stand and Deliver*, and *The Milagro Beanfield War*); but by emphasizing the rapturous urgency of Latin music, *Salsa* projects a sexy vitality largely lacking in those other, more hagiographic efforts.

Set in heavily Hispanic East L.A. where, Ortega says, *salsa* is "the attitude of the streets," the film is the story of a dance-obsessed young Latino (played by Menudo alumnus Robby Rosa, all grown up) who gets his big break in the form of a dance contest held at La Luna, the movie's fictional *salsa* hot spot. "*Salsa* is a street version of mambo," says Ortega. "Not the ballroom style. It's the organic mambo—like a burning fire inside of each partner." To capture this quality of fevered intensity, Ortega cast many of his dancers with real *salseros*—non-professionals who, like the characters in the film, live for the release they experience on the dance floor. "We went to all the salsa clubs in New York City and Los Angeles. The word on the street was incredible: we saw over a thousand kids—people came from Puerto Rico, Miami, San Antonio."

The music came with them. The sound track is a blend of classic Latin and crossover, with strong emphasis on the authentic and what Ortega earnestly calls "authentic-inspired." Latin all-stars like Celia Cruz, Willie Colon, and the Mexican band Grupo Latino appear on La Luna's stage, and ace deejay Jellybean Benitez fills in during orchestra breaks with combustible dance mixes featuring new material by Puerto Rican singer Wilkins, Michael Sembello, and the Miami Sound Machine.

Also on hand to tear the place apart is the man who owns *salsa*, El Rey himself, Tito Puente, giving us "Mambo Guzon" and a new version of his signature song, "Oye Como Va." Translated, its title is an apt invitation to the dance: "Listen to how it goes."

—THOMAS GALLAGHER

VAN GOGH TALKS

Van Gogh's "Self-Portrait"

The heartbreakingly eloquent letters that Vincent van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, from 1872 until his death in 1890 are the subject of an extraordinary documentary by Paul Cox, the Australian filmmaker who is himself of Dutch origin. Cox has managed the astonishing feat of getting inside the head of Van Gogh in a way no other film about an artist has approached. "Vincent, The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh" links excerpts from the letters, read by John Hurt, to the paintings and the actual sites that inspired them. The ordinary thoughts and complaints of a man struggling to find his place in the world jostle with glimmers of the sublime. "One of the most beautiful things to do," Van Gogh writes to Theo, "is to paint darkness which nevertheless has light in it." This wondrous work by Paul Cox does just that. —M.H.

("PATA" continued on page 66)

Top AARON RAPOPORT Bottom Art Resource, NY

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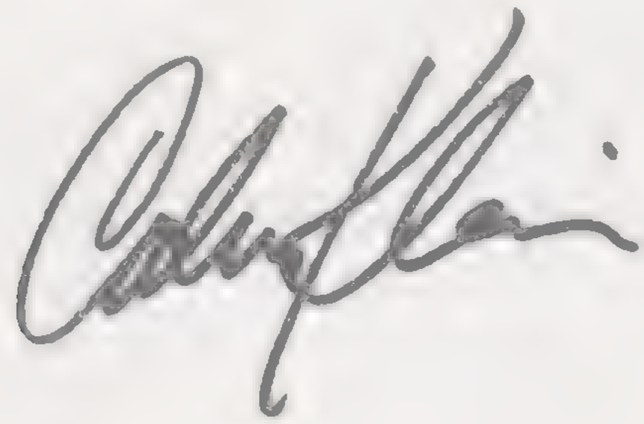

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(Continued from page 60)

Trials of a young twit: left, James Wilby loses his wife (Kristin Scott Thomas); then is captured by Dickensian terrorist Alec Guinness, below

UPPER CLASS CLOWNS

The stars of *Maurice* go straight to the heart of the manor in the film of *A Handful of Dust*

Perhaps the funniest book ever written is Evelyn Waugh's 1934 *A Handful of Dust*, which has now been turned into a movie by Charles Sturridge, the same director who a few years back rendered Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* for television with such mouthwatering attention to period luxuries. Now Sturridge has tackled the less romantic but far more uproarious *Handful*, which takes place in fashionable London and a Gothic Revival country house of unspeakable ugliness called Hetton Abbey, where the bedrooms are given such names as Morgan le Fay, Guinevere, and Galahad.

Actors have an uncanny knack for taking up the cause of the characters they play. No one has ever thought he or she has portrayed a villain or a fool on the stage or screen. When I interviewed James Wilby and Rupert Graves in London recently, they were both energetically defending their roles in *Handful*. The tall, blond Wilby (who was joint winner of the best actor award in Venice last year for playing the lead in *Maurice*) is now the dim, dreaming, feudal Tony Last, lord of Hetton. Wilby was so in character that soon he was saying of Tony, "He's not at all a conventional lord of the manor. It's just that he's a slave to . . . *duty*, and that he loves his *horse* and *wife*, and has never had to question anything." Hmmm, I thought, recalling Waugh's quite acid portrait of this character, who is as vague and ineffectual as he is genial.

In the same vein, the less intellectual but no less intelligent Rupert Graves, who played the amorous gamekeeper in *Maurice*, was now ardently championing his new character, the despicable cad and cadger John Beaver. Beaver takes Tony Last's wife, Brenda, away from him ("Hard cheese on Tony," as all London remarks with malicious pleasure). Beaver doesn't exactly love Brenda. He just likes her social connections and the expensive gifts she makes him; when she runs out of invitations and money, he drops her. Brenda even tells Beaver that no one else likes him except her; "You must get that clear. . . it's very odd that *I* should."

Rupert wasn't buying it. "Don't you see he's been overwhelmed by his *mother*," he wails, just as people used to cry out to their analysts back in the 1950s. "He's had such bad luck. He was never allowed to *grow*."

Brenda is played by the shockingly beautiful English Parisian Kristin Scott Thomas, someone who is sufficiently versatile to act both in French and English movies (she played the aristocratic young girl who fell in love with Prince in his movie *Under the Cherry Moon*).

After his disappointment in love, Tony decides to go off exploring the South American jungle, where he is captured by a mad illiterate (played by Alec Guinness), who just happens to own the complete works of Charles Dickens. While Tony's heirs are dedicating a memorial to him back at Hetton Abbey, poor Tony is being forced by his captor to read *Little Dorrit* out loud for the third time.

Although Wilby and Graves played lovers in *Maurice*, in *Handful* they're rivals for the same woman and so have few scenes together. Speaking of their first day's filming in *Handful*, Rupert said, "It was strange, because in *Maurice* I had to adore him and use all my wiles and intelligence as a character to attract him. Now I found myself playing someone completely different."

When I asked James to compare the two films (and books), he said, "E.M. Forster tells you exactly how to say every line and gives you every thought and shade of feeling. Waugh simply flings the dialogue down on the page and lets the reader interpret it as he will. As a result, I feel I came close to realizing Forster's conception of *Maurice*, whereas I'll never know if I captured Waugh's vision of Tony."

They were hurrying off to a performance of a Noël Coward play. I asked them if they were plagued by autograph-hounds since their success in *Maurice*. "Gosh no," Rupert laughed, "not nearly enough. The English are too damn discreet." He needn't fear—after *Handful* even the frostiest British reserve will melt.

—EDMUND WHITE

("PATA" continued on page 70)

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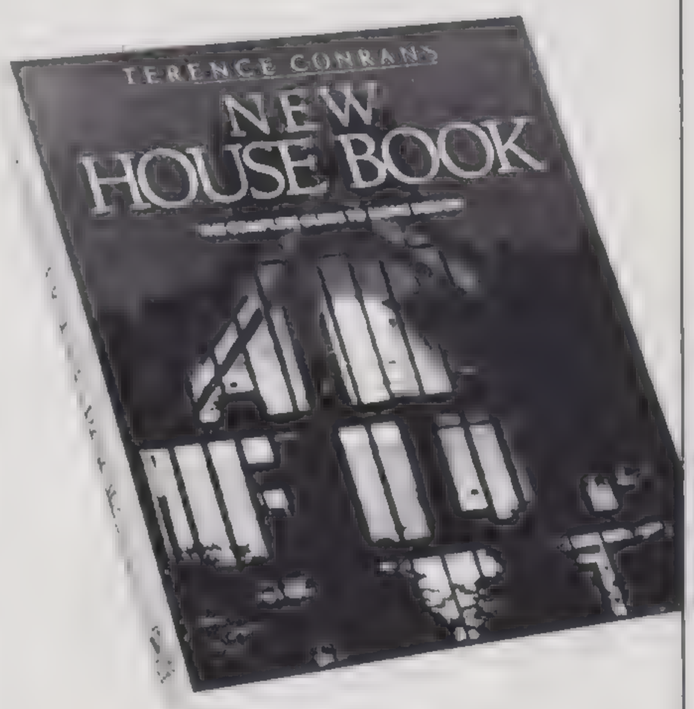

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...MUSIC

(Continued from page 66)

The legend, in his trademark "Roy-Bans"

NOT ONLY THE LONELY A new generation discovers Roy Orbison

In retrospect, the history of rock 'n roll owes less to the divine inspiration of sex and drugs than to a series of magic marketing moments. And when a producer named Fred Foster realized that he could exploit Roy Orbison's haunting tenor (like the Nashville honcho who told Patsy Cline to quit yodelin' and sing ballads), he changed the face of pop music forever.

Abandoning be-bop-a-lula hits like "Ooby Dooby," his first single in 1956, Orbison went on to create a spiritual side to rock 'n roll. His was a dark spirit, to be sure, but quite distinct from the fireball antics and erotic posturing of his country-boy contemporaries, Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis Presley. With his thick mop of none-too-real-looking hair, his pale face half obscured by a trademark pair of Ray-Bans, Orbison looked like the soloist in some distant choir and sang "Only the Lonely," "Crying," "It's Over," like a man possessed.

The past couple of years have been as good for Orbison as any since the early 'sixties, thanks, in part, to David Lynch, who used Orbison's tortured "In Dreams" to create one of *Blue Velvet*'s most perversely brilliant leitmotifs. In January of 1987, Orbison was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame by an emotional Bruce Springsteen who, more than anyone since Orbison, knows just how, and where, love hurts. This past winter, a terrific Cinemax special, *Roy Orbison and Friends: A Black & White Night*, showed Roy performing before an audience of Hollywood's hippest, all of whom looked abashed by the man's sweet genius.

Soon, Virgin Records will release a new album including songs from pals like Elvis Costello. And in the works are a book and, possibly, a film about Orbison's life. (He'd like to see himself portrayed by Martin Sheen.) Meanwhile the man himself seems to live more like a Raymond Carver character than a rock 'n roll legend. "I come back from a concert," he laughs, "and Barbara [his wife] says, 'You didn't take out the garbage.' "

—TRACY YOUNG

VIDEO...ART ATTACKS MTV

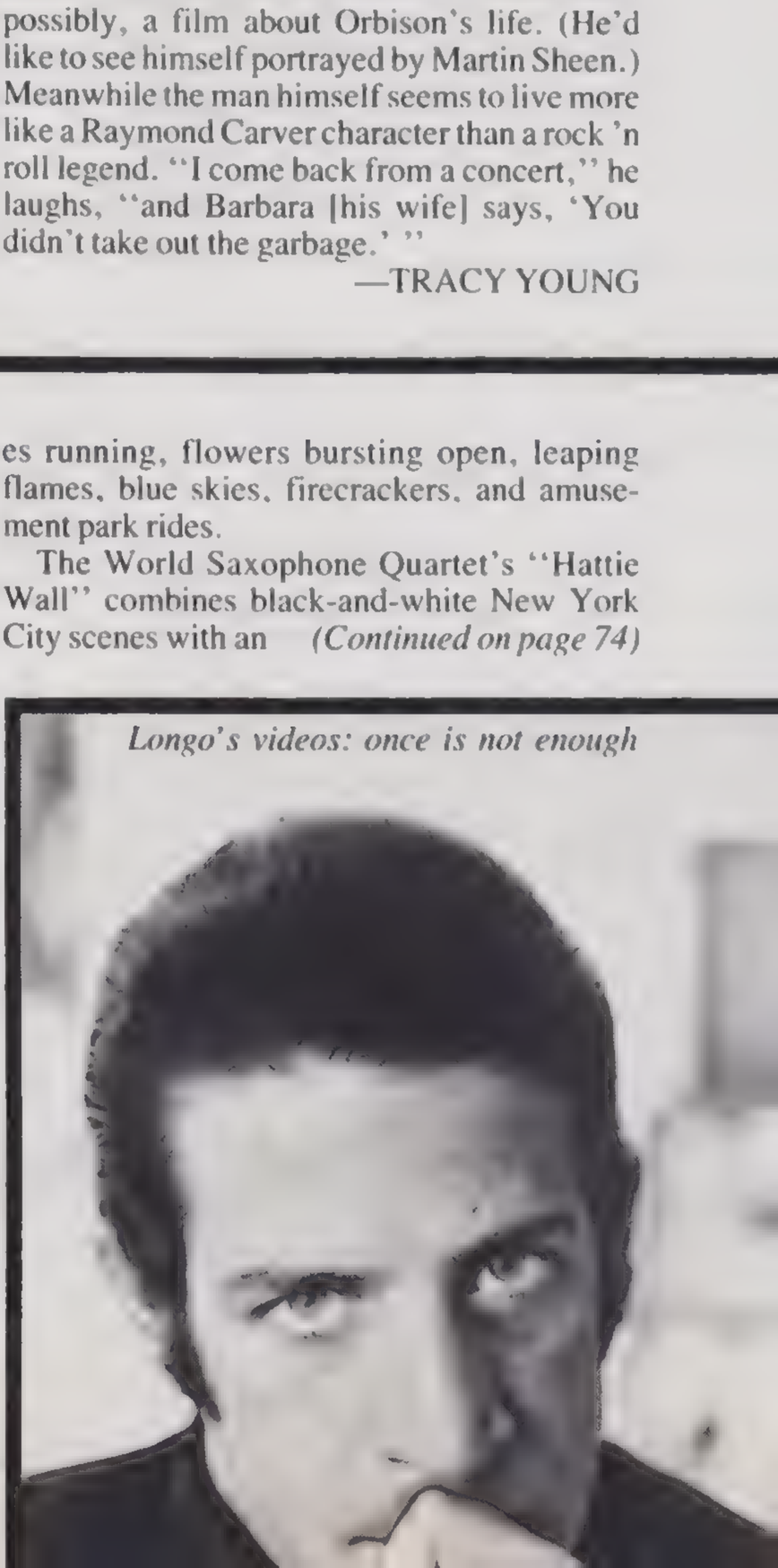
Robert Longo, the artist as rock visionary

Chances are, if you like a song to begin with, you'll still like it after you've heard it fifty times. But with rock videos, watching them twice is often more than enough. Not so with the videos directed by painter, sculptor, and performance artist Robert Longo.

Longo, thirty-five, is a ponytailed, muscular, intense man whose art reflects the people, streets, and energy of New York City. A rock fan who once played guitar in a local band, Longo has put his imagination to work in the videos he has directed for R.E.M., Golden Palominos, Megadeth, the New Order, and The World Saxophone Quartet. There are multiple images of whirling, dancing people, horses running, flowers bursting open, leaping flames, blue skies, firecrackers, and amusement park rides.

The World Saxophone Quartet's "Hattie Wall" combines black-and-white New York City scenes with an *(Continued on page 74)*

Longo's videos: once is not enough



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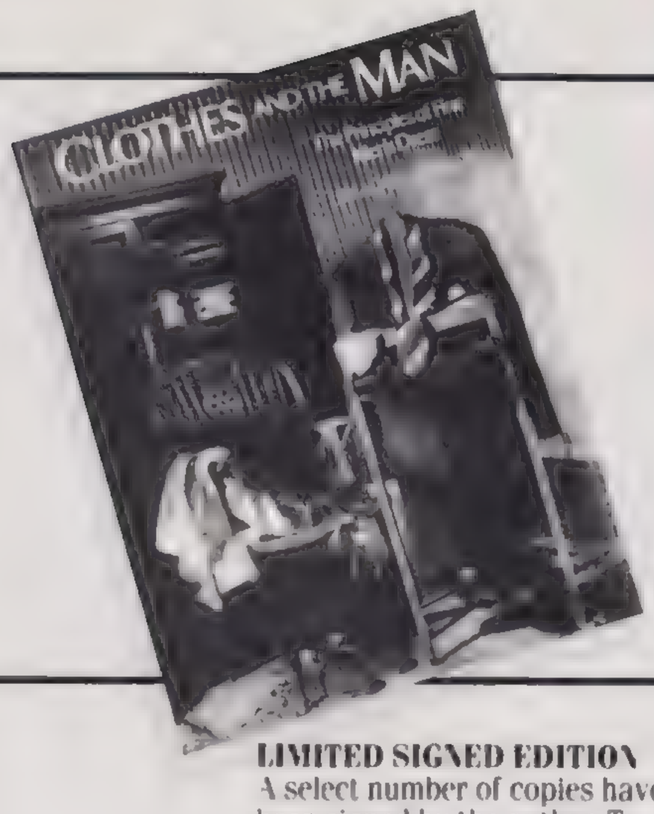

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... VIDEO

(Continued from page 70)

elegantly simple band performance. Megadeth's "Peace Cells" mixes scenes of a heavy metal crowd at Long Island's club L'Amour with TV news clips. For New Order's "Bizarre Love Triangle," Longo shot black-and-white film that evokes a Grade D movie and spliced it together with bright color images. "I wanted it to look like someone accidentally hit the channel," he says.

Longo works out of a four thousand square-foot loft in New York City's Chinatown. For his videos, as well as his clever sixty-second MTV "Art Breaks" and his thirty-minute film *Arena Brains*, he has a devoted group of people he affectionately calls "The Longo Players"—actors Eric Bogosian, Sean Young, Ray Liotta, Jessica Cardinale; writer Richard Price; and Longo's producer, Victoria Hamburg.

He hasn't abandoned art (a fall show is scheduled at New York City's Metro Pictures), but Longo does want to make more, and bigger, movies. He has a draft of a Richard Price script that would take four million dollars to make, and he says, "I'm trying to redefine the world of the artist. Movies seem like a natural visual extension. As soon as I moved into this loft, I started to make art that was thirty-five feet long. The art got so big that it seemed the only place I could hang it was on a screen—of a drive-in movie theater."—LISA ROBINSON

TV...CORPORATE ANGST Reach out & crush someone

"Slice-of-death" phone ads: "dark little moments of dread and paranoia"

Advertisers have always felt free to prey on our anxieties. Back in 1918, a print ad for Woodbury's soap promised "relief from conspicuous nose pores." By the 1960s, anxieties centered more on household and personal germs and odors. Typically, Marge was the laughingstock of her bridge club because her house smelled like fish. But consider the contemporary kind of pickle Johnson is in. He has just bought the wrong nineteen-million-dollar phone system.

This sort of execu-stress—dark little moments showing business dread and paranoia—started with commercials for insurance and spread to those for computers and phones. The result is that high-anxiety ads, shot in *film-noir* style, are the rage right now.

The big daddy of the genre is a company we once called "Ma Bell." The irony is that AT&T's spots over the years have always been so golden, so loving, so filled with the sheer joy of human contact that we could mistake them for commercials for the Mormon Church. Yet in advertising late-'eighties' phone systems, AT&T has gone for slice-of-death. For the underlings shown in them, these ads are confrontational atrocities, filled with reminders of incompetence and threats of getting fired. In "Banquet," for example, a bunch of colleagues is shown at a black-tie dinner. The boss excoriates bald-headed Murphy, with all spouses and mates present, because, "manufacturing can't hook up with sales....Brilliant, Murphy," he says, as Murphy is captured in a tight shot, looking nearly dead.

"We thought that the way business was typically treated in advertising was phony," says Charlie Mitchell, Director of Business Advertising for AT&T. "These commercials aren't designed to make people feel good but to make them realize the profound consequences of making the wrong decision."

The problem of outdated phone equipment may be overdramatized in these ads, but unlike waxy yellow buildup, it is not an advertising-invented anxiety: the people who work in highly competitive service businesses are dealing with take-overs, budget cuts, and new, very complicated technology. Yet all of these commercials point to a profound change in our culture; an unnerving awareness of the precarious state of our politics and economy.

What's also different about these feel-bad ads is that advertisers no longer offer instant relief. Poor Marge, whose house smelled like fish, could have a social triumph the next day with the right air freshener. These new ads mirror a world that is less certain, less upbeat, where there's frustration, rage, and a vague sense of doom. As style, surely these slice-of-death ads will pass. But for now, advertisers have found big money in corporate angst.

—BARBARA LIPPERT

("PATA" continued on page 76)

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... DESIGN

(Continued from page 74)

Revenge of the Deconstructivists: Zaha Hadid's "The Peak, Hong Kong" 1981

ROOM WITH A VIEWPOINT Seven architects in search of a new modernism

For architects like Zaha Hadid, Daniel Libeskind, and Bernard Tschumi, the past ten years have been a period of productive, if sometimes painful, exile. While the rest of the design world has turned to things decorative and desultory, these few people have been busy looking elsewhere—chiefly back to the early heroic days of modern architecture, searching for ways to revitalize and, if you will, modernize it. What they've come up with is an astonishing new vision, one inspired by the structural power and dynamism of Russian Constructivism, yet imbued with an utterly contemporary sense of drama. Loosely described as Deconstructivism, this architecture is stark, edgy, and highly theoretical.

The work of seven of these architects is on display this summer in *Deconstructivist Architecture* at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, organized, strangely enough, by Philip Johnson, whose AT&T building in Manhattan was the first to enshrine the decorative historicism this work decries. Johnson, for his part, sees no contradiction between his role as architect and that of curator. "This is not a movement, not a creed," he says. "This is just one interesting direction. We're still in the age of pluralism, still all over the place."

The most provocative piece in the exhibition is a model of a hotel designed for a peak in Hong Kong by Iraqi-born, London-based Zaha Hadid; the complex is composed of several fragmented planes that seem randomly tossed into place. The project by Daniel Libeskind, a Polish architect now practicing in Milan, is an apartment planned for West Berlin, which will angle up a hundred feet off the ground, like a huge bar thrusting toward the sky. There are renderings and models of the ambitious new Parc de la Villette that Bernard Tschumi has designed for Paris, Frank Gehry's famous beach bungalow, and works by Peter Eisenman, Rem Koolhaas, and Coop Himmelblau.

"This work is about a certain tension," says Hadid. "It lends itself to a very dense, energized, urban condition. For me, that's what makes the twentieth century interesting."

—PETER LEMOS

("*PATA*" *continued on page 80*)

INSPIRED by the purist forms of the Bauhaus and the exalted geometry of the Constructivists, this ebulliently patterned cake plate, c. 1930, exemplifies Europe's "machine age" design explosion; on view this month in *Ceramics of the Weimar Republic, 1919-1933* at NYC's Cooper-Hewitt Museum.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... SUMMER LIFE

(Continued from page 76)

EATING OUT

Success, Italian Style

Pino and Jessie Luongo present Sapore di Mare

Pino Luongo went from being an actor in his native Italy to a conscientious objector who fled to New York City eight years ago. He started out as a busboy, then managed the popular Greenwich Village restaurant Da Silvano, and, in 1983, with Steve Tozlis and Nicola Kotsoni, opened one of Manhattan's most successful restaurants, Il Cantinori.

Luongo, now thirty-five, says that some of the best moments of his life were in Italy in the summertime—sitting on a patio near the beach, listening to music, feeling the sun on his skin, eating seafood-pasta salad, tomato and mozzarella, garlic bread. He decided to re-create just that scenario with his latest restaurant, Sapore Di Mare, in Easthampton, Long Island.

Luongo chose the name from a song he loved as a teenager, "Sapore Di Sale" ("taste of salt"). " 'Sapore di mare' [taste of sea] is the second line; I couldn't name a restaurant 'taste of salt,' " he says. He also didn't want to name it after himself: "A restaurant is a presentation, a performance." Il Cantinori hit at a time when restaurants were becoming the new nightclubs. "It was the first of its generation to be innovative. People began to appreciate Ribollita (a thick vegetable soup), Polenta with lamb or game sauce, presented in a sophisticated setting, not just a trattoria."

This fall, Luongo will open his third "presentation" in New York's SoHo: Il Terzo Cerchio (Dante's third circle of hell, where the gluttons go). Luongo and his wife, Jessie, expect their first child in September and he's ecstatic: "I'm going to have three babies—one child and two restaurants."

—LISA ROBINSON

("PATA" continued on page 82)

SUDDENLY THERE'S THEATER

worth leaving home for. "M. Butterfly," for instance, for its dazzling staging and spritz of ideas about the politics of men and women, East and West...Larry Shue's "Wenceslas Square," for its humor and the terrific, quick-change performances by Victor Garber and Dana Ivey..."Sarafina," the South African musical, because it manages to be both tragic and exhilarating... The Public Theater's Shakespeare series, to see if Joe Papp is right: he says Americans can do Shakespeare. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the first production, proved him wrong, while "Julius Caesar"—with Al Pacino as a cagey, explosive Marcus Antonius, and Edward Herrmann as a nervous, seething Cassius—scored one for Papp. Stay tuned....

Continental divide: John Lithgow (right) and B.D. Wong in "M. Butterfly"; set by Eiko Ishioka

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... THEATER

(Continued from page 80)

Ruth Maleczech as Queen Lear

AVON LADIES

A maternal *Lear* and a Kabuki *Macbeth*

As New York City faces Joe Papp's *mondo* six-year plan to mount every Shakespeare play you would care—or not care—to see, revisionist productions continue to strip down and make over the Bard. Two New York-based companies have radicalized *King Lear* and *Macbeth*, and in each work, serious gender-bending takes center stage.

Lear, a work-in-progress by the experimental theater collective Mabou Mines, presents the King as a powerful matriarch of the Deep South, circa 1957. Actress Ruth Maleczech says she has always wanted to play Lear, so when founding director Lee Breuer (whose *The Gospel at Colonus*, now on Broadway, places Oedipus in a black Pentecostal church) suggested switching Lear's patriarchy to a matriarchy, she was game. "Lear's emotions have a shocking clarity when played by a woman," Maleczech says. "When we see men act powerfully, it's a given. When we see a woman in a position of power, it forces us to consider the nature of power itself."

In The Acting Company's *Kabuki Macbeth*, the essential power-monger, Lady Macbeth, is played by a man. "In the tradition of *oonagata*, an elaborately costumed male actor uses stylized gestures to exaggerate feminine beauty," says director Shozo Sato. "I tried to cast women in the role, but they became too 'ugly' onstage; they tried too hard to play up her power, both mentally and physically. It's easier for a male actor."

—BOB MORRIS

ART AMOK

From June 11 through July 11, a colossal hodgepodge of performing arts will descend upon New York City. The publicity campaign for The First New York International Festival of the Arts is so crammed full of "most"s, one wonders how they'll ever fit this "Celebration of the Century" into the mere forty or so sites chosen around town. With over 350 concerts, plays, films, and dance performances on its program—everything from eighteen female Guinean police officers who perform African rock songs to the umpteenth screening of *Fantasia*—one also grows curious as to the selection criteria employed. To his credit, Martin E. Segal, the ever-smiling demigod in charge of the festival (and ex-chairman of Lincoln Center), has amassed a considerable list of big-name talent—Martha Clarke, Placido Domingo, Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst, The Merce Cunningham Dance Company, The New York Philharmonic—and many of the events are free. This is one festival you can't miss, literally.

—JEFFREY SHERMAN

("PATA" continued on page 84)

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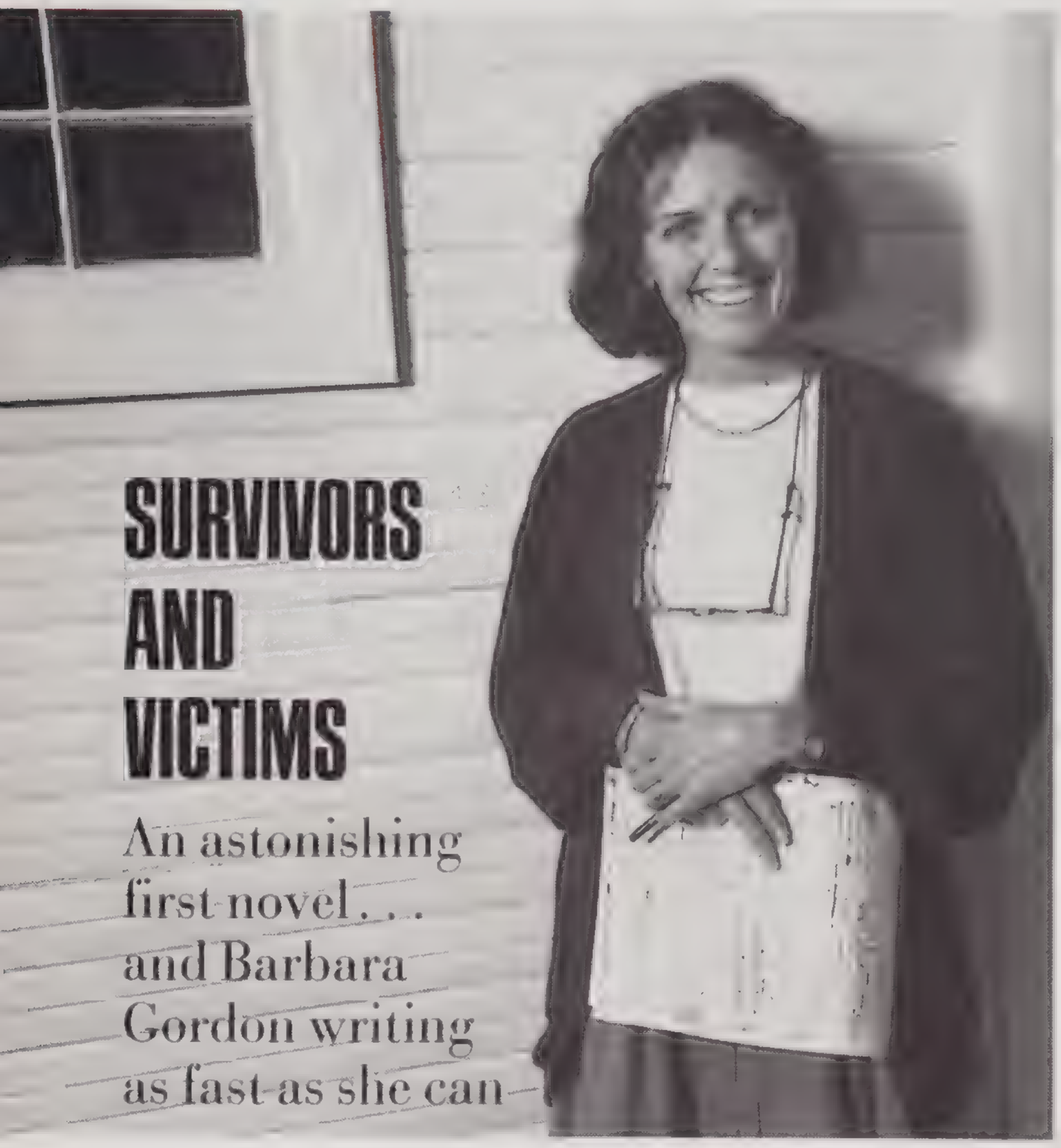
(Continued from page 82)



SURVIVORS AND VICTIMS

An astonishing first novel . . . and Barbara Gordon writing as fast as she can

Mary McGarry Morris—"fascinated by women who are tough, gritty, capable of surviving."

Anybody who spends any time reading (or dismissing) first novels must come to feel that the world is a place populated by a lot of eighteen-year-old kids with bad habits. There's nothing inherently wrong or unliterary about a piece of fiction that relies on brand names and hip allusions for color and what's passing for verisimilitude these days, or in which the most powerful emotion is ennui; the problem is that very few writers are good enough, first time out, to make their adolescences interesting. Some things not even your mother wants to know.

It is against this background that *Vanished* (Viking), Mary McGarry Morris' astonishing first novel, will inevitably be judged. That is both good and unfair. Good, because you'd have to *be* an eighteen-year-old with bad habits not to be thrilled by this book: a mature novel by a woman able to invent full-fledged characters out of something other than the cloth of her immediate circle of family and acquaintances. And unfair, because Morris' book should be judged on its own merits, and against the work of our most highly practiced and accomplished novelists.

You may be wondering why it is, then, that I am dragging my heels, or at least my adjectives, about coming right out and describing *Vanished*. Frankly, I'm afraid that a plot summary will turn you away: I mean, do you want to take to the beach a novel about a Vermont teenager (Dotty) who kills her father and convinces a middle-aged weak-minded man (Aubrey Wallace) to leave his wife and two children so that he can come with her while she steals a truck, kidnaps a child, and becomes involved in a life of petty crime, alcohol, pills, and sex-for-cash? But, as much as it might sound that way, *Vanished* is no literary remake of *Bonnie and Clyde* or *Sugarland Express*; neither is it a book-length companion to that ridiculously hot genre of short fiction—what a friend of mine calls "the trailer-park story." ("You know," she once explained to me, "they're the ones about really ugly people with even uglier minds who live in Arizona or New Mexico in rundown trailers; on weekends, they drink too much and throw up on cacti.")

Rather, *Vanished* is a novel all its own, a story about being lost, about what it feels like to be invisible not only to society but to your own family. It's about a world in which generations are all confused, where children act like adults, complete with their venom and vulgarity, and where adults whine and skirt responsibility like the youngest, or most morally impoverished, of children. It is also a book about coincidence and luck: who decides which of us will be outcast, weak, illiterate, vulnerable? In other words, *Vanished* is the story of those people, like the homeless, about whom we would rather not think.

When I spoke to Mary Morris recently, however, she located the book's central issue elsewhere: "I think the book is about love. Throughout his life, Aubrey Wallace has existed in a terrible state of rootlessness: he has no connections, no relationships, no sense of self. As despicable as is the act of kidnapping, it does provide him with a 'family' and love. Until he meets Dotty, he has never played a role in anything."

Morris couldn't seem more different from her characters. A wife, the mother of five children (now ranging in age from fourteen to twenty-five), she was working as a social worker for the state of Massachusetts while writing *Vanished*, the second and totally new version of an earlier novel. But Morris does know isolation: No one read the book while she was writing it; outside of her family, the people closest to her didn't even know of its existence. She tried for four or five years to get someone in publishing interested in the book, but since she had published nothing, not even a short story, she found no takers. Finally, a New York agent responded favorably to a query letter; Morris sent off the novel, and very soon thereafter had an agent and a publisher. "But talking to you is still only the third time I've discussed the book," Morris says.

Morris grew up in Rutland, Vermont, where, she says, she "became very familiar with simple-living people. My mother was a big-hearted woman, always helping, taking on people with problems. I got used to looking up and seeing some odd and unusual person in our kitchen. And I met some very deprived people—people like Aubrey, whom I see as a human E.T., an alien in his own world. I feel a natural affinity for people like that, just as I do for women like Dotty: I've always been fascinated by women who are tough, gritty, and capable of surviving."

Not to put words in her mouth, but I'd bet more than even money that Barbara Gordon would say that she's also interested in female survivors. This month, the author of *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*, the tale of her Valium habit and the abusive man who went with it, is back with another magnum opus, *Jennifer Fever: Older Men, Younger Women* (Harper & Row).

This is how it came about: One day, while Gordon was hanging out by her local swimming pool on top of a Manhattan skyscraper, she noticed that the older men were all looking at a beautiful younger woman with a fabulous body who was getting ready to swim laps. She, being more of a reporter than you or I, spotted a phenomenon—older men like to look at beautiful younger women, she announced. Then Gordon set out to name her trend (the younger women are Jennifers, the wives whose lives they devastate are Janets), analyze it, and, you guessed it, write a book about it. She ran a few ads, put out a few feelers, and with an abandon that would give Shere Hite pause, put together a sampling of bitter women and ecstatic men. What she reports is amazing: it's practically inevitable (ordained by Freud, Darwin, and society-at-large) that a middle-aged man will leave his wife and family behind for a much younger woman. But I'm more worried about the women who will buy this book. Maybe if women read fewer books like *Jennifer Fever*, more men would stay interested in them. Certainly, no man would read this book.

—SUSAN BOLOTIN

("PATA" continued on page 86)

JOHN KOOIMAN

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...BOOKS

(Continued from page 84)

HEARST'S HOME WAS HER CASTLE

The first woman ever to be admitted to the Ecole des Beaux Arts' architecture department, Julia Morgan (left) graduated in 1902 with honors—and a strong training in classical style that would influence the project for which she is best remembered: the Hearst estate at San Simeon. According to Sara Holmes Boutelle's recent biography, "Julia Morgan, Architect" (Abbeville), Morgan was a perfectionist when it came to her work: she made the commute from her San Francisco office to San Simeon almost every weekend for nearly twenty years, determined to watch over every last detail—down to the painting of the medieval tales on the ceiling of the gothic study in the Main Hall (above). It's unfortunate that Boutelle's flair for storytelling isn't equal to Morgan's dedication to her craft. —M.G.

CLARKE'S CAPOTE

It's everything *Answered Prayers* aspired to be—low gossip, high tragedy

Gerald Clarke's biography of Truman Capote has been nearly as long-awaited as *Answered Prayers* (Random House), Capote's own unfinished masterpiece. In the works for over a decade, *Capote* (Simon and Schuster) was one of those books announced in publishers' catalogs that never seem to materialize. Now that it's finally out, the reason for the delay is clear. Clarke was writing what his subject never could (especially after the triumph of *In Cold Blood*): a book that lives up to expectation. *Capote* is engrossing, vivid, beautifully written, a large-scale portrait of the rich and famous: everything *Answered Prayers* aspired to be.

When Clarke, a former senior writer at *Time*, began his biography, Capote was still alive—a real handicap for a biographer. Every life is sordid in its own way, none more so than Capote's, a pathetic history of friendships destroyed, books unwritten and, toward the end, violent affairs with men picked up virtually off the street. Clarke must have sensed that he could never publish most of this stuff while Capote was still around.

Capote died in *(Continued on page 90)*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... BOOKS

(Continued from page 86)

1984, but not before Clarke had gotten his autobiographical testimony on tape. One of the eeriest things about this book is the counterpoint of Capote's voice, catty, eloquent, self-aware, narrating his own dramatic rise and decline. Far from holding back, he was determined to tell all, from his earliest homosexual conquest as a teenager to his eventual public disintegration from alcohol and drugs. And not only about himself: Capote knew everything there was to know about the sexual preferences of Tallulah Bankhead, Tennessee Williams, Gore Vidal; the infidelities of the C.Z. Guest/Babe Paley crowd; even the genital endowments of the Kennedy brothers. (Jack, he reported, "had absolutely nuthin'!")

In a way, it's a sadly classic story. Famous at twenty-three when he published that haunting novel of a lost Southern childhood, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, Capote could never quite equal the incandescent success of his youth, when the "male Lolita" swooped out of deepest Alabama and captured Manhattan. Clarke's portrait of the New York of those years, a city where double-decker buses floated down Fifth Avenue, has the hectic energy of a 1940s movie. This is literary biography the way it should be written, as rich and densely textured as a novel. It has an elaborate plot (sex, suicide, betrayal); picturesque locales (Venice, Rome, Paris); and memorable characters (Humphrey Bogart, Cecil Beaton, the aristocracy of talent). Unobtrusive but omniscient, Clarke interprets his abundant material with a sure-handed touch; you never feel him at your elbow. He's a little credulous at times, and quotes too many boring conversations, but his references to Virgil, Henry James, and Yeats evoke the solitary pathos of the writer's life. For all its delight in low gossip, *Capote* is a book that resonates with the grave, inexorable power of tragedy. —JAMES ATLAS

Nelson Aldrich: no self-congratulatory rich boy

OLD MONEY

An insider portrait of the very rich

Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr., the author of *Old Money* (Knopf), *is* old money. That is to say, his family has been the recipient of unearned income long enough for it to be as much a part of their make-up as their eye color or the shape of their ears. In the United States, this kind of genetic manipulation is accomplished almost overnight. The Aldrich family fortune, for instance, was founded only about one hundred years ago, in the grocery business. No matter. The mystique conferred by money, especially when that money's combined with allusions to distinguished (if mythical) ancestors is such that by the time the former grocery clerk's daughter wed the son of John D. Rockefeller, the latter was thought to be marrying up.

As a chronicler of the rich, then, Aldrich is no John O'Hara staring wistfully through the wrong side of the window. Instead, he is the thing itself, the thing with whose facsimiles Ralph Lauren has been selling sheets and ladies' dresses all these years. He is something else, too: a writer of uncommon grace and intelligence.

Why does this come as a surprise? I admit to prejudice. Like many Americans, I think of old money as being as much a lock on the brain as it so often is on the jaw. Too, I expected to find in Aldrich the self-congratulatory stance of other rich boys who tell on their class—of a Gore Vidal, say, whose frequent references to famous relatives and quasi-relatives distance the author from his humble reader while making that reader wonder if Vidal isn't just a tiny bit insecure.

What I did find in *Old Money*, however, was a scrupulously researched, remarkably reasoned study of how money and the imagination work together to bring forth a class of people who are perceived as different from you and me. Sometimes, or so F. Scott Fitzgerald claimed, they *are* different from you and me.

The phenomenon Aldrich examines here is essentially WASP but for the Kennedys, whose transformation into old money was faster even than the Aldriches. If written about one hundred years from now, it might be something else entirely: in the land of opportunity, new money is forever turning into old. But though the names, the clubs, the creeds, the colors may change, the magic that money works on its possessor and his observer will always be the same. —MARY CANTWELL

JERRY BAUER

Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington

PICASSO AND HIS WOMEN

Just about everyone in high-party circles has a story about Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington, the Greek-born, Cambridge-educated writer and socialite whose biography *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer* rushes into the bookstores this month. They say that parts of her best-selling biography *Maria Callas* were borrowed from two other books—which didn't stop Simon and Schuster from paying her a reported $1-million advance for the Picasso book. That Ann Getty, who offered to foot the bill for Arianna's wedding to Texas oil-millionaire Michael Huffington, paled at what, according to guest Henry Kissinger, turned out to have everything "except an Aztec sacrificial fire dance." That people are getting a little uneasy about her intense affiliation with a spiritual movement called Insight and its founder, guru John-Roger Hinkins.

There's no denying that Huffington is a brilliant, mesmeric personality. In her introduction to *Picasso*, she speaks of a man who was a creative genius one moment and a sadistic manipulator the next, particularly of the women in his life. "Picasso said that women are divided for him into goddesses and doormats," she told me recently. "As I wrote about women's addiction to him, I wanted to go deeper. I started to read about Krishna, the lover god. Women in the thousands would leave their houses to follow him—because he, like Picasso, gave them access to a higher reality."

While figures such as Cocteau, Diaghilev, and Max Jacob enter and exit in nodding cameos, it is the women who form the core of the book. Particularly Françoise Gilot, who decided, as a result of "inner guidance," to talk to the author. "It should not be a biographer writing at arm's length about Picasso," she told Huffington, "but *you*, Arianna, in a living, present relationship with him."

The book tends to focus on the dark side of the artist's life. Picasso's betrayal of his friends and lovers. The atheism he trumpeted. His endorsement of the Communist Party in 1944. She explains that "part of doing the book was watching the battle between the creator and the destroyer. In the end, the destroyer won. I was left with a sense of tragedy, of a man who destroyed himself and many others."—CHRISTOPHER COX

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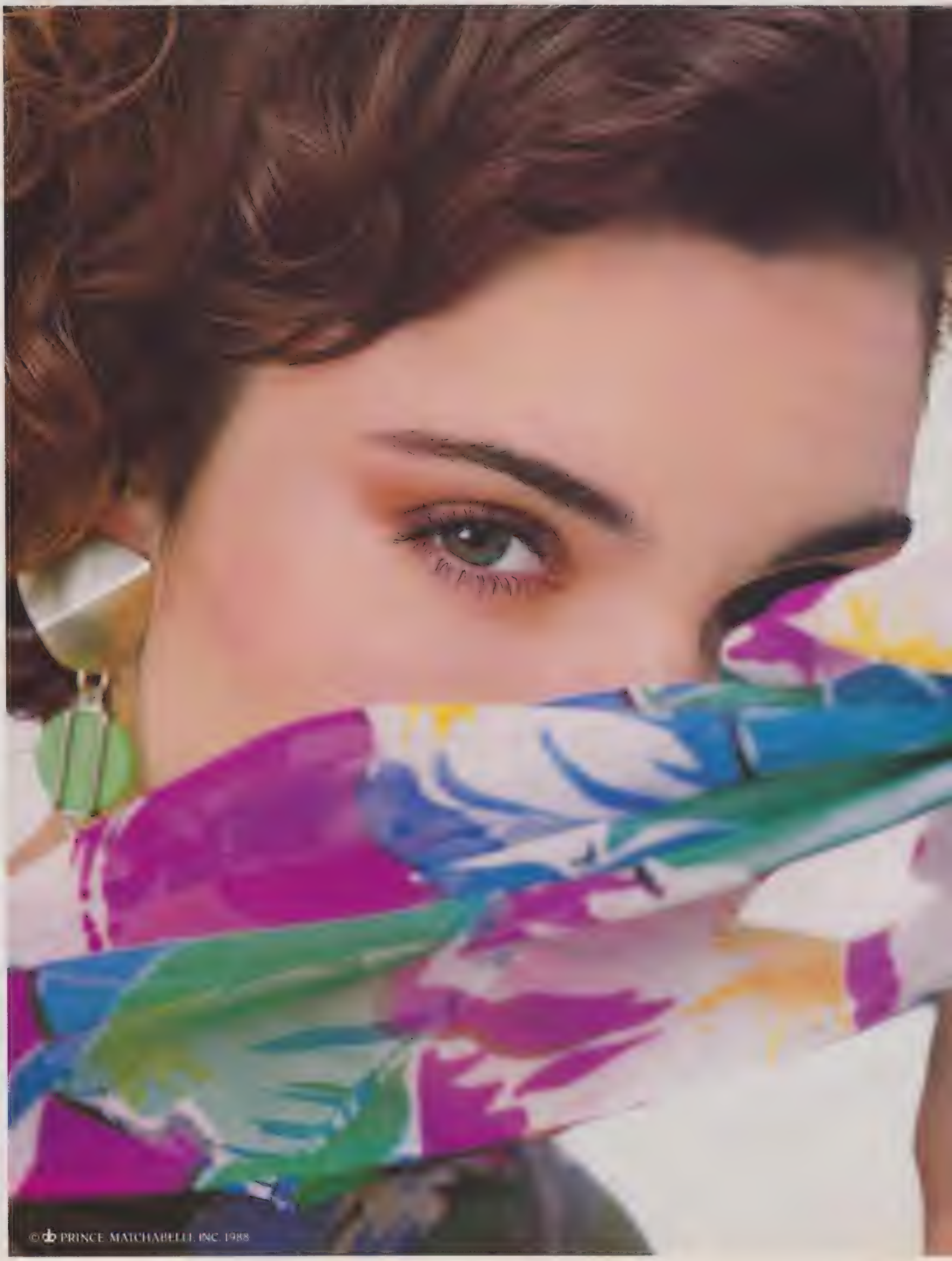

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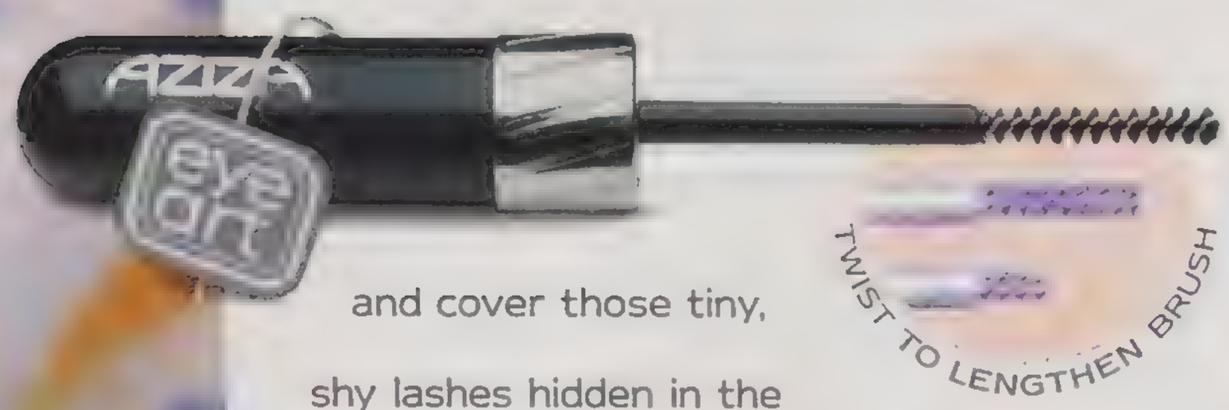

and cover those tiny, shy lashes hidden in the corners. Twist again for lower lashes. One final twist for a finishing sweep on longest upper lashes. And with the smudgeproof, smearproof formula, your lashes stay gorgeous.

HINT For eyes that'll catch eyes, begin by applying Aziza Conditioning Lash Primer on lashes to separate, and on brow as a fixer gel for contour. Follow with the warm tones of Aziza Cocoa Velvet Chromatics Trio artfully blended from lid to brow. Next, for richer, fringier lashes, use Aziza Black Exceptional Eyes Mascara with the amazing adjustable length brush. Now all eyes are on you.

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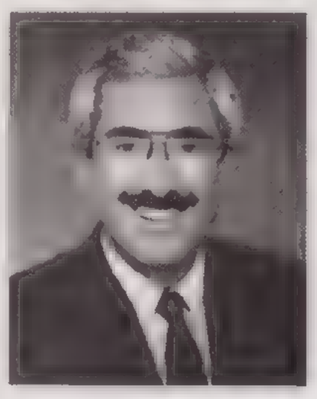
HYPO-ALLERGENIC



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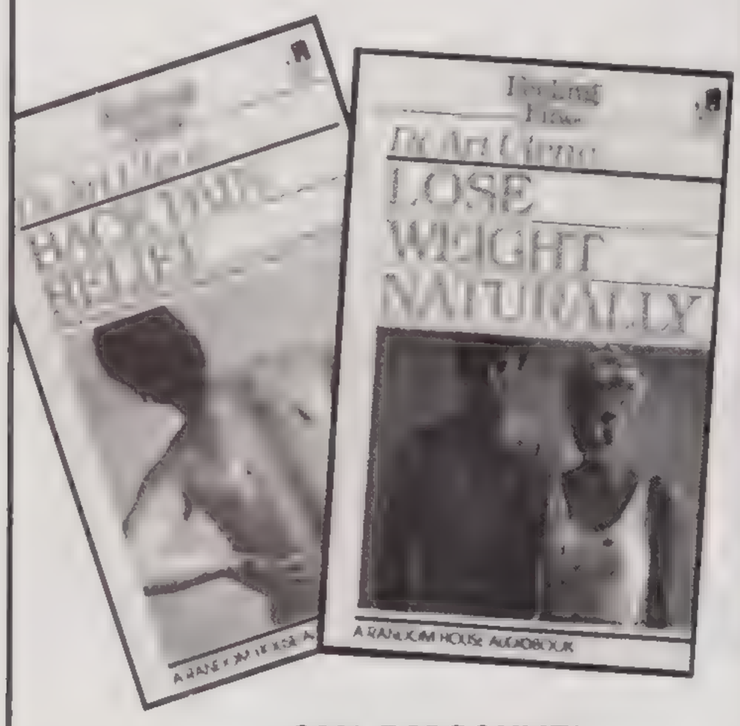

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Spas: mini getaways— the new "active" days off

There's no denying the long-term benefits a week-long spa program can provide: a better understanding of one's body, improved health and fitness habits, a renewed energy level—three good reasons why many spas such as the Golden Door don't offer shorter programs. Because not everyone can afford a week away, more and more spas are beginning to offer mini retreats, ranging from a day to a long weekend. Short spa programs also help a woman decide if the spa approach is right for her.

"A few days at a spa can be the catalyst needed to get back on a regular exercise routine," says Toni Beck, executive director, The Spa at the Crescent. "What better incentive than a few days of healthful eating, pampering, rest?" Beck cautions that "a woman shouldn't go to a spa for a couple of days with too many goals or expectations; she's not going to lose weight, for example, in such a short period. The value of a short spa stay is that it can suggest ways to *begin* making diet and exercise changes." "At the very least," adds Karma Kientzler, executive fitness director, The Canyon Ranch Spa in Tucson, AZ, "a spa visit offers a break from one's routine to de-stress and recharge the system."

Weekend spa packages leave little travel time. Best bet: choose a spa that's near your home.

Where to go . . .

- **Northeast:** Connecticut's Norwich Inn & Spa (one and one-half hours from Boston; two and one-half from NYC) offers both spa days and weekend revitalizers, including yoga, non-impact aerobics, massage, more (1/800-892-5692). . . . If you're in Washington, DC, check out the Westin Hotel and Fitness Center (202/457-5070).
- **Southeast:** The Safety Harbor Spa, near Tampa, FL, has a fitness weekend (emphasis: nutrition and exercise; 813/726-1161). . . . At Miami's Doral Saturnia, a 3-day program includes everything from spa meals to exercise clothes (305/593-6030).
- **Midwest:** The Canyon Ranch (in Tucson, AZ) offers four days of fitness/sports classes, low-cal meals; the chance to "sample" longer programs such as smoking cessation (602/749-9000).
- **Southwest:** The Spa at the Crescent, Dallas, provides one-, two-, and three-day packages of well-supervised fitness classes, with the option to work out with a personal trainer; plus makeup advice from Chanel-trained pros at the spa's new treatment room (214/871-3232).
- **West Coast:** Sonoma Mission Inn & Spa, Sonoma, CA (fifty minutes from San Francisco), has one- and two-day escapes with facials, manicures, fitness classes. Three-day plan offers nutrition/exercise consults (707/938-9000).

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FITNESS NOW

Is the male-dominated sports world women's last sexist frontier? BY JANICE KAPLAN

Russian ice princess: Gordeyeva posing with her gold medal

GORDEYEVA THE GREAT!

Americans fell in love with Katya Gordeyeva at the Winter Olympics; she probably did more for Soviet-American relations than any summit. The gold medalist in pairs figure skating, Katya was a study in contrasts: a fragile-looking child with the steely nerves of an experienced athlete.

Katya is what we like to imagine the New Russia—the Russia of *glasnost* and Gorbachev—will be: a strong force to contend with, but one that we can understand. Katya's quick fame was, in part, a reflection of Americans' deep faith in people-to-people connections, of our belief that if we *know* each other, problems of power and defense strategy will be more manageable. There is comfort in similarities.

That is the very essence of the Olympics: to look beyond nationalism and find humanity in physical competition. It is not always easy. Many of the Soviet athletes are indomitable, frightening in their concentration on winning. However much we may admire them, they are difficult to embrace. Not so Katya. She was paired with her partner, Sergei Grinkov, when she was ten; and just a few years later, they appeared in their first World Championship and won.

In the last twenty years, the Soviets have dominated pairs skating, passing world championships among themselves. The men are always stoic and strong, the women formidable athletes with impenetrable veneers. Katya changed that.

In total medals collected in the Winter Olympics, the Russians finished first; the Americans, as one commentator put it, finished slightly ahead of the Fiji Islands. That is threatening—but Katya is not. When we hold her as the image of Soviet power, we can smile in satisfaction.

Olympic "girls"

This year, as in Olympic years past, television commentators at the Winter Games seemed unable to speak of women athletes without diminishing them by referring to them as "little girls."

Sure, ice skating pairs champion Yekaterina Gordeyeva, *left*, at age sixteen and a weight of ninety pounds, is young and, maybe, little. But women's singles competitors Debi Thomas and Katarina Witt are grown women, competent and sure.

ABC's Jim McKay called Thomas and Witt "two little girls, and only one can be a winner"—turning them into playthings instead of athletes. And proving that some men are still threatened by women athletes, uncomfortable with the thought that a female can be strong.

Skiing commentator Bob Beattie began a segment with pictures of top women downhill skiiers. "Once these women were normal little girls," he said, "but somewhere along the way they got sidetracked." *Sidetracked*! This, for a woman who has decided to push her body to the limit, to prove she possesses the strength and courage to plunge down a mountain with the same steely nerve as any man.

Whatever strides have been made in women's sports in recent years have not been accompanied by a change in perception. Elizabeth Janeway, author of *Powers of the Weak* (Knopf), has explained that what is expected of a woman moving into a man's world (and what else is sports?) "is not a demonstration of successfully learned masculinity, but of remaining and residual femininity." In Calgary, the controversy surrounding Katarina Witt's performance was whether her ruffled costume was cut too high on the hips—focusing more on her splendid thighs than her powerful triple jumps.

American Debi Thomas skated a driving, hard-edged program wearing a black unitard. The judges didn't buy it. Thomas finished second to the more glittery Witt, whose program ended with a showy tap-dance routine. But there are Olympic events for women where wiles don't matter, and one wins simply for being the fastest and best. So speed-skater Bonnie Blair could win gold and bronze medals without wearing sequins.

Women probably should be grateful for the Olympics, which offer them a visible international sports forum. Tennis aside, few female athletes appear on typical weekend television sports shows. Even in the Olympics, men still compete in more than twice as many events as women. "The real challenge now is to increase awareness and sensitivity," says Anita L. DeFrantz, a 1976 Olympic rowing medalist. Young and black, she's the first American woman to be a member of the International Olympic Committee, making her one of sports' most powerful women.

The good news: as women are better funded and accepted in sports, they participate longer. The understanding is slowly dawning that a woman does not reach her peak at puberty. She can be a woman athlete, not merely a child one.

A warning, however: A current stand-out among American women gymnasts is Phoebe Mills, age fifteen, weight eighty pounds. Expect comments about "little girls" to continue through the Summer Games.

HARRY BENSON

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the gap

NON GREASY COLOR

Lucy is wearing Blue Shadowtint, Peach Blushtint and Medium Facetint.

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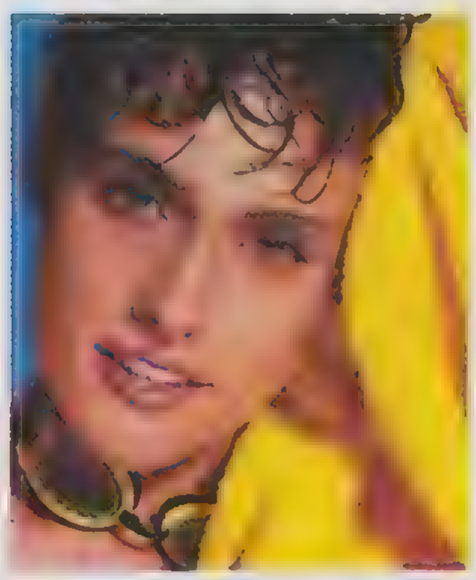

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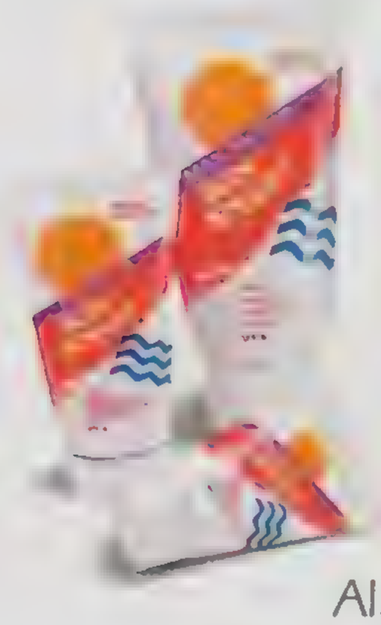

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beauty now

Summer arrivals! The bare backs of beauty . . . hot night looks . . . nails: a perfect ten

Hair . . . with a new twist

Pulling up hair—off the neck, away from the face—is a continuing summer tradition. This season, the translation: something freer, looser, less "studied" than before. In its easiest form, says New York City hair pro Daniel Philips, it's a matter of "grab, twist, and pin. The key to these looks is in their simplicity. Don't try to make them into anything more."

"It's a great time for women to be doing their own hair," says Damien Miano, co-owner of La Dolce Vita Salon, NYC. "Even when professionally done, the best looks have an element of having been self-styled. They aren't supposed to be perfect. In fact, the harder a woman tries, the more off-the-mark she'll be. Think 'effortless.' "

Effortlessness and simplicity come into play even in hair accessories. "Use a piece of fabric, a single hairpin, an easy bow," advises Gad Cohen of Gad Cohen Studio, NYC. "If pieces start to fall out, that's fine. You want that movement."

Another change: The same ease, "looseness," unstudied romance applies for night. "The difference is in placement," says Damien. "For day, keep the ponytail or twist high on your head. At night, go lower, around the nape. But don't pull tight. Secure hair a few inches away from hair roots." Braids, too, go prettier, softer, less "exacting." The best looks are, after all, based on a summer sense of freedom. *("Images" continued on page 108)*

New twist for summer hair, far left: uncontrived. The beauty is in the simplicity. Left: More traditional, more "perfect" —a neatly wrapped and pinned chignon.

NEIL KIRK PATRICK DEMARCHELIER *For left* Hair, Daniel Philips *Left* Hair, Ronnie Stam, makeup, Brigitte Reiss Anderson Details, last pages

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Jaclyn Smith is wearing
Diamond Hard Nail Enamel in Cameo,
Moisture Rich Lipstick in Honey Rose,
and Satin Blush in Porcelain Peach.

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Maybe the most velvety eye shadow to ever bring your eyes out of the shadows.

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Max Factor's No Color Mascara is a totally new breakthrough concept. It's the first crystal clear, natural lash definer without the problem-causing heavy colorants of traditional mascaras.

Lashes look longer. Darker. Sculpted. Curled. Defined. Conditioned. Lashes stay set and look natural all day. Lashes feel clean, light and flexible—not heavy, sticky or stiff.

No Color Mascara is perfect for you if you wear contact lenses. Perfect for sensitive eyes (it's hypo-allergenic). And really perfect if you want lashes that look longer, darker, more naturally beautiful.

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beauty now

hot nights

When summer nights sizzle, the first response may well be "cool"—a lighter hand with makeup colors and application, with body lotions, treatment products, and scents. "Softer, paler tones are a sort of psychological air-conditioner," says Bobbi Brown, makeup artist for Oribe at Parachute salon in New York City. "Women tend to wear fewer cosmetics—removing 'layers' the same way they wear lighter clothes."

Cosmetics companies' new summer-nights solutions: multi-purpose products that combine foundation and moisturizer (Clinique's tinted moisturizers in four tones) or that offer foundation and cover-up (Payot's all-in-one Sublimateur du Teint complexion-finishing white makeup) . . . makeups (such as Borghese's Perlati) that can be used allover, anywhere—on eyes, cheeks, lips, even back or décolletage. (Max Factor's Goldwash Moisture Rich Lipstick works perfectly well as a highlighter, too.) In fragrance, "lightness" translates as a body-lotion scent (one of the newest: Teatro Alla Scala by Krizia).

Things that travel . . .

Portability, in its most basic sense, means paring down to the bare necessities—a favorite blusher, eye shadow, a single lipstick. More realistically, this summer, it may translate as carrying special—disposable—versions of treatment products (e.g., Crabtree & Evelyn's single-use toner sachets) . . . even keeping a duplicate cleansing regime in smaller sizes (such as the new limited-edition travel case of body and bath products from Oscar de la Renta). For easy packing, there are new portable-sized beauty appliances: from Conair, a battery-operated makeup mirror; EpiSauna by Epilady, "the world's smallest facial sauna." What doesn't pack—except, possibly, for a grand world tour? A "suitcase" from cosmetic designer Shu Uemora, outfitted with enough wooden drawers to hold, seemingly, a full makeup collection. Shu Uemora will fill the case to specific needs/specifications. Approximate cost? Up to $4000 for the deluxe version, *below*.

("Images" continued on page 112)

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Hair by Ronnie Starr, makeup by Brigitte Reiss-Anderson. Illustration by ISABELLE DERVAUX. Details, last pages

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We think you will, too... the very first time you use it.

FORMULA FINESSE

Béatrice Dalle: a child of punk, a traditional "dish," a beauty by any standard

All Dalle'd Up

Hers reads like a clichéd Hollywood saga: A young French beauty, walking across a crowded Paris square, is stopped by a photographer who asks to take her picture. A big-time filmmaker spots the photo in a magazine, and the girl becomes an overnight sensation.

"Fame is a privilege," says Béatrice Dalle, whose debut in Jean-Jacques Beineix's *Betty Blue* brought about "endless invitations and presents," front-row seats to premieres and private fashion shows . . . and people stopping her in the street, now, on a continual basis.

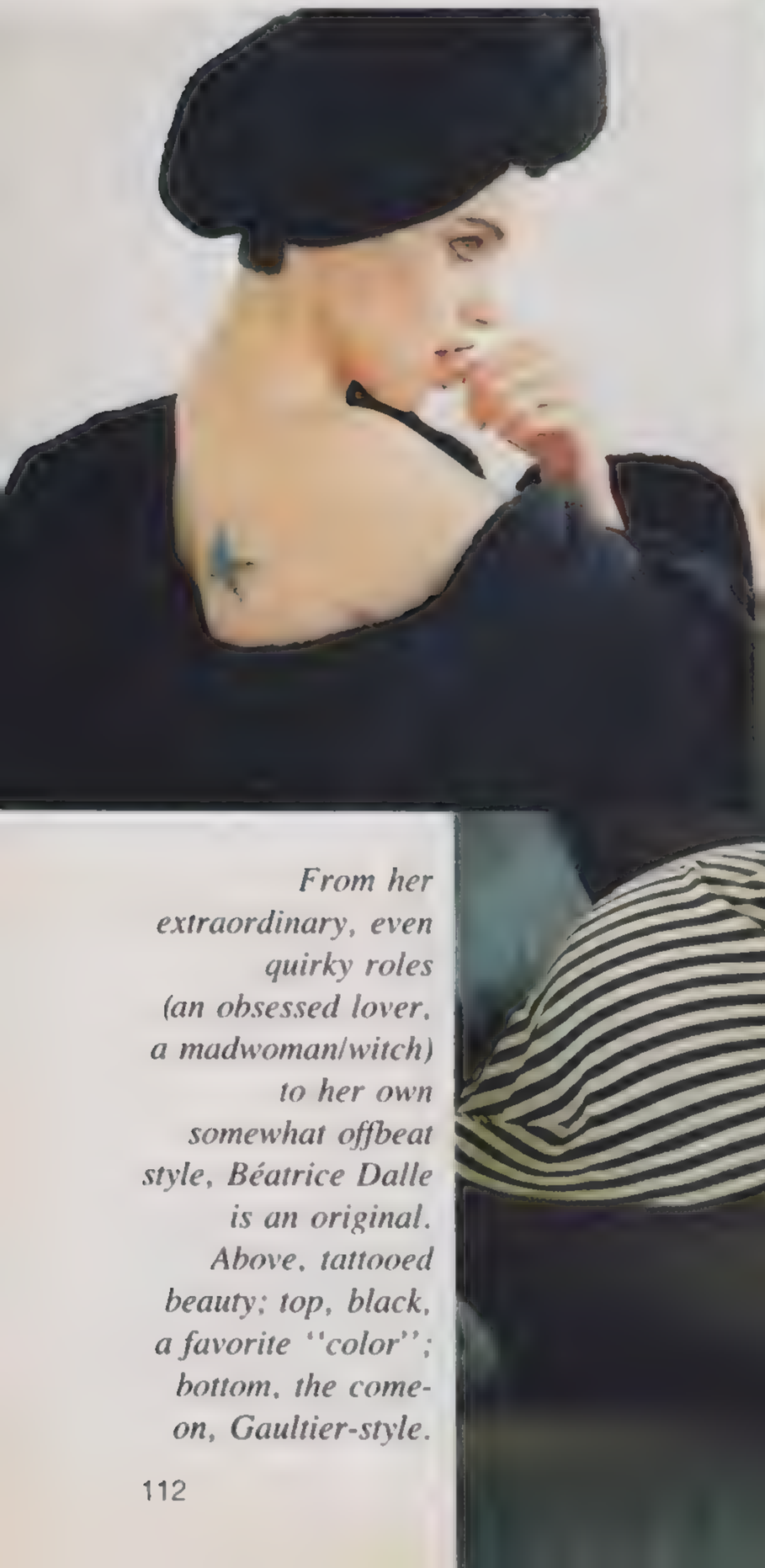
Both her first role and her newest—in Marco Bellocchio's yet-to-be-released *La Sorcière*—revolve around "excessively passionate" women, but Dalle calls herself "a former child of punk." As a twist on the theme of models turning to acting, she says she loves professional modeling. "To pose in front of a camera is quite amusing. One is there for the sole purpose of being beautiful."

A relaxed attitude—and noticeable modesty—underlie the real Béatrice Dalle. Of her many nude scenes in *Betty Blue* she says, "I still shudder. Try cooking eggs with forty guys eyeing you; it's not natural." She finds her bee-stung lips "too large" and plays them down. Although she "adores dressing up and making up" (a favorite look: eyes just darkly lined to accent a "whitened" complexion, a Jean Paul Gaultier knit dress), she doesn't see herself as a beauty at all, having neither a "good figure nor a pretty face." Others, clearly, are capable of reaching a quite different verdict.

Home, with her artist husband, is in Paris, where Dalle says she "thrives on the stress of city life," on dinners out or simply watching television in bed at night. Luxury is smoothing on a moisturizing body cream —"anything that contains vanilla extract"; dieting, in its loosest sense, consists of "an occasional Champagne-only ritual." As for more conventional weight-loss methods, "I don't see any reason to make my life a misery by being on a perpetual diet."

At twenty-three, Béatrice Dalle's nightmare is "growing old. It terrifies me. My ideal age is fifteen." Her dream: "to play the role of a marchioness or an eighteenth-century royal mistress—the Marquise de Pompadour, perhaps. I would have liked to have lived in that time—with its atmosphere, great figures, clothes. I'd spend my days getting all dolled up"—a modern-day Dalle of many guises.

("*Images*" *continued on page 114*)



From her extraordinary, even quirky roles (an obsessed lover, a madwoman/witch) to her own somewhat offbeat style, Béatrice Dalle is an original. Above, tattooed beauty; top, black, a favorite "color"; bottom, the come-on, Gaultier-style.

BRIGITTE LACOMBE Hair by Charlie for Carita, makeup by Huelan for Faces

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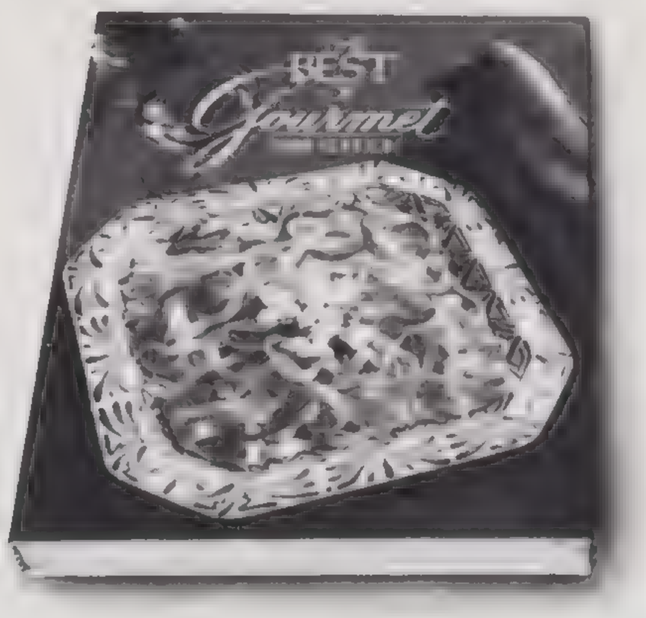

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beauty now

bareback beauty

Hot-weather dressing, often, means high-exposure: cropped tops and racy cutouts showcasing a woman's upper or lower back—and winter-neglected skin. How to put the best back forward?

Bonnie Holmes, skin-care expert at The Four Seasons Hotel, Newport Beach, CA, advocates a deep-cleansing "facial" for backs. Hers incorporates massage, to give skin added glow. For follow-up at home, skin-care pro Adrien Arpel suggests weekly exfoliation with this "recipe": one teaspoon each crushed almonds and honey mixed with a tablespoon of your regular body cream.

Another key to a great exit: correct posture. NYC personal trainer Finis Jhung uses ballet techniques and imagery to improve alignment, correct balance. Proper alignment: head reaching toward ceiling, eyes straight ahead, hips forward, abdominals tight. Says Jhung, "A beautiful back is a relaxed back."

perfect ten

Sheerer, shorter, possibly "French"—the best summer manicure not only demands good grooming, it can also magnify flaws. "Nails grow faster in warm weather," says Jessica Vartoughian, founder of Jessica Cosmetics, Inc., L.A. "More frequent trims are necessary. Soak nails before cutting or filing to prevent fractures; massage with cream to moisturize." Warm temperatures can also thicken polish. To thin, add base coat—never solvents or removers, which can dehydrate nails. Look, too, for polishes with built-in benefits: aloe, conditioners. Strong Nail from Cutex, for example, is formulated with Knox Gelatin!

Dive in! "Ocean swimming can be good for nails," claims Frida Pankevich, manicurist at New York City's La Dolce Vita Salon. There has been some evidence that salt water can benefit skin, strengthen nails. For home care, a ten-minute soak in an iodized salt-water solution during a manicure should offer the same results.

("Images" continued on page 118)

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images

hair now

Head start into fall: a return to shorter hair—noticeable at early fall collections and beginning to be seen on the streets in Paris and Milan. The look: blunt-cut, full of body, worn chin length or just above shoulders. The effect—lighter, swingier, stylish.

healthy hair update

As days heat up, abuses to hair multiply—with sun, salt, and chlorine, a tendency to wash (and dry out) hair more often. In preparation, salons are "upping" the kinds and varieties of conditioning treatments offered…. At Linda Tam Salon in New York City, a sandalwood-oil cream is massaged —then steamed—into hair and scalp for added shine and body….For a new take on the conditioner-at-the-beach or -pool routine, Manhattan's Roget Resca offers a palm-oil preparation. Suggested for coarse, thick, or chemically treated hair, the "waterproof" oil lasts through swimming, washes out only with shampoo. The benefits: de-frizzing, softer, more pliable strands….On the color/conditioner front, there's Louis Licari's two-in-one method at his Color Group salon, NYC, mixing two parts semi-permanent color with one part deep conditioner. Applied with heat, this enhances tone, boosts shine. …Finally, at salons across the country: Systema's Double Action at-home treatment from Sebastian, for deep conditioning that lasts through several shampoos.

travel notes

With summertime, often, comes travel time; and there are "hot" hair trends/salons to watch for along the way: Carey Temple McAdam—a new hair salon in London. The three owners/name-bearers of the shop hail from this city's celebrated Michaeljohn salon. (Denise McAdam flew over to style Sarah Ferguson's hair for the New York opening of *Phantom of the Opera*.) … The rage in styling aids? France's Phytoplage by Phytosolba. In gel or oil, it's a product currently favored by many top models and stylists. (Here, it's at Oribe at Parachute salon, NYC.)… Stateside, look for the di Pietro Todd Salon, just opened in San Francisco.

WAYNE MASER Hair by God Cohen for God Cohen Studio, NYC. makeup by Lydia Snyder

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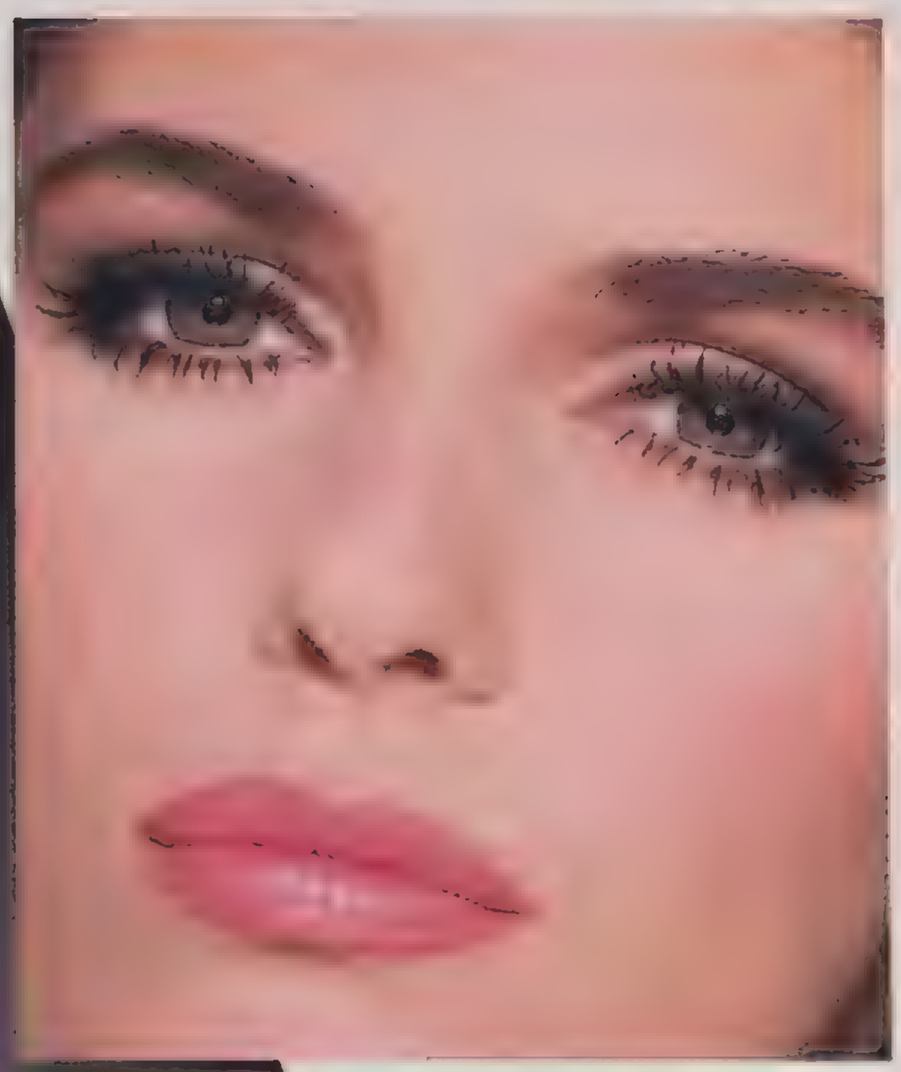

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BEAUTY Q&A

Sunburn soothers . . . "mineral benefits" explained . . . are skin scrubbers for everyone?

Q At what age should a woman begin an exfoliation regimen? Is it more important in summer than winter?

A Exfoliation, in which mild abrasion is used to speed natural shedding of surface skin cells, has two major benefits: to deep-clean pores and to make skin look fresher. "Although exfoliation can brighten any skin, it's most important after about age thirty when skin-cell turnover noticeably slows down. As a result, dead cells cling to the surface longer, resulting in a dull appearance," says Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology at NYU Medical Center. "An exfoliating lotion, cleansing grains, a Buf-Puf or other skin peelers will expose fresher-looking skin below."

Seasonal changes also affect the need for exfoliation. In summer, heat and humidity cause skin cells to multiply more rapidly, increasing production from sweat and oil glands. "A woman would therefore want to exfoliate more, moisturize less in warmer weather," says Iris Model, senior vice president and director of education at Clinique. Two exceptions: a woman with extremely dry or sensitive skin should minimize use of harsh exfoliating scrubs, be alert to a feeling of dryness, to redness or rough spots; women with acne should consult a dermatologist before considering exfoliation to prevent further skin irritation.

Q What are the so-called "mineral benefits" claimed by products from some of the spas around the world?

A Certain spas (e.g., Terme di Saturnia, Terme di Montecatini) use their natural spa waters—or extracts from them—to formulate skin-care products. The waters and plant life are often rich in minerals such as calcium, magnesium, manganese, and iron—components naturally found in skin.

When incorporated into skin lotions, do such ingredients really help skin? "They may offer advantages," says Wilma Bergfeld, M.D., head of clinical research, department of dermatology at The Cleveland Clinic Foundation. "For one, products that use mineral water may be less drying and irritating than ones that use water that's been chemically treated. It's also probable that these natural elements contain biologically active ingredients that could make skin look and feel better, although these benefits have never been scientifically shown."

There is, however, anecdotal evidence. "Observations have shown the mineral-rich plankton from the waters at the Saturnia spa in Italy to have a soothing effect on skin. We've seen a similar result on women who use the moisturizers and cleansers with these ingredients," says Audrey Butvay, president, Terme di Saturnia.

Also, some makeup experts recommend spritzing mineral water (e.g., Evian's) directly on to the face to help "set" makeup, provide extra moisturizing benefits.

Q What's the best way to treat sunburned skin?

A "There is no way to reverse the cumulative damage done to skin by the sun," says Vera H. Price, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology, University of California, San Francisco. "However, there are ways to reduce the pain and swelling caused by the burn." To help take the sting out of burns, soak in a cool bath as soon as possible or place a cool compress directly on the burn.

A cortisone cream or moisturizer can also help to soothe and hydrate, minimize the "tight," dry feeling. "But be careful what type of lotion you use," cautions Edward Marlowe, Ph.D., president of consumer products research and development, Warner-Lambert Company, makers of Lubriderm. "An oil-based lotion can trap in heat, and it may even exacerbate the discomfort." Best choices: lightweight and water-based lotions.

For more severe cases, Marvin Rapaport, M.D., associate clinical professor of dermatology, UCLA, consultant to Lournay, recommends avoiding extremes in temperature. "Taking a very hot shower when skin is sunburned may encourage blistering." If the pain becomes unbearable and/or blisters do appear, it's wise to see a doctor.

Finally, cover any burned skin until the sunburn disappears. Remember to wear a sunscreen of at least SPF 15 whenever you're outdoors; and to limit sun exposure.

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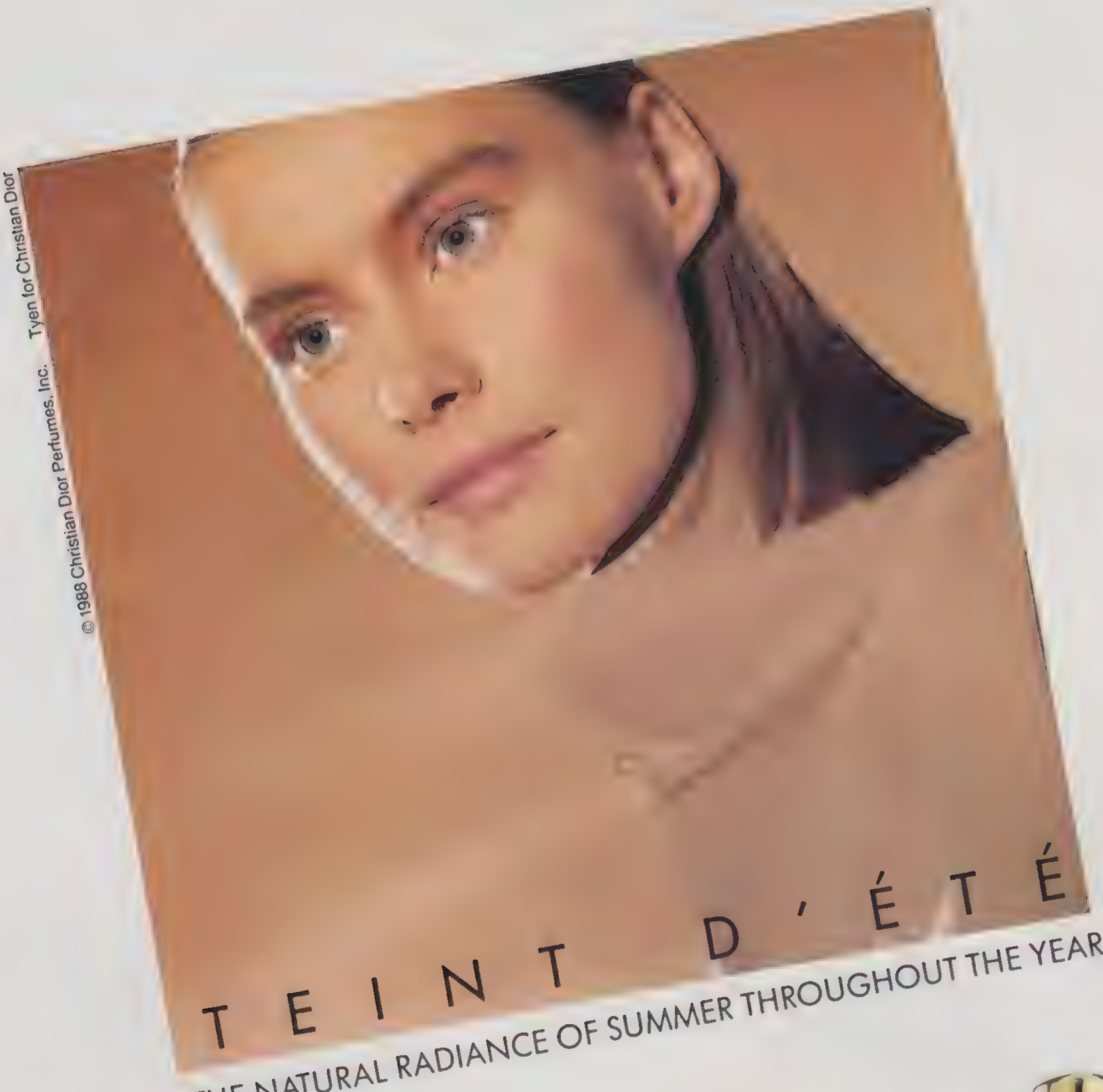

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HAIR Q&A

Growing out curls... shampoos: "cosmetic" vs. dandruff..."safe" color and pregnancy

Q I'm trying to grow out my short, curly hair and am doubly frustrated because it's layered. Any suggestions?

A "The primary consideration when growing out hair is proportion, 'balancing' the look during the transition," says James Derek, stylist at the Elizabeth Arden Salon, NYC. "To do this properly, a woman should continue to get frequent short trims.

"Hair that's all one length is, obviously, easiest to grow out; but when hair is layered, it's best to take the grow-out period in phases," continues Derek. "Let the back grow out first—it's the least conspicuous—followed by sides, then bangs. Intermittent trims—every six to eight weeks—alleviate some of the frustration."

Conditioning can help at each phase. "Remember, by the time hair reaches the shoulder, it can be almost two years old. Conditioning hair, especially curly hair which often can feel dry, is essential; but avoid overconditioning—it can weigh down curls." Derek also recommends occasional hot oil treatments. "Hair that's over an inch long may be deprived of natural oils."

Q I use a dandruff shampoo daily but worry I'm giving up benefits I would normally receive with a "cosmetic" shampoo. Is this true?

A "Not any longer. In the 'sixties, when dandruff shampoos were first introduced, women had to sacrifice both pleasant fragrance and conditioners for anti-dandruff benefits," says John Seifert, coordinator of Procter & Gamble's Beauty Care Council. "Original formulas contained active ingredients such as pine tar and sulfur, with strong medicine-y odors that were often difficult to mask.

"In those days, a lot of women ignored dandruff because the shampoos seemed harsh and astringent. Today, active ingredients such as pyrithione zinc are used; the smell can be easily enhanced by many of the fragrances you find in conventional cosmetic shampoos. Conditioners identical to those in a regular shampoo are now incorporated, too."

"Chronic sufferers would be best to switch to a different dandruff shampoo every few weeks, as the scalp can build resistance to certain anti-dandruff actives," says Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical professor, department of dermatology at NYU School of Medicine. "If you have infrequent outbursts, it's sensible to switch occasionally to a gentler shampoo, to give the scalp a rest." A plus: dandruff outbursts are least likely to occur during summer months.

Q Is it safe to color hair when you're pregnant? I've heard conflicting advice.

A "We have tested the use of topical haircoloring for almost twenty-five years and have found no scientific evidence to indicate its use during pregnancy can be harmful," says Clyde Burnett, director of toxicology at Clairol.

"Today, a product's absorption into the skin is a prime consideration when developing any new topical cosmetic," notes Dick Leavitt, director of science information for the March of Dimes (an organization that supports extensive research on birth defects and their causes). "Obviously, this includes the formulation of haircolorings. No evidence of human fetotoxic consequences due to the use of hair dyes has been found."

It is also very difficult to obtain FDA approval for consumer or professional haircolorings. "The formulations change too rapidly to properly monitor their safety according to government standards," says Leavitt.

Many women who normally color their hair at home find it easier to visit a salon during pregnancy, especially for the last few months. Two good professional options: highlighting and Cellophane methods, which color the hair strand but don't penetrate the scalp. Both add shine and luster, can cover up root grow-out when allover color previously has been used. Results can last up to four months—making it easier on the new mother once the baby is born.

Any problems/questions relating to any home *or* salon coloring treatment during pregnancy should be checked with your physician.

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mind health

The psychology of gadgets . . . mood & movies . . . people who daydream. BY CAROL TAVRIS

WHY YOUR VCR KNOWS MORE THAN YOU DO

Do you ever feel like a thick-thumbed oaf when confronted with everyday machinery? Does your VCR know how to do more than you can make it do? Do you push doors instead of pulling them? If so, take heart. The fault, says Donald A. Norman, Ph.D., director of the Institute for Cognitive Science at the University of California, San Diego, lies not in you but in design that does not take human psychology into account.

In *The Psychology of Everyday Things* (Basic), Norman explains the failure of design—not only of the modern "demons" such as nuclear power and computers, but also of everyday things such as stove tops, light switches, digital watches, and new phones and stereos that, in promising to do everything, are too complicated to do anything. By applying principles of human thinking, memory, and perception, Norman explains why these designs don't work well.

Two fundamental principles of designing for *people*, Norman says, are (1) providing a good conceptual model and (2) making things visible. For example, Norman has an ordinary refrigerator with two temperature controls, one labeled "freezer" and the other "fresh food." The conceptual model implies that each control is responsible for its own compartment, but in fact there is only one thermostat and one cooling mechanism, so you can't change one temperature without changing the other. As for problems of visibility, Norman points to the modern telephone. Remember when the only special function phones had was the old "hold" button that lit up and reminded you that someone was on the line? Now, many phones have new hold functions—and "extras" such as "call waiting"—that are complicated, illogical, and invisible.

Another potential design glitch arises from the way the mind creates "mental maps" of spatial relationships and objects. We make maps, for instance, of the relationship between a dashboard of car controls and the results of those controls in the car's movement: to turn a car to the right, you move the wheel to the right. Bad design is at odds with these natural maps; consider the straight row of stove-top burner controls that make you stop and think: "Which one goes with which burner?"

Sometimes, Norman observes, we want to design things that are deliberately difficult to use—dangerous equipment, doors to keep people in or out, safes. But there *are* rules for design that harmonize with the way people think, and often, the reason we can't assemble a new toy is due to overly complicated instructions for a design that disobeys those rules, not our own shortcomings.

AFFIRMATIVE REACTION: THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

Being "out of touch with reality" has long been assumed a hallmark of mental illness. In contrast, emotionally healthy people are supposed to be good at "reality testing" and aren't supposed to rely on self-promoting illusions—they can face the truth about themselves.

In fact, after reviewing a mountain of research, Shelley E. Taylor, Ph.D., of UCLA, and Jonathon D. Brown, Ph.D., of Southern Methodist University, conclude that well-being virtually depends on the illusions of overly positive self-evaluations, exaggerated perceptions of control or mastery, and unrealistic optimism. These illusions, say Taylor and Brown, are not only characteristic of normal human thought but are also necessary to meet the usual criteria for mental health: the ability to care about others, to be content, and to work productively. Taylor and Brown noted, for example, that the people who score the highest on tests of self-deception (i.e., who deny ever having threatening but universal feelings such as guilt) score the lowest on measures of psychopathology and depression.

The mind is designed to filter all incoming information, Taylor and Brown say, distorting it in a positive direction. Any negative information that escapes these filters is "cordoned off" from the rest of the self. For instance, many people have an acknowledged "pocket of incompetence." You can tell them they are lousy cooks and they will not be offended; but criticize their wit or wisdom and see how dexterously they deny your words.

Positive illusions, Taylor and Brown find, are especially useful under conditions of adversity—when people are threatened with illness, crisis, or attacks to self-esteem. This strategy is often adaptive and healthy, the researchers conclude, because if people judged adversity accurately, they might just fold their tents and give up.

HOW MOVIES MAKE YOU FEEL

Any Laurel and Hardy movie will cheer me up for days, and now I know why. The mood generated by movies, new research suggests, affects not only people's general well-being but also their political opinions, hopes for the future, and judgments of legal responsibility and guilt. Joseph P. Forgas, Ph.D., and Stephanie Moylan of the University of New South Wales conducted a field study comparing the responses of people coming out of happy films, sad films, or aggressive films. People coming out of happy films rated political leaders more positively and were more optimistic about the avoidability of nuclear war and the improvement of their own fortunes. On the other hand, people who had seen a violent movie were pessimistic and grumpy (even if they went into the movie in a good mood) and more punitive toward drunk drivers and drug dealers. Perhaps pollsters should be asking citizens not only whom they plan to vote for, but what movie they saw most recently.

FANTASY-PRONE PEOPLE

Everyone fantasizes, but some people are "fantasy prone": they have extremely vivid and creative imaginations that affect every aspect of their lives, from sexual arousal to "out-of-the-body" experiences. Psychologists have debated whether fantasy-proneness is a personality trait, and if so, whether it is a healthy one—the result of an enriched childhood or a lonely one?

Steven Hay Lynn, Ph.D., of Ohio University, and Judith W. Rhue, Ph.D., of the University of Toledo, have found that people who are highly adept at fantasy cannot be clumped together as a single personality type. Lynn and Rhue found two distinct childhood pathways to fantasy-proneness. A significant group of the fantasizers had been severely abused and punished as children, yet their overall ratings of their early home lives were as positive as those of non-abused adults. For these fantasizers, daydreaming was not only an escape from pain and loneliness but a way to maintain attachment to the abusive parents. Fortunately, however, for most of the people studied, the route to fantasy was through "parental encouragement to read stories."

Most fantasy-prone people use fantasy as an escape, an outlet for anger, and a way of solving problems. But Lynn and Rhue did find a minority of fantasizers who were more psychologically maladjusted than the general population. The combination of harsh childhood punishment (particularly sexual abuse) with fantasy-proneness, they fear, may eventually push some adults into serious emotional disorders.

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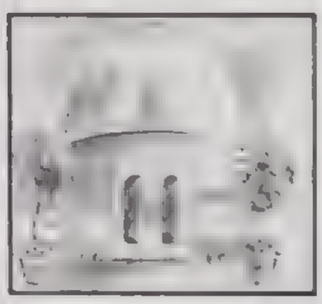

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horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

June's Astrological Weather: In typical Gemini fashion, June wears two faces. The first is sociable, witty, full of gossip—although, until retrograde Mercury turns direct on the 24th, facts are less exciting than fiction. Around the 19th, this pleasant facade turns dark as the sun simultaneously emphasizes the disparate forces of chaotic Uranus and conservative Saturn. The feminine (Venus) and masculine (Mars) principles are again in conflict. As the month ends, one more charismatic religious leader makes the front page.

GEMINI May 21–June 21 Be prepared for the usual hassles—unreturned phone calls, car trouble—that can throw you off stride while your Mercury ruler is retrograde for the first three weeks. What might surprise you is the enormous effect your personal charm, eloquence, and powers of persuasion have on those you come in contact with from the 9th through the 13th: simply ask and ye shall receive. After Father's Day, you might be burdened with another unwanted financial responsibility, in addition to having to prove to your family that you can calmly deal with your partner's unpredictable reactions.

CANCER June 22–July 22 The week of the 6th, when your intuition is strong, is a good time to take the initiative in family or business matters and inaugurate practices that can benefit all parties concerned. Happily, you can rely on your spouse's support of your decisions at this time. However, a tense atmosphere at work in the third week may unearth some buried hatchets. Although an eye tuck may seem like a swell birthday present to yourself, avoid any surgery while the moon is full in the last week.

LEO July 23–August 22 For the first two weeks, you can enjoy your active social life; however, since Mercury is retrograde, you'd be wise to double-check dates and destinations. A cantankerous child or your boyfriend's erratic behavior on Father's Day might turn a pleasant gathering into a fiasco. Because your sun ruler is weighed down by stern Saturn in the third week, you may be asked to assume too many responsibilities; you may also find that dealing with authority figures is a terrible strain.

VIRGO August 23–September 22 During the first two weeks, overcome your modesty and agree to speak at a seminar or social event. While your Mercury ruler meets the witty Gemini sun, you can successfully promote yourself and widen your circle of professional associates. This is also the best time to have that heart-to-heart talk with your dad. On Father's Day, with tempestuous Mars in your house of marriage and contracts, you may be too upset about a pending lawsuit to sit through the family meal.

LIBRA September 23–October 22 To effectively sell your product or communicate your ideas to the widest audience possible, get on your soapbox during the first two weeks, when both Mercury and the Gemini sun meet your Venus ruler. You'll have a special impact on foreigners at this time, so if there's an opportunity to travel abroad, by all means grab it. The weekend of the 18th is highly charged with erotic tension; however, any relationship that you begin then is destined to be volatile and short-lived.

SCORPIO October 23–November 21 In the first week, when Mars and Pluto, your co-rulers, are again in perfect harmony, you could receive further financial rewards and ego gratification for a career step you took at Christmas. While Mars travels through watery Pisces, October Scorpians might find the Pisces partner of their dreams; November Scorpians, the ideal beach house. Your parents can be especially supportive, but take pains not to irritate them on Father's Day, when tempers are bound to erupt.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21 This month, Mercury (perception), Venus (affection), and the sun (life force) in Gemini focus exclusively on your relationships with past and present marriage and business partners. When these forces merge on the weekend of the 11th, you'll have an opportunity to understand and to express exactly where you stand. Then, when Mars disrupts this delicate balance the week of the 20th, you won't be the target of their hostility. *(Continued on page 132)*

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 130)

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19 During the first three weeks, you could take up a new hobby, such as cycling, and cultivate friendships with fellow enthusiasts. A suggestion made to your boss in the first week might benefit everybody involved early next month. In the last ten days, however, as the sun challenges both your practical Saturn ruler and mystical Neptune in your sign, you may be pressured into sacrificing personal ambition for the greater good. Think twice before letting your frustration out on a co-worker or loved one.

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18 In the first week, a friend may help you gain entry to the corridors of power in your profession or in politics. Make use of the fertile period from the 8th to the 13th to clarify your ideas and creative objectives so that when your Uranus ruler is activated the week of the 20th, you're prepared to present yourself in the best light. Your smooth-flowing romance may encounter a few bumps as the month ends, bringing back mixed emotions you haven't felt since February.

PISCES February 19–March 20 You'll find it extremely difficult to stay put this month, as Mars, passing through Pisces, makes you more impulsive than ever. Before you take off, take advantage of an opportunity in the first week to profit from a joint investment. Although you would prefer a romantic cruise, your trips might be confined to family weddings and graduations. Count on at least one family member to aggravate you on Father's Day, on another to add fuel to the fire as the month ends.

ARIES March 21–April 19 You could be uncharacteristically reclusive, preferring to spend time alone with your record collection, visiting an artistic friend or two, and, of course, sharing the first two weekends with your romantic Scorpio. While your Mars ruler drifts through daydreamy Pisces this month, you'll have a hard time dealing with the mundane business of life—facts and figures, goods and services. Therefore, take care to avoid any misunderstanding with a roommate, sibling, or neighbor that may arise around Father's Day.

TAURUS April 20–May 20 Hide those charge cards. While a shopping spree in the first two weeks might temporarily improve your outlook, your retrograde Venus ruler practically guarantees that your choices will turn out to be all the wrong ones. Instead of spending money, think about ways to capitalize on your natural abilities, specifically a talent for singing, selling, or writing. Although you may be wildly attracted to a man in uniform the week of the 20th, your aggressive approach could nip this relationship in the bud. ▽

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talking to...

The Moderns—Kirk Varnedoe, the art world's latest eccentric genius: Melanie Mayron, the soul of *thirtysomething*: Michael Tolkin, the Boswell of Hollywood

KIRK VARNEDOE: "Let's say it out loud: modern art is *weird*. That's what's exciting about it"

In August, the brilliantly eclectic Kirk Varnedoe—former rugby player and football coach, artist and showman, Elvis fan and recipient of a MacArthur "genius" grant—will take on the best job in the modern art world: curator of painting and sculpture at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, home for almost sixty years to the most lavish collection of twentieth-century art in the world. When the museum announced his appointment last March, the headlines read "The Modern Picks Scholar as Pivotal Curator," "The Modern Prepares for the 21st Century."

Varnedoe, a professor at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts and an adjunct curator at MoMA since 1985, had already singlehandedly curated the museum's dazzling *Vienna 1900* exhibit, in 1986, and written the accompanying catalog. *The New York Times*, which treated Varnedoe's appointment as front-page news, noted his groundbreaking 1982 study of Scandinavian Proto-Modernism and also acknowledged his reputation as an outstanding writer and historian. The news was so important that the *Times* followed up with a banner photograph on the front of its Sunday Arts & Leisure section of Varnedoe looking scholarly, his hands folded in front of him.

His appointment comes at a crucial moment in the museum's history, a time when MoMA senses rival institutions—NYC's Guggenheim and Whitney, the Beaubourg in Paris, the L.A. County Museum—nipping at its heels. Trustees, dealers, collectors, donors, artists, scholars, critics had opinions on whom to hire. The forty-two-year-old professor pulled out the plum. That was the front-page story.

But not the whole story. Because Kirk Varnedoe, along with his brilliance, his discipline, his stunning achievements, his erratic, ebullient charm, harbors the cockiness of an athlete in his prime. To wit: in the very same edition of the *Times*, "Kirk Varnedoe, Art Historian," appeared in a full-page ad for Barneys, looking mysterious and seductive but far from scholarly in an $1100 Ermenigildo Zegna suit. The ad was one of a series on distinguished and dapper men. Varnedoe participated because he liked the idea of promoting a non-stodgy image of his profession, because the photographer was Annie Leibovitz, and because the payment was a contribution from Barneys to the Coalition for the Homeless. Varnedoe didn't even get to keep the suit.

The coincidence of the ad's running in the same issue as the announcement did not make for a graceful entrance into the highest echelons of the art world. The *Times* ran yet another article, headlined "A New Director at Modern as Fashion Plate." In a rare moment of understatement, Varnedoe groans and says, "The timing could not have been worse." The very week he'd thought he'd be ushered triumphantly into the art establishment, he gets *(Continued on page 136)*

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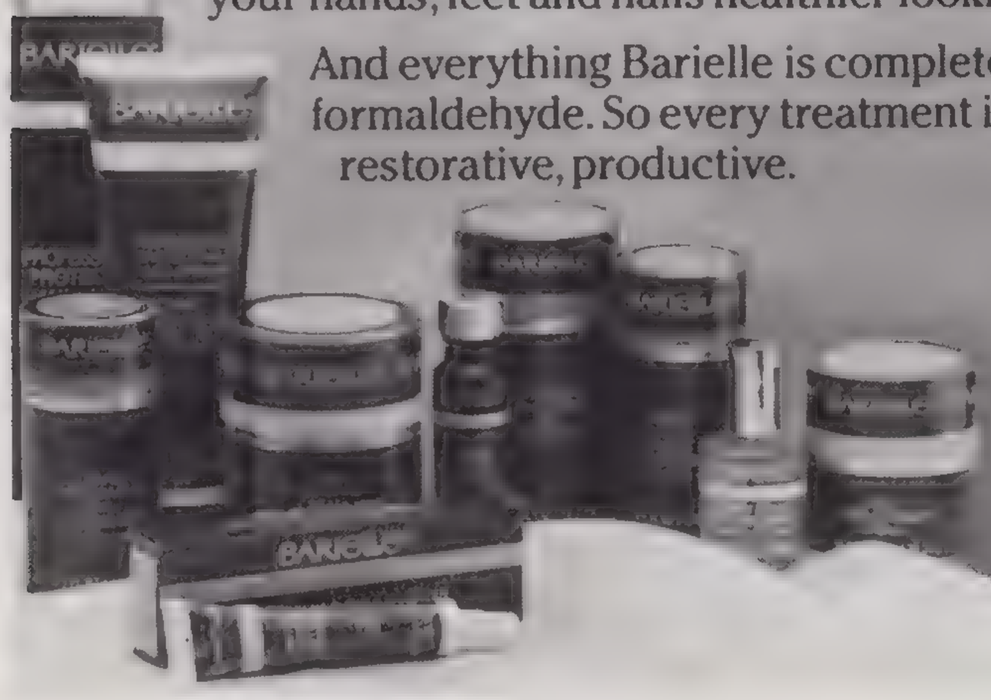

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KIRK VARNEDOE

(Continued from page 134)

billed as a glamour boy! The line between art expert and art object threatened to disappear! What a joke!

But MoMA, which has a policy against its staff's posing for ads, was not amused. The museum suggested that he lie low for a while. On a typical morning at the Institute of Fine Arts, the only sign of the controversy is on the Barneys ad tacked up on the bulletin board. Between "Kirk Varnedoe" and "Art Historian" someone has scrawled the word "genius." As complicated as Varnedoe is, he's primarily a scholar. So, with a mountain of projects to finish before moving over to MoMA, he is immersed in finishing his book on the origins of modern art. His light box is layered with slides for the book, for a spring lecture series at McGill University, in Montreal, and for his work with Ph.D. candidates, who rush in and out of his office, timidly admiring, hungry for praise and advice, dreading disdain.

Varnedoe's critics have said he's arrogant and difficult to work with—in fact, his appointment was postponed after some members of the staff petitioned for consideration of alternative candidates. "Obviously the museum did not pick me primarily for my managerial skills," Varnedoe says. "I have no track record." But though his style will ruffle some feathers, he's raring to go, determined to be patient and to learn diplomacy.

Ironically, his irreverence may turn out to be utterly practical for the generation that's emerging as the leadership of tomorrow's art establishment. Friends in the art world have speculated about how Varnedoe will duke it out with Tom Krems, a fellow Williams alumnus just hired to direct the expanding Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, two miles up Fifth Avenue from the Modern. In response to the gossip, Varnedoe called Krems and challenged him to a duel on Fifth Avenue. Krems said he liked the idea but suggested instead that, since they both have BMW-900 motorcycles, they stage a race from the Guggenheim down to the Modern, winner take all.

Yet, it would be a mistake to interpret Varnedoe's rambunctiousness for the opposite of high seriousness. Friends say he's misunderstood, that he's sometimes so intent on fixing a problem that he neglects the social niceties. Writer Adam Gopnik, a friend and Ph.D. candidate at the Institute of Fine Arts, says, "To understand Kirk, you have to know that he was a football coach and that he nearly became a coach forever. He wants to help you win. He cares, he works at least as hard as he asks you to work, and he's so brilliant that you want to keep up with him."

In 1991, Varnedoe will collaborate with Gopnik on *High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture*, the first MoMA show that will reveal Varnedoe's energetic originality. When he talks *(Continued on page 138)*

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KIRK VARNEDOE

(Continued from page 136)

about Gopnik and other students, Varnedoe reveals how stimulating teaching is to him and why he's so good at it: the courage to be original—whether intellectually, artistically, or impetuously—is what he loves most in the world. Elvis Presley, whom he remembers listening to late at night in his Georgia childhood, knocked him out by breaking the rules—as Picasso did, as the Wright Brothers did, as he aims to do himself.

His list of ambitions for his new job all tease the limits of the museum: "I want to expand the space, of course. I want to do more integrated exhibitions. Obviously, I'd like to do shows that give us back a certain lead in *contemporary* art. I'd like us to deal with more recent art, in the way that we're known for dealing with older art—with solid, intelligent shows that take a point of view. Give an intellectual stamp. Take a risk. Shape something. Not just a survey of ten painters, not just a monograph of one person. But to try to give some idea of what's going on. Cut through the stuff. Stretch the audience."

As he steers MoMA through the next decades, his fantasy is to play to several chunks of his audience simultaneously: the artists, the resisters of modern art, and the old hands.

First, his favorites—the artists themselves (he's married to Elyn Zimmerman, a sculptor): "I sat with Richard Serra at the Frank Stella opening, and it was wonderful to hear him talk about what it means to him to walk through the Modern's galleries! Last week, we had Elizabeth Murray lecturing on Cézanne. That, to me, is extremely important. That's something I'd like to do more of at the museum, to involve contemporary artists in our collection, to keep up those lectures, because that is the real fertility."

Next, he'd like to tackle the resisters: "Let's say it out loud: modern art is *weird*. People do not have two eyes on the same side of their face. It was meant to be weird! That's part of what's exciting about it. To take people's initial strangeness about modern art and say, 'That's okay, that's right, you're onto something there, think that one through,' would be great."

How might that be done? "By reorienting the way that modernism is presented. Not as a body of sacred knowledge that only initiates can have but as basic aspects of the way people think and discoveries about personality in the last century."

What about the generation that's grown up seeing pictures of people with two eyes on the same side of their face? "They're a real challenge," he admits. "Part of my job will be to reinterpret modern art for a generation that takes it for granted."

Varnedoe zeroes in on problems, answering questions the way one imagines he'll talk to his associates—maddening some, dazzling others, refusing to entertain easy or past solutions, fully aware of the competition at his heels, and ready for the hunt. "Will we just trivialize modern art? Will we turn it into entertainment? Or are we going to reach for those minds in some more substantial fashion?" —SUSAN MARGOLIS

Susan Margolis *whose most recent book is "Fame," is a magazine editor who writes about the arts.*

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talking to...

MELANIE MAYRON:

thirtysomething's radiant underdog convinced the show's creators not to make Melissa "a girl who, when she isn't dumping on herself, eats. She'd had therapy. She was beyond it"

Patrick's Roadhouse, a ramshackle beanery on Pacific Coast Highway in Santa Monica, is a haven for film stars driving from Malibu Colony to work in Culver City who want to eat in peace. Melanie Mayron likes Patrick's because it's right down the hill from her apartment and no one bothers even Sean Penn, sitting at the next table.

"At least this is one place where I don't see lots of people looking at me and then hitting their friends and nodding," she says. "Suddenly, I don't feel I can shlumpf around anymore. One week on TV and thirty million people know what you look like. I'm still at the stage where I panic—'What are they looking at? Is my shirt not tucked in? Is my zipper down?' "

After a career she doesn't hesitate to describe as "one where they took me off the shelf once in a while, gave me a good dusting, put me in some classy little thing, and then put me back up there," Melanie Mayron has fallen off her ledge and into a hit. As Melissa, the scattered but talented free-lance photographer on *thirtysomething*, ABC's paean to "tweeners" (stuck between hippie and yuppie, not old enough for Jimi Hendrix, not young enough for Belinda Carlisle), Mayron evokes the wonder you feel when your ugly duckling cousin suddenly acquires a swan's neck and an air of grace. The show's overall appeal may rest on easy identification with Michael, Hope & Co., but Melissa is the one who makes your heart sigh, the one who gets more radiant each week (without the help of motherhood), the one you root for.

It was an accident. She didn't mean for success to happen. "I did the pilot only because we had ten thousand dollars in legal fees on *Sticky Fingers*," the comedy released last month that she not only co-starred in, but co-authored and co-produced with director/actress Catlin Adams, her best friend and *(Continued on page 140)*

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MELANIE MAYRON

(Continued from page 138)

partner. "Everyone I know does pilots, and they never sell," Mayron says. "You get to work, it's good money, you kiss everyone good-bye, and you go home." While the two were shooting in Toronto, however, Mayron's agent called, ecstatic—not only had *thirtysomething* sold, but ABC was so excited that it was giving the show its best slot, right after *Moonlighting*. Mayron, having signed a standard pilot contract, was suddenly faced with sharing the next five years of her life with Melissa.

The commitment didn't bother her—only because the block of time was longer than she could conceive of—but she did have one problem. She had a job, but no part. "In the pilot, Melissa was just a friend with a few lines. What did she do? Nobody knew. Where did she come from? Nobody knew." The first script's attempts to define her made Mayron wistful for the shelf. Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz, the show's creators, had portrayed Melissa as fat and full of problems. Mayron raced to a telephone and "talked their ears off for forty-five minutes about how they couldn't make her another self-deprecating Jewish girl who, when she isn't dumping on herself, eats. It was so pre-Rhoda. I felt that though Melissa probably would have done all that stuff in her twenties, she was thirtysomething now, she'd had therapy, she was beyond it. They agreed to everything I said, even her choice of profession, and then made her Michael's cousin so she'd tie into the story more."

But Mayron's caloric trepidation was not instigated solely by the search for essential truths. "I was always the kid who could eat anything and never gain weight—until I came to L.A., where the only time I saw people was when we met for breakfast, lunch, dinner, coffee, drinks, hors d'oeuvres. You said hello and then you ordered something. I didn't realize when I got here that you consciously had to schedule walking into your daily routine." She became ten, twenty, thirty pounds heavier. "The weird thing was, I was getting all this work. I was overweight for only a year and a half, but in that time I did *Girlfriends*, *Harry and Tonto*, *Car Wash*, *Hustling*."

Though there was more work for the *zaftig* and ethnic in the 'seventies, Melanie decided it was easier being svelte and pretty. She didn't diet. She didn't exercise. She stopped eating. "I lived on coffee and Tab, so the caffeine made me speed my brains out, and in two weeks I had lost the first sixteen pounds." The only unfortunate side effect of her new silhouette was that she didn't look funny anymore. "I wanted to do comedy. That's what I think I'm most gifted at. But I lost the weight, I shaved my head for *Playing for Time* [Arthur Miller's TV adaptation of the story of Fania Fenelon at Auschwitz], and those comic roles went out the window. I *(Continued on page 147)*

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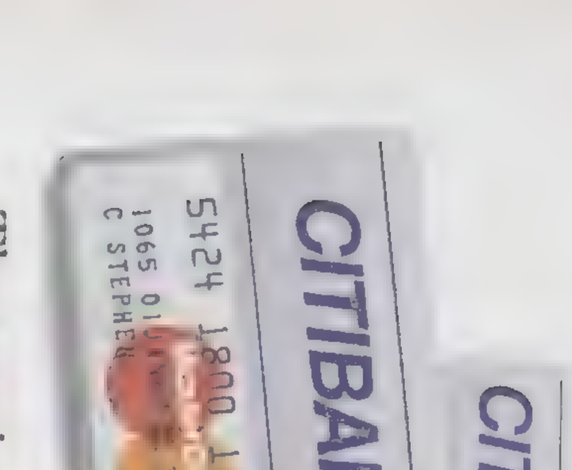

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MELANIE MAYRON

(Continued from page 140)

wound up doing *Wallenberg*. I was in World War II on television for ten years."

Mayron turned to writing with friends Charlie *(Hill Street Blues)* Haid, screenwriter Harvey Berger, and Adams to stay sane, sort of. Nothing sold. "That's why Catlin and I decided to produce *Sticky Fingers* ourselves. I wanted to be able to tell myself, 'You got the job!' "

She's getting used to hearing it from others now. On hiatus from *thirtysomething*, she's been cast as Jeff Daniels' wife in David Leland's new film *Checking Out*.

Her smile grows wide at the mention of *Sticky Fingers*. "It means a lot to me, for two reasons. One, it's about free-lance people being broke, a life I don't feel far removed from. And two, because making *Sticky Fingers* gave me the confidence that no matter what, even if I produce it myself, I'll be in a movie at least once a decade."

Doesn't she think that time period is about to shorten? "You mean, people asking for me?" she says. "Gee, that would be wonderful. You have to remember the last time anyone noticed me on TV I was bald."

—HAL RUBENSTEIN

Hal Rubenstein *writes regularly for "Details" and "7 Days."*

talking to...

MICHAEL TOLKIN: "What was discovered with *Rocky* is that a happy ending can be like a drug, like cocaine. The movies have taken the place of experience"

"I guess I'm always angry," says Michael Tolkin with a disarmingly ready smile. "Anger never really wells up in me, it's just always there."

Tolkin, whose first novel, *The Player*, comes out this month and whose first film, *Gleaming the Cube*, will follow this fall, is thirty-seven, tall, lean, and dangerously angular, with a jutting forehead and receding hairline. He's wearing a big black leather jacket and Richard Speck–like spectacles that exaggerate the intensity of his slightly unfocused eyes. Like many angry people, Tolkin has harbored murderous thoughts.

"I had pitched something to a studio executive who said he really liked it and would get back to me in three days," Tolkin says over breakfast *(Continued on page 148)*

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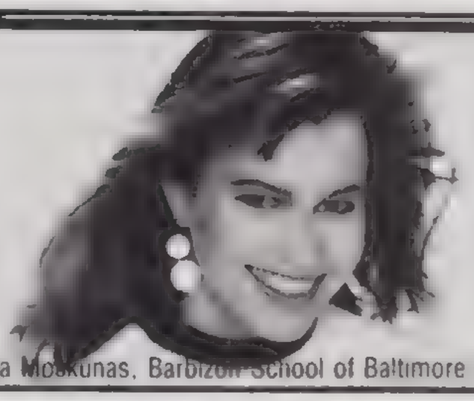
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MICHAEL TOLKIN

(Continued from page 147)

at the Café Russe, in Beverly Hills. "I never heard from him again. I kept calling him, and there was never any response. That drove me up the wall. At first, I just wanted to *kill* some executive. It was a joke to me. It just seemed like a funny idea."

The idea—funny or not—evolved into *The Player*, a tour de force that draws directly on Tolkin's experiences as a television writer and screenwriter who knows Hollywood from its seamy inside out. A gratuitous murder in the beginning of the book introduces the reader to the power-crazed, greed-driven, and money-fed world of a Hollywood executive named Griffin Mill—the kind of guy who always says he'll get back to you but never does.

"In many ways the book is a kind of moral or spiritual autobiography," says Tolkin, a showbiz kid whose father wrote Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows* and whose mother was a vice president at Paramount. "People are excited about it because it's true to Hollywood, but it's also about guilt."

Tolkin uses his protagonist to illustrate how Hollywood encourages us to compartmentalize experience, to separate guilt from consciousness and actions from conscience. "When I watched Elliott Abrams on the Irangate hearings, I thought, 'This is Griffin Mill.' This is a person who lies, who knows that people are being tortured as a result of his orders, and who can look Congress in the eye and say, 'I'm not doing it.' " The Griffin Mills in our society are getting away with murder, according to Tolkin, and we have Hollywood to blame.

"The movies did it. The culture industry did it," he says. Hollywood's insistence on endless happy endings has led to a split between real life and reel life. "The movies have taken the place of experience," he explains. "What was discovered with *Rocky* was that a happy ending can be like a drug, like cocaine. Everybody wanted those feel-good effects. Too many people were trying to cheer everybody up, saying 'Do what you want,' and 'You can have it all.' Doubt became something to suppress. If you doubted yourself, you were weak. And if you were weak, you weren't a player."

With both a novel and a movie appearing in the same year, Tolkin is becoming a player too. Does this mean his Hollywood story has a happy ending? Well, yes and no, he says. "I like Hollywood, it's a great life—and I'm not saying that just because they let me into the club." Yet he can't escape the feeling that Hollywood's dream world is also terrible. "The movies are poisoning our culture. They are deadening America. We're making romantic comedies and trying to sell them to the world. Meanwhile, to the south and to the east, people are plotting our demise." —RORY O'CONNOR

Rory O'Connor *writes regularly on the arts.*

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health

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The distressing up-and-down effect of the usual hospital postoperative pain treatment—a shot of pain-killing drug each time discomfort peaks, followed by excess sedation when the injected drug takes effect—can be eliminated by a new computer-programmed drug supplier called PCA, for patient-controlled analgesia. Hooked into your bedside intravenous system, the device is preset to deliver small doses of pain medication when you press a button. The drug can be refreshed frequently to maintain steady pain control as your discomfort dictates. There's no danger of overdose, because there's a programmed "lockout interval" between doses to permit the drug to take effect. Patients using PCA are said to use less total drug, but they report more satisfactory pain relief than do those who must call a nurse for a pain shot.

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Paul F. White, Ph.D., M.D., of Stanford University, reviews the development and research history of PCA along with some problems and complications that have been encountered. Although PCA's small doses (as compared to large intramuscular injections) are associated with low incidence of breathing problems, he says that the patient should be carefully monitored and necessary adjustments made, especially in the early postoperative period. To avoid operator errors, the nursing staff must be carefully trained to understand both the concept and the operation of PCA.

Dr. White foresees use of PCA not only post-surgery, but for cancer pain, labor pain, and injuries, as well as in intensive-care and coronary-care units.

TARGETING TOXOPLASMOSIS RISK

Infection with *Toxoplasma gondii* is a growing health risk; the parasite can cause blindness, deformities, and mental retardation in babies. Latent infection, without symptoms, now is said to be present in as many as 90 percent of the population in Paris and in up to 50 percent of people in the United States. The parasite can be transmitted by eating raw or undercooked meat that contains tissue cysts, or by exposure to oocysts in cat feces. A fetus acquires the disease only if the mother becomes infected while pregnant, and periodic testing during pregnancy is mandated by law in France and Austria.

In *The New England Journal of Medicine*, Robert McCabe, M.D., at University of California Medical School at Davis, and Jack S. Remington, M.D., at Stanford University School of Medicine, urge development of screening programs for pregnant women in the United States and more education on how pregnant women can prevent infection by cooking meat well, by washing fruits and vegetables, and by wearing gloves when gardening or handling cat litter.

New means for treating toxoplasmosis need to be developed, say Drs. McCabe and Remington, adding that the disease's prevalence as the most commonly recognized central nervous system infection in AIDS patients throws into sharp relief the gap in our medical knowledge.

FIBER FIX FOR CHOLESTEROL

Psyllium, a dietary supplement providing soluble fiber, may be as effective for lowering cholesterol as some prescribed drugs, reports "Archives of Internal Medicine." James W. Anderson, M.D., and colleagues at the University of Kentucky and V.A. Medical Center in Lexington treated patients with elevated cholesterol levels with either cellulose placebo (a no-effect substance) or psyllium grains. Subjects took about a teaspoonful of the orange-flavored granules stirred into a glass of water before every meal. All were on standard diets with less than 300 milligrams of cholesterol daily. After eight weeks, psyllium takers had reduced their total cholesterol levels by 14.8 percent, low-density lipoprotein (LDL) by 20.2 percent. Psyllium did not affect body weight, blood pressure, or blood levels of HDL, triglycerides, glucose, iron, or zinc. The study suggests that high blood cholesterol and coronary heart disease may be caused in part by diets that lack certain fibers, say the authors. It's important to eat a diet limited in cholesterol and balanced in terms of saturated, monounsaturated, and polyunsaturated fats. According to the Kentucky researchers, the cholesterol-lowering effect of such diets can be improved by raising the soluble fiber. This can be done by careful selection of foods, such as oats, beans, and apples, or by psyllium supplementation, which the study claims is safe, effective, and well-tolerated.

NEW/OLD DISEASES

"Catarrh" is an old-fashioned term found in novels; one medical dictionary states, "This word has been practically eliminated from the scientific vocabulary." But recent research indicates that the related organism Branhamella (Neisseria) catarrhalis is coming back into diagnostic and therapeutic news. According to Gary V. Doern, Ph.D., director of clinical microbiology, University of Massachusetts at Worcester, during the past five years this organism has been recognized as an important cause of a variety of illnesses. Earlier, it was considered benign, part of the normal bacterial flora of the upper respiratory tract. Today, diseases associated with "B. cat." include acute ear, sinus, and bronchopulmonary infections.

B. cat. can be diagnosed by a procedure called Gram's stain. In a large proportion of cases, the organism is beta lactamase–producing and antibiotic resistant, needs special treatment.

GAINS AGAINST COLO-RECTAL CANCER

Chemotherapy after surgery can save lives of patients with colo-rectal cancer. That's the word from the National Surgical Adjuvant Bowel Project (NSABP), the authoritative clinical trial program backed by the National Cancer Institute.

Study results reported in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute* point toward a change in state-of-the-art treatment for this second most common cancer in the United States.

Five-year disease-free survival rates were compared in colon cancer patients who received surgery alone and in others receiving surgery plus chemotherapy. Patients with rectal cancers were divided among those receiving surgery alone, those who had surgery plus chemotherapy, and those treated with surgery plus radiation. In both studies, five-year survival rates were significantly higher for patients who had chemotherapy.

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MEDICINE

REACTING TO AIDS

Given the deluge of conflicting advice, just how worried should you be?

BY ANDREA BOROFF EAGAN

Since the AIDS epidemic was recognized in the U.S. in 1981, those who like to think of themselves as the "general population"—i.e., non-intravenous-drug-using, nonhemophiliac heterosexuals—have reacted to the threat of the disease by oscillating between the poles of denial and panic. Exacerbating the confusion is the new book *Crisis: Heterosexual Behavior in the Age of Aids* (Grove), written by noted sex researchers William Masters, M.D., and Virginia Johnson, with their coworker Robert Kolodny, M.D. In it, the three scientists claim that the rate of heterosexual infection is far higher than we have so far been told; they also revive speculations that specialists had dismissed about transmission of AIDS by kissing, mosquito bites, and toilet seats.

Masters and Johnson's figures on infection rates come from their own study of four hundred heterosexuals with multiple partners in four U.S. cities—New York, Los Angeles, St. Louis, and Atlanta. The rates among women surveyed ranged from 4 to 10 percent—the highest in New York City, the lowest in St. Louis. (A control group of monogamous heterosexual women had an infection rate of 0 percent.) These rates are very much higher than those found in any other study of heterosexuals who have no apparent risk factors, such as homosexual activity or IV-drug use. For example, the AIDS screening performed by the Department of Defense has turned up only a .15 percent exposure rate. (This rate is an average, however, and varies by region: in New York City, the Defense Department turned up a 2 percent exposure rate.) What, then, is the explanation? Are Masters and Johnson right? Must we expect an explosive epidemic in the heterosexual community? Or, as most AIDS experts have been saying, is the rate of infection in the heterosexual population low and likely to remain so?

Masters and Johnson solicited their study population through posters hung in public places, including singles bars. The study group was thus self-selected, and may have included people who believed they had reason to worry about infection and saw the study as an opportunity to be tested privately. To join the study, subjects completed two questionnaires, gave a blood sample, and underwent a half-hour interview. They were not examined for signs of other sexually transmitted diseases or drug use.

Standard procedure for scientists is to publish their findings in a scientific journal, with enough data for other scientists to repeat the experiment. Masters and Johnson provided so little information about their subjects—they asked them only thirty-nine questions—that it's difficult to assess their survey's reliability. Other AIDS researchers are suspicious of the rush to publication and fear that the heavy publicity given to the Masters and Johnson findings will unnecessarily alarm the public.

At the opposite extreme of medical opinion, Robert E. Gould, M.D., recently argued in *Cosmopolitan*—on the strength of virtually no evidence—that the AIDS virus could not be transmitted by "ordinary heterosexual intercourse." This assertion is meaningless, depending on a subjective definition of "ordinary"—what, after all, is "extraordinary" sexual intercourse?

> The fact that the infection is not spreading wildly among heterosexuals is no cause for complacency

AIDS researchers and counselors are understandably upset by these inflammatory theories. "Six months ago we had the sense that the heterosexual population was beginning to get the point," said Chris Norwood, author of *Advice for Life: A Woman's Guide to AIDS Risks and Prevention.* "People understood what behaviors really placed them at risk, and they were learning what they had to do to protect themselves. Between *Cosmopolitan* and Masters and Johnson, a lot of progress has been lost, and we don't know how long it'll take to undo the damage."

Our confusion about how to respond to AIDS and the controversy about risk and protection are both fueled by scientific uncertainty. Progress in understanding and combating AIDS has occurred with amazing speed, yet there remain many more questions than answers. As of March, 1988, there were 293 reported cases of AIDS among men who had had sex with seropositive (infected, but perhaps symptomless) women, and 1045 cases among women who had had sex with seropositive men. The key questions for the heterosexual population concern transmissibility: How easily can the virus be passed during vaginal intercourse? Can it be transmitted during oral sex or any other intimate contact?

Here's what we know so far: In Central Africa and in the Caribbean, the AIDS virus is passed from women to men as well as from men to women. Transmission is more efficient from men to women, however: one large study in six African countries found that there were about three seropositive women for every two seropositive men. While most experts believe that in Africa the virus is being transmitted by vaginal intercourse, Douglas A. Feldman, Ph.D., former director of the AIDS Center of Queens County, NY, and an anthropologist who did field work in Central Africa, speculates that an intestinal parasite called Microsporidia, an immune suppressor prevalent in the area may be a cofactor that makes people more susceptible to AIDS. Many experts share Dr. Feldman's concerns.

The lesson we must take from Africa is that AIDS is a heterosexually transmissible disease, even though few such cases have been recorded in the U.S. Though cofactors in Africa may have exacerbated the situation, Africans are not so different from us that we can allow ourselves to believe we are immune. Robert Gould actually suggested that Africans transmit AIDS heterosexually in part because "many men in Africa take their women in a brutal way...closer to rape by our standards," resulting in lacerations that would give the virus a point of entry. The blatant racism of his contention reflects the attitude of many of us toward those in American risk groups for AIDS.

In an infected individual, the virus is found in blood and semen and, in lower concentrations, in saliva, vaginal secretions, and tears. The virus, which is unstable, must get into a host's bloodstream quickly in order to survive. During anal intercourse—the riskiest activity for heterosexuals and homosexuals—delicate tissues are frequently torn, allowing the virus a route into the bloodstream. Yet very recent evidence suggests that the AIDS virus can infect the cells of the cervix or *(Continued on page 156)*

Andrea Boroff Eagan *is the author of "Why Am I So Miserable If These Are the Best Years of My Life? (Avon).*

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(Continued from page 154)

rectum directly, without entering through any breaks in the tissue.

There is only one known case of AIDS being transmitted from genitals to mouth, and no known cases of transmission from mouth to mouth. Nor are there any known cases of the virus being spread by contact with tears or saliva. It was the reluctance of public-health and medical authorities to talk frankly about semen and blood—they chose instead the euphemism "bodily fluids"—when the AIDS epidemic was in its early stages that led to public panic about infection by, say, food handlers, a panic Masters and Johnson are reviving.

Masters and Johnson's discussion of modes of transmission is alarmist and irresponsible. For example, though they point out that there is no evidence that mosquitoes spread the virus and no evidence that the virus can reproduce within the mosquito, the question is nonetheless still open to them. As for transmission from toilet seats, they present a bizarre and most unlikely scenario—an unlucky someone sits her broken skin on a high concentration of virus in dried blood or semen on a toilet seat.

Other researchers are doing a far more reliable job of tracing the patterns of heterosexual transmission. The California Partners Study enrolled 120 female partners of AIDS-infected men, twenty-five percent of whom were infected. The highest rate of infection, 42 percent, was found among the partners of IV-drug users. Twenty-two percent of the partners of bisexuals and 21 percent of the partners of hemophiliacs were carrying the virus.

The higher infection rate found among the partners of IV-drug users is consistent with other studies. None of the partners of drug users in the California study were infected by sharing needles with their partners, according to Sarah Glass, the study's field director. Some of them, in fact, did not know that their partners had ever used intravenous drugs. Other studies confirm the California finding that women are at risk from infected partners whether or not they share needles or practice anal intercourse. Glass speculates that the infection rate could be exacerbated by the poor immune status, nutrition, or general health of these women.

> Dealing with AIDS by becoming celibate is like dealing with being overweight by fasting

AIDS is not epidemic—in fact, it is quite rare—in the non-drug-using heterosexual population. It has not exploded among heterosexuals as it has among gay males and IV-drug users, and it probably never will. Harold Jaffe, M.D., the chief AIDS epidemiologist at the Centers for Disease Control, says, "Surveying the gay male population with AIDS in 1981, we found that they had had an average of fifty different partners per year. The average heterosexual doesn't have nearly that many partners. The second factor that affected gay men is that anal intercourse is a particularly efficient mode of transmission of the virus."

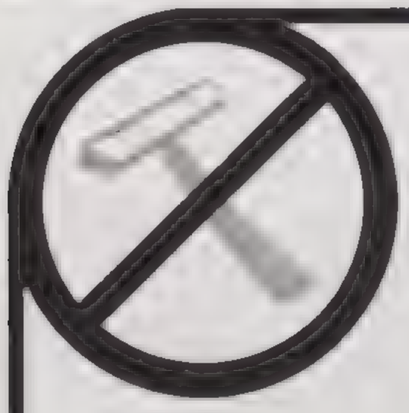
But the fact that the infection is not spreading wildly is no cause for complacency. Vaginal intercourse may transmit the virus less efficiently than anal intercourse, but no responsible researcher claims that it *cannot* be transmitted vaginally. Dr. Jaffe comments that the spread of the disease among heterosexuals, though not explosive, has been gradual and should continue.

Inflammations of women's vaginas and cervices may offer viruses a point of entry. Women can have numerous conditions and diseases, including gonorrhea, syphilis, Chlamydia, papilloma virus, herpes, yeast, and bacterial infections, without noticeable symptoms. In addition, according to Glass, microscopic examination of the genital tissues of both men and women after vaginal intercourse and of women after they have removed tampons frequently shows tiny abrasions or lacerations.

Just how worried should you be? Helen Singer Kaplan, M.D., Ph.D., in her book *The Real Truth About Women and AIDS* (Fireside/Simon & Schuster), takes the position that because AIDS is fatal, any risk, however small, is too great. Before so much as deep kissing takes place, she counsels, each partner should know the other's AIDS status; if either person is uncertain, she recommends testing. In the interim, they can practice "dry sex," including watching each other masturbate and, providing they don't have a scratch on their hands and don't allow bodily fluids near any orifices (including the nipples), mutual masturbation. In case of contact with a bodily fluid, Kaplan prescribes washing and disinfecting the affected skin with undiluted alcohol or a Lysol solution. This approach seems less than realistic, especially from a sex therapist, who cannot rationally expect that people will conduct their lives in so restrained a manner.

No one knows exactly how heterosexuals are coping with AIDS, and the evidence is contradictory. On the one hand, the incidence of genital warts, genital herpes, and syphilis is rising, indicating that probably the most sexually active segment of the heterosexual population denies the risks. On the other hand, condom sales are growing.

Anne Welbourne-Moglia, Ph.D., former director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the*(Continued on page 159)*



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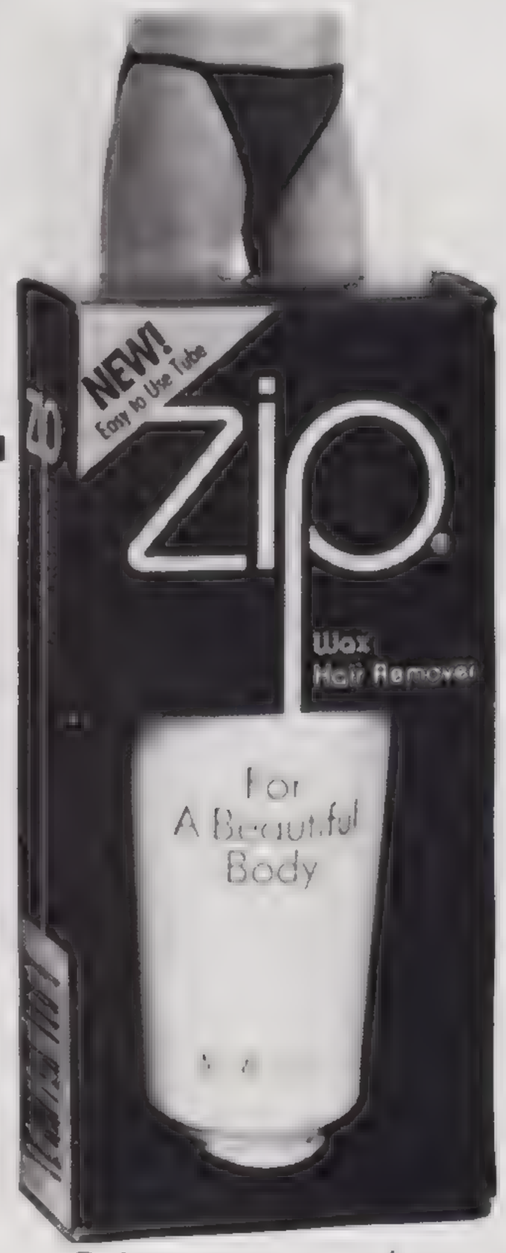

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REACTING TO AIDS

(Continued from page 156)

United States and a sex therapist, finds in talking with groups of young women that there is a high level of misinformation. "Many people still think that they can be infected by any physical contact, even touching someone. But then, young women will say, 'I'm not worried because those things don't happen in my crowd; all my friends are good people.' " And a young woman student who directs an AIDS education program at a small Eastern college observed, "People say they're being more careful, more selective about their sex partners. But when you ask them what that really means, sometimes it's just that they know the person's name."

"At the other extreme," Welbourne-Moglia says, "there is pathological anxiety. People are saying,'I'll just work on my career or my jogging time. Sex has become too complicated, too risky.' "

Natalie Wayne, a New York couples therapist, has noticed a change. "Two or three years ago, women patients thought they could never mention condoms to men. They were afraid they'd be seen as too aggressive. But now that there's been so much attention to AIDS and to using condoms, some women have begun to feel that it's okay for them to insist, that they're in the mainstream."

We are all going to have to learn to assess our own risks. A woman living in the upper Midwest, where the infection rate in the heterosexual population is vanishingly low, has very little cause for concern. But any woman in a sexually active social group in New York City would be "foolhardy," in the words of the NYC Health Department epidemiologist Mary Ann Chiasson, "to have unprotected intercourse with anyone whose AIDS status she doesn't know." Some women may choose celibacy, but most, having struggled for some degree of sexual freedom, will find celibacy unacceptable. It's also unlikely. Marsha Blachman, who counsels women at the University of California, San Francisco, AIDS Health Project, says that, "dealing with AIDS by deciding to be celibate is like trying to deal with being overweight by fasting. It may work for a while, but eventually you get so hungry you eat anything you can find."

It remains difficult for women to talk forthrightly about AIDS with their lovers. Welbourne-Moglia says, "It's completely unrealistic just to say to people, 'You have to talk about AIDS.' Talking about sex in a relationship—what you like, what you want—is difficult enough for most people." She suggests group discussions and role-playing to help women be able to broach the subjects of AIDS, past behavior, condoms.

Pat Franks, coordinator of the AIDS Resource Program at the University of California, San Francisco, believes that the AIDS plague is a test of our society, of our willingness to learn *(Continued on page 160)*

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REACTING TO AIDS

(Continued from page 159)

honesty with our partners, compassion for the sick and the dying, and a degree of restraint. San Francisco, one of the cities where the epidemic struck first, serves as an example. There, spread of the disease within the gay male population has been virtually halted by education and community responsibility. The city has mobilized to provide testing, counseling, research, and care for the sick, the infected, the "worried well." And those at low risk, sometimes slowly and reluctantly, have come to learn that they cannot protect themselves or avoid their responsibility by stigmatizing those affected, by magical thinking, or by denial. ▽

The AIDS Test—Can You Really Trust It?

With Illinois and Louisiana now requiring premarital AIDS screening, and more of the so-called worried well seeking testing—and with the recent controversy about medical testing labs' poor performance—the accuracy of AIDS tests is due for close examination. "The AIDS test is very reliable when done correctly, but people have to recognize that no medical test is perfect," says Harold Jaffe, M.D., chief AIDS epidemiologist at the Centers for Disease Control.

The screening process involves two tests—the ELISA and the Western Blot, a more sophisticated test to weed out the false positives that occur in 2 to 5 percent of ELISA tests. However, up to 15 percent of Western Blot tests show what's called "non-specific reactivity," producing results that cannot be interpreted. Also, one can be infected and infectious yet antibody negative because a detectable level of antibodies can take months to develop. A person who wants to be 100 percent sure that she's not infected should take another test six months after a negative result.

As with any medical test, there is the possibility of lab error. Most states do not set performance standards for the labs that test for AIDS. In a recent study of participating labs, the College of American Pathologists found that three of 578 labs incorrectly identified a positive blood sample as negative.

Alfred Saah, M.D., associate professor of epidemiology at Johns Hopkins University says that whether people go to one of the thousand or so AIDS-testing centers nationwide or to a private physician, the quality of testing is equally good—provided that the physician sends the blood to a reputable or state-licensed lab.

For one's own doctor to draw the blood is usually quicker, but many who should take the AIDS test fear the possible employment and insurance repercussions of a positive result in their medical records. In most states, public testing centers offer anonymous testing in which a person's blood is identified only by a number. —ANN RANARD

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DRIVING STYLE

Power and luxury . . . design: the prophet speaks

BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—DRIVING THE NEW BMW

Seven years ago, BMW engineers set out to build a flagship car that was top in its class in the world—with money no object. And they've succeeded: The 750iL is without a doubt the finest sedan on the road today; it offers the closest sensation to space flight you or I will ever experience without actually leaving the ground. And well it should, at a price of $69,000 (luxuries included).

What makes the 750iL truly extraordinary is its twelve-cylinder engine, twice the number in most luxury-car engines. The result: the engine runs smoothly and silently as if on velvet and accelerates from a standstill to 60 mph in just 7.2 seconds. Although the 750iL can reach 168 mph, an internal monitor stops acceleration at 155, the "socially responsible" speed limit set by car manufacturers in Germany, where anything goes on the highway. I am usually a cautious driver who feels uncomfortable cruising above 65 mph; but the steering in this car is so precise, the suspension so taut, the antilock brakes so secure that I had trouble staying under 80.

And BMW engineers added a brilliant idea: an adjustable transmission with three settings. "Economy" gives you an automatic transmission with great gas mileage and a creamy ride (the setting is called economy but is far from mingy); "sport" makes the engine growl with extra power for towing a boat or just having fun; and "manual" lets you change gears yourself without having to deal with a clutch.

The headlights have their own washers; the spacious trunk comes with its own tool kit. The only odd point: the tires. Your 750iL may show up with Pirellis, Goodyears, or Uniroyals; the only way to get your choice is to negotiate with your dealer.

Inside, the 750iL is a driver's fantasy come true. A cellular phone is standard in every car, as are heating units in the two padded-leather front seats. Each front seat has its own separate dials for climate control; plus, a special fan can be set to cool the car while it's parked in the sun. A "memory" button accommodates three drivers, returning not only the seat but all mirrors to their selected positions. And here's revenge for beleaguered urban BMW owners: the 750iL's radio doesn't work if snatched by a thief (if the radio is disconnected from the battery, you have to punch in a five-digit code to reactivate it).

There are only two things BMW executives might want to think about: a way to put tilt in the steering wheel despite the now-standard air bag, and a compact-disc player (a company spokesman says it's coming).

AUTO PROPHECIES

Where are cars headed in the 1990s? A few predictions from Sergio Pininfarina, the world's leading car designer, sculptor of the Cadillac Allanté and every Ferrari ever made: "There won't be revolutionary changes in automobile design in the next ten years," he says, "because of the volume and weight of the traditional car engine. Instead, cars will become more aerodynamic and specialized. There will be cars for commuting, for the city, for off-road driving. New materials will allow more freedom—glass will be lighter and shaped like steel. You will be able to see more outside without being seen on the inside. Cars will feel more open, giving the impression of being in a room."

TRAVELING SAFELY—A BREAKDOWN KIT

Conventional wisdom has always had it that if your car breaks down on the road, the best plan of action is to stay inside, flash your lights, and wait for help. This is especially true if you're traveling alone on a deserted highway or on unsafe city streets. But according to James A. Solomon of the National Safety Council, response to any breakdown is a judgment call dependent on such factors as traffic, weather, and time of day. In conditions of limited visibility or in heavy, fast-moving traffic, for example, "one should get everyone out of the vehicle and stand as far off the road as possible," Solomon says. "A stopped car could be hit by a speeding or disoriented driver."

For frequent travelers—especially those who drive through sparsely populated areas—the best defense against being stranded by a breakdown is a car phone. In addition, Solomon suggests that anyone traveling unfamiliar roads or in bad weather file a "flight plan" with a friend, including her expected route, when she is leaving, and when she expects to arrive at her destination. Solomon also suggests that drivers carry a white handkerchief to tie to the antenna (the universal sign for a breakdown) and a "Send Help" sign, obtainable from the AAA or most police and sheriff offices.

The Company of Women (39 South Main St., Spring Valley, NY 10977) sells a good starter car emergency kit that includes an instruction manual, jumper cables, a spotlight, a screwdriver, a water bag, and a distress flag for $29.95.

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ENTERTAINING

Stepping out for charity: the season's most ambitious events. Unforgettable . . .

BY WILLIAM AND CHESBROUGH RAYNER

Books as performance art: tableaux maestros Reed, Blass, Hoge

There was a time not long ago when an invitation to a charity event was viewed as a slightly better class of junk mail, distinguished from all others only by the fact that it required the recipient to wear a black tie. The food at such evenings was almost sure to run a close second to that on a no-frills flight; the waiters would clash the dishes together as if they had received their training playing cymbals in a marching band; and the tables were bound to be adorned with plated candelabra and cardboard wine coolers.

Things seem to be changing for the better, if the two parties held in May for the New York Public Library and the Central Park Conservancy are any indication. These are the heavy metal of social events, and they set the standard by which all other galas are judged. At both, the menus by Glorious Food were superior, the service impeccable, and the decorations perhaps unmatched since Frances I entertained Henry VIII on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

To call the exhibitions that the library mounted for its evening "decorations" is as inaccurate as to say that Cheop's Pyramid was really built to embellish a package of Camel cigarettes. Indeed, they were among the most creative such efforts ever undertaken. A committee—including Sue Newhouse, the general chairman for the evening, and honorary chairmen Brooke Astor and Annette Reed—chose ten treasures from the library's collections and invited various New Yorkers to create tableaux around them. Bill Blass and Sharon Hoge gave us "Voyages on Paper," based on the rare-map collection. Ralph Lauren recreated a scene from the American West using the drawings of Catlin, while Carolyne Roehm stepped in with "A Nineteenth-Century Musical" and a pianist playing Liszt, surrounded by the composer's original manuscripts. Annette Reed's "Botanical Books" was based on Redouté prints and Dr. Thornton's *The Temple of Flora*.

The caterer served a superb dinner to twelve hundred in two of the city's most beautiful public rooms—the skylit Celeste Bartos Forum and the grand marble Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Those who had the strength stayed after dinner to dance in the hall named after one of Vincent Astor's forebears.

In the spring, New Yorkers' thoughts turn toward the great out-of-doors and a stroll in Central Park. It is well to remember what these eight hundred forty-three acres of arcadia looked like before Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux took to creating the park in the 1860s: a swamp where five thousand squatters lived in shacks.

It took Olmsted and Vaux fifteen years to neaten up the place, and a generation for it to mature. One hundred years later, owing to New York City's financial condition, Central Park was reverting to its original state. Then, in 1980, the Central Park Conservancy was formed by a group of concerned citizens under the leadership of Elizabeth Barlow Rogers, who maintains that "the health of Central Park is a barometer of the health of the city."

Each spring, its committee, this year headed by Fernanda Niven, Betty Sherrill, and Noorna Sarofim, gives a luncheon in the park to raise money. This season's was held in the Conservatory Garden at the northern tip of the park. The setting was spectacular, encompassing two sunken gardens bordered by allées of pink and white flowering crabapple trees; a semicircular pergola laced with purple wisteria; and a lawn as manicured as those in Wimbledon.

Ninety tables, each decorated with magnificent flowers on pink tablecloths, sat ten each, overlooking a fountain that juggled water in the air. Those who were more interested in nourishment than nature were kept happy on a fare of asparagus vinaigrette, pot pie, and a sublime lemon mousse. Afternoons like this one are just apt to give benefits a good name again.

Top SUSAN WOOD. Hair, makeup, grooming Stephan Pietro. Bottom left BRIAN HAGIWARA. Centerpiece by Sura Kayla Bottom right SARA CEDAR MILLER

Right: a gill in Central Park. Above: For a spring luncheon, a centerpiece of roses, hydrangea, and lavender lace.

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Baby takeout . . . a night at Mille Fleurs

BY BARBARA KAFKA

A salad of Santa Barbara shrimp, lobster, and scallops dressed with basil, olive oil—the splendid work of Mille Fleurs's Martin Woesle, left.

A significant percentage of the chefs who have been bringing avant-garde French food to America are not French but Swiss, German, and Japanese—for example, Wolfgang Puck of Spago, Joachim Splichal, formerly of Max au Triangle and now a consultant, and Kenji Seki and his chefs at China Grill. Joining this stellar group is Mille Fleurs's Martin Woesle, who was trained at Aubergine, the Michelin three-star restaurant in Munich.

Mille Fleurs is handsomely spread out in the very rich suburb of San Diego called Rancho Santa Fe. (Soon, there may be no major American city without a first-rate restaurant.) There, Woesle is preparing such dishes as Sautéed Foie Gras on Endive Salad with Truffle Vinaigrette; Cream of Red Rhubarb and Chard Soup; Lobster Bisque with Tomatoes and Zucchini; Grilled Medallions of Lotte with Spanish Saffron Sauce and Garlic; and Veal Loin with Yellow Chanterelle Mushrooms and White Wine Sauce. The sports figures and business people who eat at Mille Fleurs love the fancy, magnificently prepared food, and so do I.

Americans seem to be getting more Mediterranean every day; lately, we prefer clear colors, lots of vegetables and fish, a plenitude of fresh herbs and olive oil. We've discovered olive oil's nutritional benefits at the same time that our palates have discovered its unparalleled flavor. Recent studies indicate that this monounsaturated fat may be actively good for us. Unfortunately, that does not mean that olive oil isn't fattening.

The sole problem with the increasing attention being paid to olive oil is the lack of accompanying buying information. All we are regularly told is that we should buy "extra virgin" olive oil. But that means different things in different countries. In countries where "extra virgin" has a specific legal meaning, it reflects the amount of acidity in the oil (the less acid, the better). In France, a bottle of extra virgin oil must also be from the first pressing of the olives, and can't be diluted with lesser-quality oil; in Italy, 51 percent of the bottle must be of the denominated quality. In America, "extra virgin" has no legal meaning—your oil might as well be called "Gertrude."

There is as much difference among olive oils as there is among wines. Soil, sun, olive variety, agriculture, and method of manufacture all play a part in flavor. Many of us believe that the best is bright green, slightly thick, and Italian. This may or may not be true; it is an oil-by-oil, dish-by-dish decision. One thing is clear; if you are using just a bit, it pays to buy better oil with better flavor. I can recommend La Vieille Ferme, vintage 1987, available from Robert Haas at 802/875-2139.

In case you thought *Baby Boom* was just an amusing movie, look at the food currently being provided for the actual offspring of the yuppie parent explosion. Nothing is too good for their late and carefully planned progeny, 3.8 million of whom were born last year. Parents influenced by the consumer movements of the 'sixties and 'seventies are feeding their children high-priced purées free of preservatives, salt, or sugar. This market niche was left vacant by the Gerbers and Beech Nuts of the world, and new, small companies are leaping to fill it; several are going national. *(Continued on page 168)*

Diane Keaton's "Baby Boom" gave us the preservative-free child. Well, la-de-dada . . .

Top, BRIAN LEATART; bottom, JOYCE RUDOLPH

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FOOD IN VOGUE

(Continued from page 166)

David Shank of Walnut Creek, California, started Growing Gourmet toddler casseroles last year, and Nanci Franks of Hermosa Beach, California, has started Baby's Garden, which offers traditional baby purées; both companies use no additives or preservatives. Arnold and Ron Koss, of Middlebury, Vermont, have an organic baby food company called Earth's Best. David and Martha Kimmel, owners of New York City's Mommy Made (their stationery says, "and Daddy too!") have taken baby food out of the jar, selling "baby takeout": fresh purées of seasonal fruits and vegetables such as asparagus, acorn squash, papaya, and cantaloupe, plus sugar-free toddler meals, like Oriental Chicken and Vegetables, that can easily be recognized by adults. Mommy Made makes home deliveries twice a week; the menu changes weekly.

Some parents are happy with nothing less than homemade. Rena Coyle, a Culinary Institute of America-trained chef, has written *Baby Let's Eat* (Workman Press), a guide to making strained peas and what-have-you on your own. But one trend-setting editor I know makes the ultimate effort, getting friends to bring her Guigoz artichoke baby food all the way from France for her destined-for-success baby.

Gardening is America's number one outdoor avocation. It's also mine. I never seem to do all the things I'm supposed to before the season starts, though, so I am very happy when I find seeds or good advice for late-season planting.

Since many perennial herbs are best grown from nursery-bought plants, it is not too late to start laying beds even now. Buy a copy of *Kitchen Herbs* by Sal Gilbertie (Bantam Books), owner of a large herb nursery in Westport, Connecticut. The book is full of down-to-earth information, and the recipes are good, too.

Right now I can plant *mesclun*, the French assortment of baby greens. Le Marché Seeds (available from The Gardener's Eden, 415/421-4242) puts together a madly attractive super-seed packet filled with envelopes of lettuce, arugula, radicchio seeds—all the varieties you need. Plant small amounts, then fill in as the season goes on, for a constant crop of baby leaves.

Home Grown (Houghton Mifflin), by Denys De Saulles, a British nurseryman and gardening writer, and Jim Wilson, the host of the Southern installments of public television's *The Victory Garden*, is a beautiful book with a spacious layout and excellent instructions for everything from propagating and pruning, to picking and storing your produce. There are lovely, clear, color drawings of the most notable fruit, vegetable, and herb species for instant identification, in case, as often happens to me, your plant tags blow away. ▽

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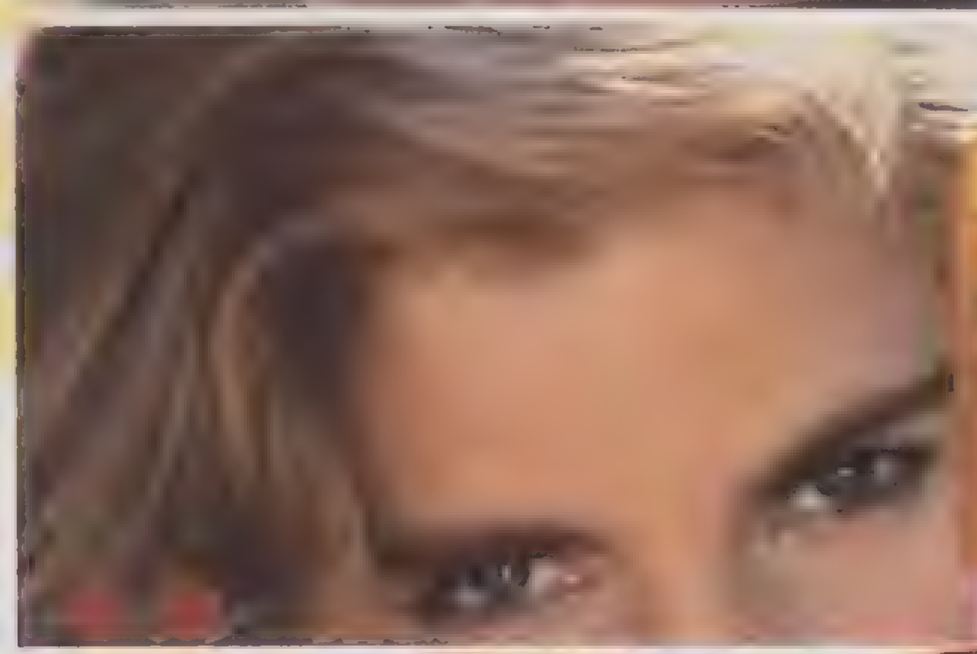

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A SPARKLING SUMMER

From Scharffenberger to Salon, these bubblies make the season's best sipping

BY MARTIN GERSH

Coolly refreshing, elegant, and charming, Champagnes and *méthode champenoise* wines are magical creations I savor with special pleasure in summer, when they can equally enhance a traditional June wedding or an impromptu August picnic. The wines made by John Scharffenberger in Mendocino County, California, are welcome additions to the ranks of top-flight sparklers to enjoy this season.

Successfully defying the current taste for lighter textured, somewhat austere effervescent wines, the Scharffenbergers are stylistically akin to the most provocative contemporary Champagnes by Bollinger, Pol Roger, and Veuve Cliquot Ponsardin. Exceptionally outgoing, splendidly fruity, with fullness of body most like the Bollingers', they show great class.

I continue to be impressed that the Scharffenberger winery turns out a complex, classic sparkler every time, though it ages its wines for only three years. These exuberant, highly superior *méthode champenoise* wines are available for $15 to $18. Because of what they deliver in the glass, I regard them as excellent values.

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Blanc de Blancs 1984 *Embellished with terrific orange- and lime-like fruitiness—charming and memorable. $17–$18.*

Brut 1984 *A titanic wine of definitive excellence, featuring a vivid lemony-lime taste aspect. $17–$18.*

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Iron Horse Brut 1984 *Marked by a vibrant citrusy fruit presence and agreeable scale—elegant and enchanting. $17–$20.*

Richard Cuneo Cuvée de Chardonnay 1983 *A truly formidable Sonoma County méthode champenoise wine of good size, with provocative orangey flavor. $13–$14.*

Piper Sonoma Brut Reserve 1982 *Well balanced, moderate to large bodied, revealing a graceful fruit presence with lime and orange nuances—most impressive. $18–$20.*

G. H. Mumm & Co. René Lalou 1982 *Big, richly textured, this is a Champagne of remarkable stature. $55–$60.*

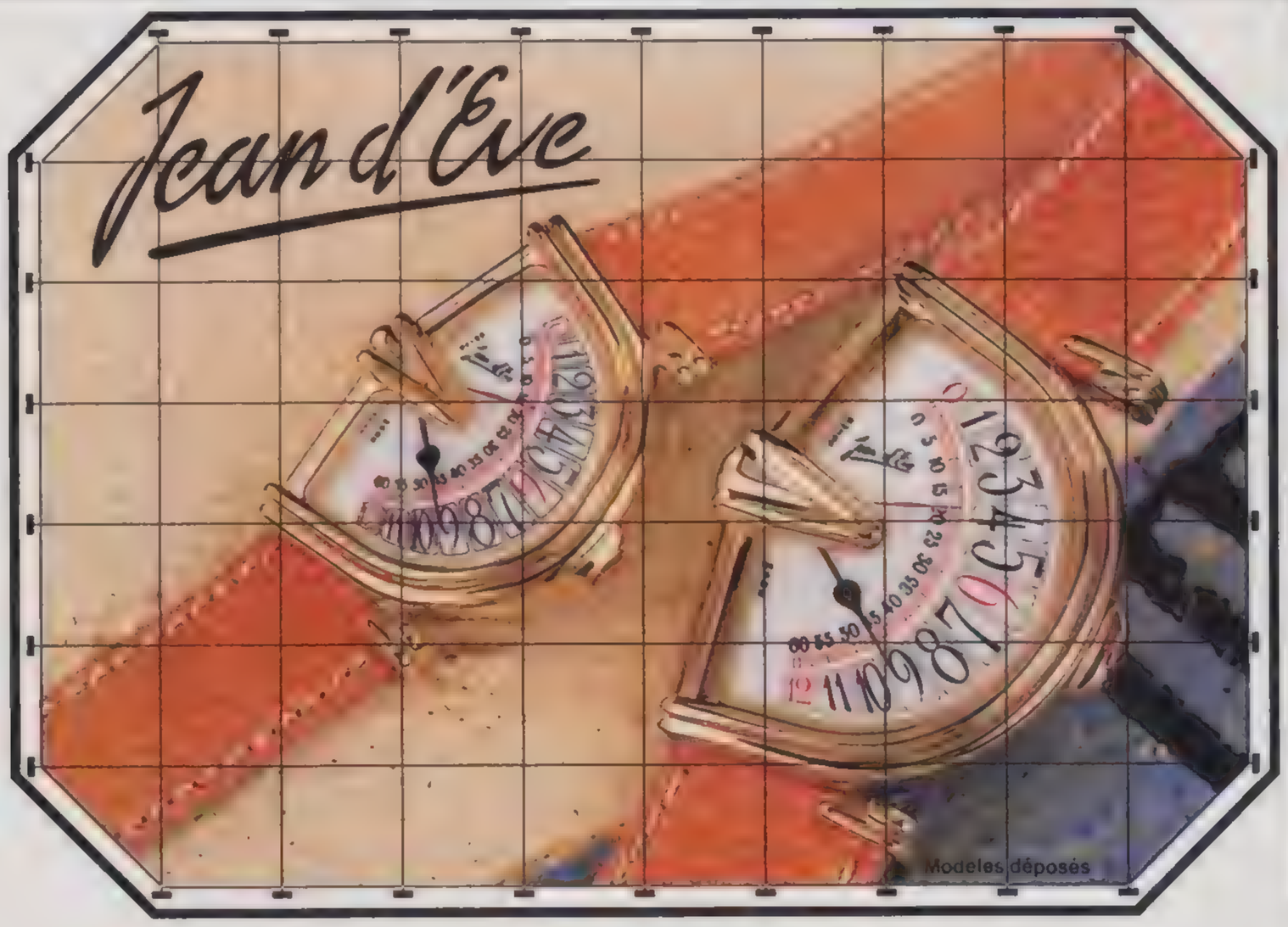
Schramsberg Blanc de Noirs 1982 *An excellent, reserved, beautifully structured wine adorned with a pretty, cherry-like taste constituent. $20–$24.*

Henriot Brut Rosé 1981 *Boasting a ravishing, salty-sweet cherry-like flavor and important size—exquisite. $25–$27.*

Henriot Réserve Baron Philippe de Rothschild 1979 *Displaying densely concentrated pear and citrus flavor elements, this beautiful Champagne of notable finesse is now at its peak. $60–$65.*

Bollinger Grande Année 1979 *Heroic in size, with a sumptuous apple-tinged flavor constituent—unforgettable. $28–$30.*

Salon Le Mesnil Blanc de Blancs 1979 *Multifaceted, ample bodied, with a fascinating combination of orange-, lime-, and nut-like taste elements, this is the finest blanc de blancs I have ever known. The costliest wine reviewed here, Salon Le Mesnil has been made in only fourteen vintages since 1947. Glorious! $100–$110.*



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BY BARBARA PLUMB

IVY TOWER

Often confined to New York City because of her schedule, Dawn Mello, president of Bergdorf Goodman, fashioned her terrace, fourteen flights above busy Park Avenue, after her parents' rose gardens in Lynn, Massachusetts, where she grew up. "I love flowers," Mello says, "and I wanted a garden I could work in when I got home from the office." Mello enlisted the talents of landscape architect Perry Guillot to create a dining area for ten people at one end of the fifteen-by-thirty-eight-foot terrace; and, at the other, a living space where she could "curl up on Sunday mornings with *The New York Times*." A combination of evergreens and seventeen varieties of trees and plants guarantees a pastoral view—and privacy—all year round. Regency outdoor furniture enhances the dreamy illusion of an English garden.

industrial resolution **Think of metal furniture and most likely you'll imagine something in tubular chrome: sleek, anonymous, mass-produced—the Bauhaus style. Now, a group of furniture artists is reinterpreting metal, forging pieces that are handcrafted, sensuous, expressive, nostalgic. Working in steel, the "most democratic material," David Zelman creates objects and tables inspired by the truss bridges, locomotives, and powerful machines of the Industrial Revolution—some shining with newness, others worn and rusted. *Below*, his table, "July 6, 1985," at Art et Industrie, NYC. . . Babette Holland makes whimsical, surprisingly romantic furnishings out of metal. Her "Camelot" series employs delicate copper tubing embellished with cast-iron fleur-de-lis ornaments, evoking images of Gothic Revivalism and Diego Giacometti's work. At Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC.**

CHATTER

Pack your passport, then pack "Made in Italy" (Workman) by Annie Brody and Patricia Shultz, which points shoppers toward just about everything for the home in Florence, Milan, Rome, and Venice. Each city is divided into neighborhoods (all the better for browsing), with maps numbered to correspond to boutiques, antiques dealers, and flea markets. Haven't you always wanted the address of the Pope's candlemaker? . . . Imagine twenty-five thousand acres overlooking the Pacific in Careyes, Mexico—and this choice of views: a lagoon inhabited by wild animals from Africa; a thousand acres of palm trees parted by a river thronging with crocodiles and wild birds; the last primeval tropical forest in Mexico. All can be savored from different rooms of the sixty-thousand-square-foot concrete castle and the six guest châteaux that Robert Couturier, a New York-based French architect, is creating for billionaire financier Sir James Goldsmith. When Sir James gets bored, he can fly half an hour to his Couturier-designed Stone Palace at the foot of a volcano . . . . Britain's first decorator show house will highlight the work of twenty-one interior designers from May 26 to June 19 at Chelsea Old Town Hall, London.

Top right: EDWARD ADDEO; *top left* ROXANNE LOWIT. Illustration: PERRY GUILLOT

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BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

Mountain Travel's new "Trans-Africa" tour sounds like an Indiana Jones fantasy: a twenty-six-day, 4700-mile adventure aboard a luxuriously updated 1940s "flying boat" equipped with bubble-shaped observation windows, reading room, bar. The aircraft also has incredible maneuverability and can touch down in exotic spots that would take months to reach by land. Highlights of the itinerary are Victoria Falls, game reserves in Botswana and Malawi, Tanzania's Ngorongoro Crater, Zanzibar, Kenya's Lake Turkana, the Sudan, and Egypt. Besides the thrill of flight-seeing Africa, the journey also promises excursions in four-wheel-drive vehicles, first-class food, and stays in top-notch hotels, game lodges, and tented camps. Cost: $13,750. Departures: October 2 and November 27. See page 180 for details.

comeback sail

Good news for the ship-set: Aloha Pacific Cruises has just spent millions totally redoing the "S. S. Monterey," former star of the old Matson Line, famed for taking passengers from California to Hawaii. Appropriately, the reborn ship will be based in Honolulu and begin weekly island circuits (priced from $1195 to $2295) in October. For details, see travel agent or page 180.

With its romantic cottages and glorious grounds, Santa Barbara's San Ysidro Ranch has seduced stars and statesmen for almost a century. Recently purchased by Claude Rouas—of San Francisco's L'Etoile restaurant and Napa's Auberge du Soleil—the Ranch is set to enter its poshest era ever. Already, Rouas has turned the hideaway's dining room into Santa Barbara's hottest eating scene. Next comes a slow, sensitive spruce-up of the entire property. 805/969-5046.

Now accepting guests: Stapleford Park, a handsomely restored estate in England's Leicestershire hunt country where American restaurateur Bob Payton has reinterpreted the British country-house hotel with name-designer guest rooms, U.S. informality. Phone: 212/779-1888.

Top TOM NEBBIA Left Bishop Museum

WHAT PRICE PARIS?

In case you're counting, a standard double at the Ritz (Vendôme side) currently goes for about $475 a night. Continental breakfast at the same hotel comes to an additional $40 for two persons. Figure $120 per couple for a see-and-be-seen lunch at the Relais-Plaza; and count on dropping $360 for dinner and a bottle of wine at Taillevent. Cover charges and two drinks each at Le Palace nightclub run $80. Throw in $50 for taxis, tips, etc. Total: $1125 for a day well spent.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOUR YEARS, THOSE IRREVERENT FRENCH FOOD CRITICS HENRI GAULT AND CHRISTIAN MILLAU HAVE REVISED THEIR "BEST OF" NEW YORK AND L.A. GUIDES. AIDED BY A TEAM OF EQUALLY DEMANDING U.S. REVIEWERS, GAULT/MILLAU HAVE ALSO COME OUT WITH BRAND-NEW VOLUMES THAT TAKE ON SAN FRANCISCO AND WASHINGTON, DC. $14.95 EACH AT MOST BOOKSTORES.

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Renaissance escape: a garden terrace on Isola Bella

ITALY'S SECRET GARDENS

Far from the noise and the obvious, a writer discovers another world

BY DAVID LEAVITT

For me, the "real" Italy has always been a place I recognized in the background of paintings, usually portraits. Behind the head of La Gioconda, or Battista Sforza or her husband, Federigo da Montefeltro, was a landscape so beautiful I could almost not believe it was real: lush hills somersaulting down to dry, clay-colored valleys; overviews of cities burnished by the sun; and always those strange, wonderful Italian trees: the mysterious, noble cypresses lined along empty avenues like sentries; the umbrella pines, with their green clouds of needles; the endless geometry of olive orchards. Standing in the big stone hall of the Uffizi on my first visit to Florence, hearing even there the din of the hot, crowded vias below, how I longed at that moment to carry myself somehow through the frame, to enter, like the children in *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, the world of the picture, the better world I was allowed to gaze at but from which I was doomed to be eternally separated. While outside, everywhere, it seemed, were those postcards featuring close-ups of the David's genitalia, circled in smeary red lipstick, captioned with the words, "Wow! Firenze!" in wild red letters. Somewhere under the serve-yourself *pizzerie*, and the leather stores, and the hotel signs, and the tour buses that lie about the streets of Florence like big, sleeping slugs, I knew there lay in wait the city where Masaccio painted the "Expulsion from Paradise," where Fra Angelico lived in pious isolation, where Michelangelo carved the David, where E.M. Forster found a room with a view; but that city had become almost untouchable.

Today, more than ever, everything beautiful in Florence seems hopelessly buried. The struggle to (*Continued on page 182*)

A fine madness: the Duke of Orsini's Park of Monsters at Bomarzo

THE SLIM-MEST SLIM IN TOWN CAPRI

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of the ancient city of Rome. Much of the statuary tells the story of Hercules' choice between Virtue and Vice, and for the garden's original visitors in the sixteenth century, the journey through was a little like an amusement-park version of that very story: if you sat in the wrong place, a secret jet of water squirted in your face, or soaked your buttocks from underneath. This was humor, but it was also terrorism; contemporaneous drawings of the gardens show ladies, children, and dogs fleeing the watery attackers in horror.

Such "water sports" were common in the late Renaissance, and at the Villa Lante at Bagnaia, north of Rome near Viterbo, the little jets are still in operation. This is a much smaller garden, built around

The ultimate trick to discovery, however, may be getting lost

miniature twin villas which are, sadly, not open to the public without special permission from the Soprintendènte di Monumenti di Lazio. (Not hard to get if your Italian is good enough—the superintendent is an amiable man.) The garden itself, however, is open to the public. When a large enough group (four or five is tops) collects, a tour guide leads it through, and at one point, when you're standing looking over the beautiful expanse of the park and the breathtaking central fountains, he'll turn a spigot and tiny jets of water will leap up all around you, literally caging you in.

Near Bagnaia—and providing a vastly different kind of experience—is the Park of Monsters at Bomarzo, built by the lunatic Duke of Orsini, who has since been monumentalized in novels, operas, and Freudian studies. The garden lies at the foot of the ancient, craggy, mean-spirited hill town of Bomarzo. (I was advised by some art

ITALY

(Continued from page 180)

find a place to sleep, a place to eat—the struggle just to get across the street, just to exist in Florence—has become so enormous that there's no room left, no patience for appreciation. Last April, when I again visited the city, the snaking lines into the Uffizi had grown so long that the museum was forced to close at 11:30 in the morning just to curb the onslaught. I couldn't even look at the portraits that hung there, with their dreamy backgrounds, and fantasize escaping into them. I doubt I have ever felt so trapped.

Fortunately, for the exhausted tourist who still idealistically dreams of finding a "real" Italy, there are some escape routes, and many don't even require a car. My favorite is to trek off for the day to one of the beautiful and often little-known sixteenth- and seventeenth-century water gardens that lie in the hills around Rome and Florence. It is astonishing how empty these places can be, even at the height of the tourist season.

The Villa d'Este at Tivoli, about twenty minutes into the hills above Rome by bus, is the best known of the gardens, and hence the least empty. Here, a glorious, moss-infested palazzo, filled with bizarre trompe-l'oeil wall decorations and ugly furniture, looms over what is without doubt the most spectacular water garden surviving today. Like most from its period, the garden is designed as a narrative experience, a kind of architectural novel in which the visitor is the protagonist. A trip through it is a process, ultimately, of choice and discovery: there is, in addition to the giant, spectacular fountains that are the garden's centerpieces, a fountain based on the Etruscan statue of Diana of the Ephesians, water sprouting like milk from all sixteen of her breasts. There are also grottoes, including a particularly marvelous one dedicated to Neptune; avenues of fountains where fish and animal heads, worn down by the onslaught of moss, still drool tiny streams; and a scale model, in brick and stucco,

wards: magnificent fountains and a famous statue of the young Bacchus with a fat belly so realistically carved it is hard to avoid the temptation to give it a pinch.

The ultimate trick to discovery, however, may be getting lost. This last visit, having rented a car, my friend and I fled Florence in search of some idyllic *pensione* that we had dreamed into the hills above the city—a place where we could rest and read in the coolness of green grass and sheep bleating. Everything in Fiesole was *complèto*, so, already high above the city and loathe to go back, we just kept driving—through Fiesole proper into wild, postcard-quality Tuscan country, following conveniently posted signs that advertised small *alberghi* and *locandi*.

Soon there were fewer cars, the roads were smaller, and still every place was full. Then we saw a sign pointing toward the village of Pratolino, where I knew there had once stood the most magnificent garden the Renaissance had known—a rival to Tivoli—famous for its magical automatons. The garden was gone now; all that was left was a huge moss-covered statue of a monster representing the Apennines. On a whim, we turned, turned again, and ended up, by accident, at the *pensione* we had dreamed into existence—a quiet, stately old house and converted barn with nothing around them for miles. Behind the manager's desk we could see a dining room framed by huge picture windows, beautiful views, and a small garden with benches. We took in our breath and prayed. There was one room left.

Astounded by our luck, we checked in, changed to shorts, and went walking. The air, cooler and bluer than any I'd ever breathed, was silent except for the occasional calls of birds. A huge slope of grass rolled down toward a tiny village below where a waterwheel was turning. I could see cypresses and umbrella pines all around me. I was astonished at how small I felt—a mere dot of life in the midst of all this greenness—and straining my eyes, I swore I could see, when I looked toward Florence, the gargantuan braided back of a Tuscan lady's head as she posed for her portrait, glorying in the countryside of her domain. ▽

historians who were mapping the garden to steer clear of the old town; the people don't like foreigners.)

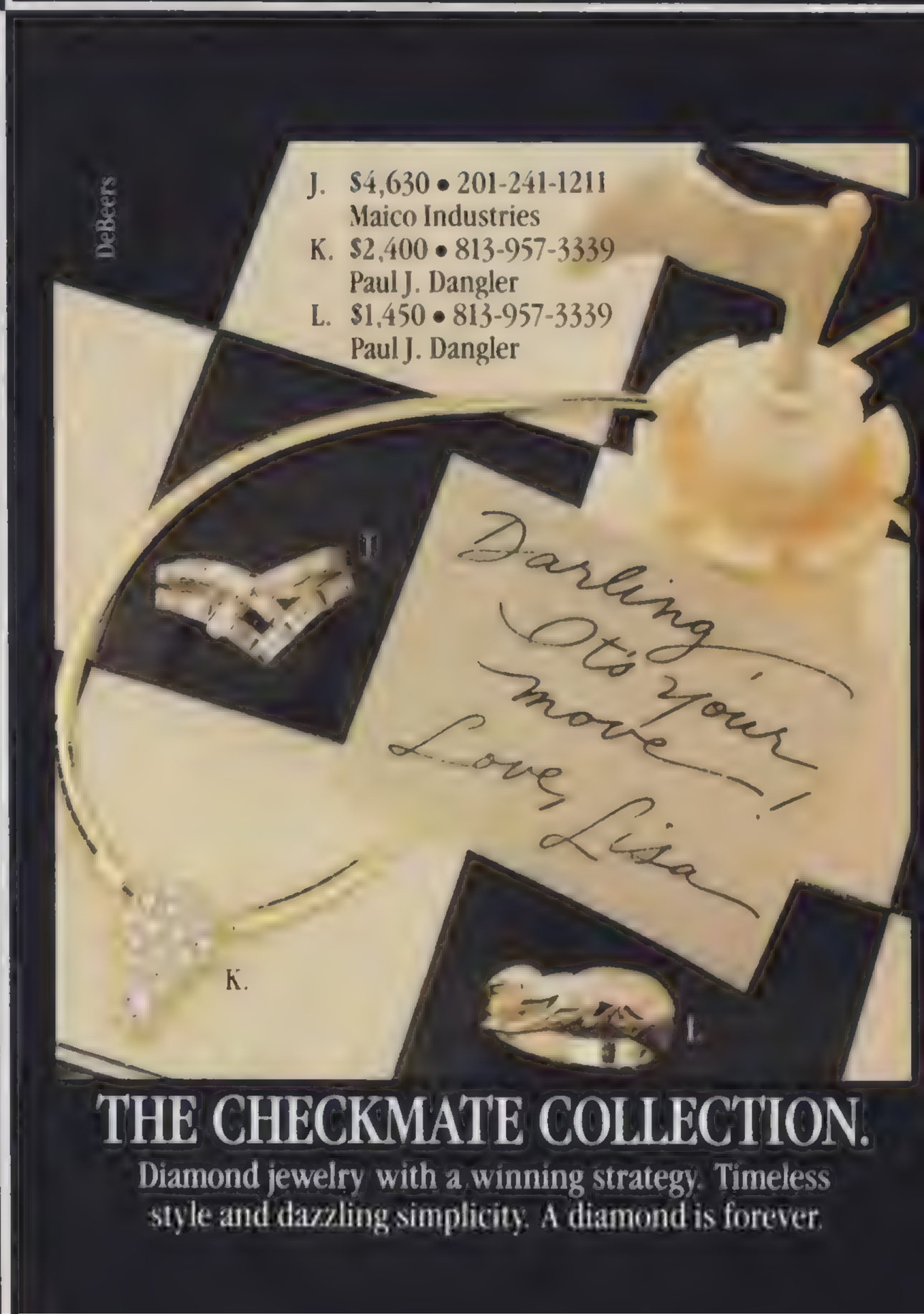
It's a dusty, decrepit, rotting old place, and it contains some of the most bizarre and beautiful statuary the late Renaissance ever produced: a cave whose opening is carved into the shape of a human face, with huge staring eyes, nostrils, a mouth for a door, and inside, a tongue-shaped table; stone giants fighting to the death; dragons, huge turtles, elephants.

Getting to Bomarzo used to be half the fun: there was a bus that left Viterbo at nine and came back at eleven, and if you didn't have a car (as I didn't) and wanted to stay longer, you'd have to catch the train from Rome to Istanbul, get off twenty minutes out of town, at Attigliano, and walk uphill seven kilometers to reach the garden. Now there are more buses, but even so, the garden is usually pretty empty, even in midsummer, owing mostly to its state of disrepair.

From Florence, escapes are equally plentiful and much more necessary. Along the Via Boccaccio, which winds up through the hills to Fiesole, most of the beautiful villas have been converted to schools, and many—the Villa Schifanoia, for instance, which is now an art school—have beautiful gardens. Usually the proprietors of these places are more than happy to let you look around if you ask them nicely.

Equally pleasant and accessible are two gardens in the Florentine suburb of Castello (about ten minutes outside of town by the city bus). One is an exquisite medieval garden, preserved in its original shape and style; the other is behind a Medici villa that is now some sort of state-operated academy. The centerpiece of this beautiful garden is a breathtaking, wonderfully preserved "grotto of the animals"—an artificial cave dug into the hill with likenesses of every conceivable fish, bird, animal, and insect carved on the walls.

In Florence proper, behind the Pitti Palace, the beautiful Boboli Gardens have been turned into a public park and provide much-needed relief to a haggard museum-goer. Here, once again, the pièces de résistance are the grottoes—fantastically preserved and blessedly cool—but a trek through the hilly park yields other re-



VIEW

Hat dash: Krizia's orange-brimmed Borsalinos

Poetic license: Callaghan

Riding high: Byblos boots

Valentino wrap ups

Close-up: fall

From Paris/Milan. signals to watch on the runway: accessories. attitudes. details that make a difference

In Paris, in Milan, differences for fall often rely on what's added on, specific items that pull together essentially easy-going pieces. Details to go for: a purple glove or newly structured bag of green suede. With neutral clothes, at Krizia the punch comes from a small, almost architectural blue bag, from the orange/red (or blue) underbrim of a man's Borsalino. Where hats turn up—a newsboy cap at Armani, Alpiners at Chanel—the best are menswear-based, not designer confections. The look of hair, much like a new hat, is neater, non-fussy: a chignon, a bun. When hair goes shorter, it's barely shoulder-clearing.

Designers play with color—subtlely: textured orange stockings showing above over-the-knee boots at Byblos; a black scarf knotted at the neck of YSL pink suede tonalities. Romeo Gigli beads a small bolero as the focal piece for night at Callaghan. When that same bolero shape shows up by day, it peeps out as a colorful edge under a jacket.

Look changers: white shirts—high necked and at their softest from Romeo Gigli, crisply collared at Ferre. Collars turn up, get tied, held with an onyx pin, sometimes go "poetic," softly fluted or (at Lagerfeld) dapperly dandy. Framing the face is the fashion purpose; and, in its most prevalent runway version, that translates as some form of wrapped neck: wrapped in Paisley, shearling, Ungaro dotted silk, every scarf/stole/cape imaginable. Small sweaters knot about the waist, coats clutch and fold: Fall details are, in fact, fall dressing.

("Fall" continued on page 188)

GUY MARINEAU, JEAN-PHILIPPE DECROS

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VIEW

Close-up: Fall

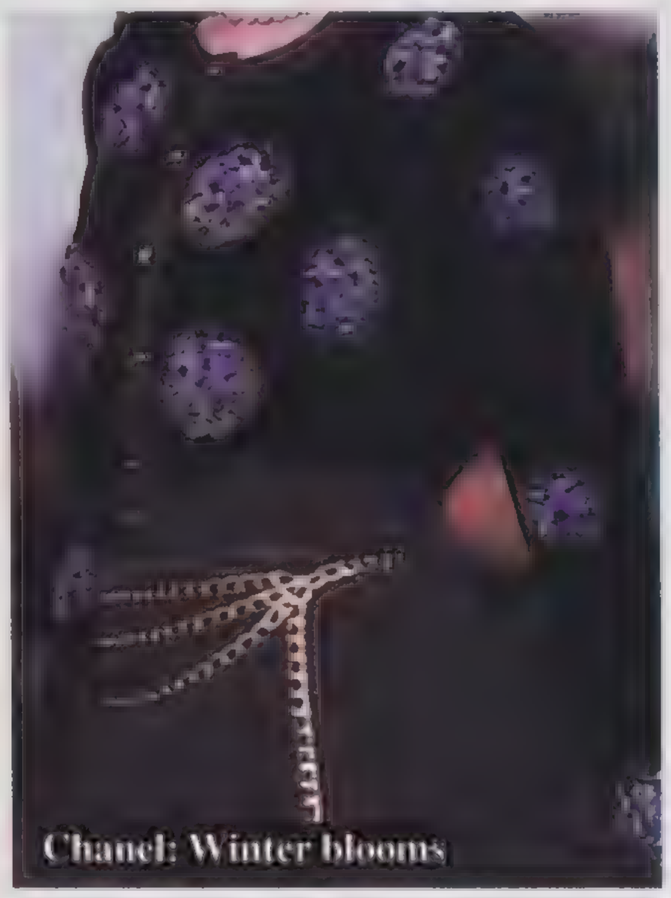
Krizia: Shape details, the punch of purple

Framing the face: Ferre

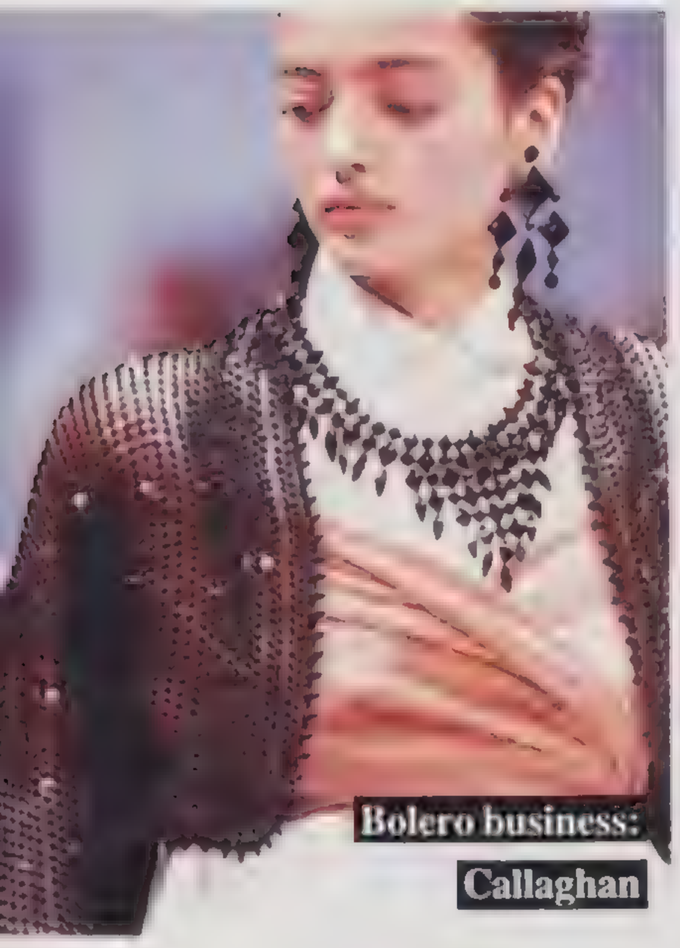
Dressed denim: Emporio Armani

Wrapping it up at Montana

Focal points, fall's new turns: dandy shirts, the color purple, wrap-and-tie necks, a bolero for evening ("Fall" continued on page 190)



Chanel: Winter blooms



Bolero business: Callaghan

New neck ties: Mario Valentino

Montana goes over the boot

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VIEW

Close-up: Fall

wrapping it up...

Call them what you will—shawls, capes, cloaks, big scarves—the runway detail that's ever present is some new version of wrap-and-tie. Designers use it as a softener to fall/winter tailoring, as the finishing element, as another approach to keeping warm. Claude Montana, for one, turns almost his entire collection on things that wrap: scarves that are attached to sweaters drape onto shoulders, criss-cross, wrap around; jackets get topped with shoulder-short capes. Jean Paul Gaultier's colorful capelets snap on over narrow jackets with short pants; his long red cape with brass buttons swings over a sweater and trousers. As he does from time to time, Yves Saint Laurent revives his classic opera-length cape—in camel or brown for dinner-dressing or in black for big nights. "I like the relaxed, casual attitude that a cape gives you," says YSL of the season, "instead of a constructed coat."

Short, side-zipping shearling "stoles" show up over long shearling coats at Italian Mario Valentino. Fendi takes a lush fox cape to new excess. Says Karl Lagerfeld, "Shawls are a fashion idea you can play with . . ." but, he claims, forget plopping it on one shoulder. What shows a woman's creative, this season, "is the way a shawl gets worn."

("View" continued on page 193)

Shrug-it-off: Fendi

Over-the-shoulder at Montana

Armani's added finish

Nights at the opera: YSL

GUY MARINEAU JEAN PHILIPPE DECROS

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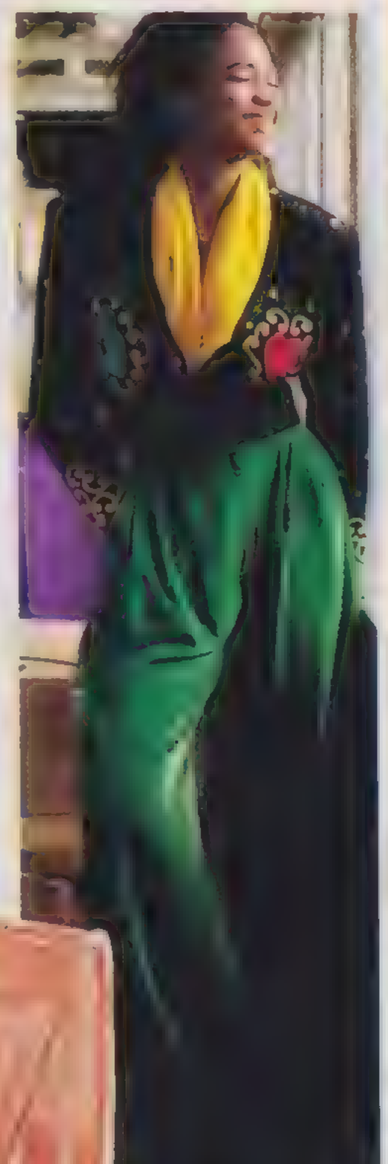
VIEW

LONDON'S YOUNG TURK

Britain-based, wholly international, Rifat Ozbek throws new curves to fall

Above: Istanbul born Rifat Ozbek; right, his "magical" jacket with wider, easier velvet pants. Far right: Inventive layering—a velours jumpsuit, high-waisted chenille skirt, high suede boots that disassemble into ballet shoes. Below: A soft dress over turtleneck.

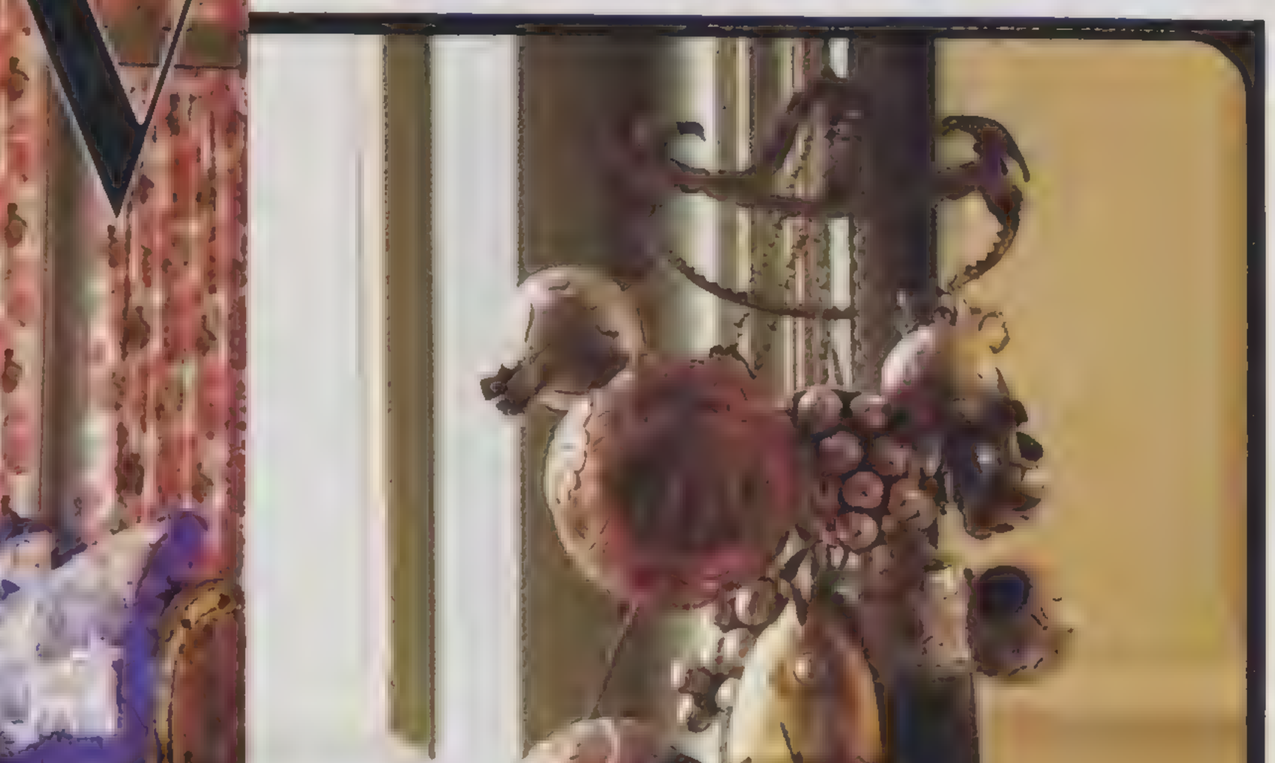


Last winter, there were amusing fez hats, jackets embroidered with mystical crescent moons and stars (Madonna bought one); next fall offers up long striped silk coats—djellabahs—to put over pared-down jackets and skirts. Ropes of worry beads drape about the neck of a crew-neck sweater; Moroccan-inspired black ribbons band necks and sleeves of sweaters, dresses, all-in-one bodysuits. "Because I come from the East, I try to bring out elements of it in my collections," says thirty-four-year-old Rifat Ozbek. "This season, it's in a futuristic, magical way."

Do not mistake: Ozbek is *not* an "ethnic" designer; his curvy knits, crisp shirts, and inventively minimalist pieces have made this Turkish-born London-based designer the best recognized of today's young Brits. Clients like Princess Diana or Cher seek him out for his embroidered jackets, his trousers, shirts, jumpsuits.

"I am trying to get away from a 'look,' " he says, "and just do clothes." *("View" continued on page 194)*

Brandolini style: at home, set for a dinner— a Valentino navy top and skirt.



french connections

Georgina Brandolini—with a fashionably "public" life working for Valentino, a personal style that's as pared down as a sweater and pants

The settings, by force, verge on lavish: The newly decorated floral-y room of her Left Bank Paris apartment (*above*), with its Napoleon III bed inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The Brandolini palace in Venice. And yet the flowers, the food—and the way of dressing that goes with them—are, by preference, simple. At Paris functions where other women wear taffeta poufs, Georgina Brandolini pulls on a long black silk Valentino skirt, an embroidered black sweater. Makeup is never more than powder, mascara, and lipstick. "I'm easygoing; what comes up, comes up. It's my style of life."

What "comes up" are days as Valentino's director of public relations in Paris; Brandolini and the designer have been friends for years. Her working wardrobe: inevitably, "comfortable" Valentino knits—pants or a short skirt, a cashmere sweater, a jacket. Some sweaters are vintage and stacked on closet shelves by color: "I keep them because I like them; some are ten years old and still look appropriate." Nights out mean restaurants, "fashion people"; nights at home are for daughters Cornelia (eight) and Bianca (eight months). In Brandolini's closet is a packed makeup/toiletry kit—for twice-monthly flights to London, Switzerland, or New York for Valentino or for easy country weekends. "I like to be simple," she says. Dress-for-herself dressing means jeans, sweaters, skirts.

—"View" contributed by LESLEY JANE NONKIN, PAUL SINCLAIRE

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • NEIMAN MARCUS • I. MAGNIN

YVES SAINT LAURENT

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VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's new: dandy details . . . night glamour with sweatery ease . . . the perfect white shirt. beads, look-turning jackets

People are talking about . . . long-and-lean: After seasons of short dressing at night, a variety of designers now are experimenting with evening clothes that are long and narrow. Donna Karan whitely cuffs wraps of black jersey; Ralph Lauren goes for slinks of cashmere or silk. Narrow pants or a streamlined long skirt gets topped by a sweater—a shrunken turtleneck at Calvin Klein, a cardigan at Blass—or a small colorful jacket (Carolina Herrera). The style is spare, definitely "dressed," never glitzy. . . . Do women designers have an added edge, a heightened sense of women's needs and realities? This fall, the intriguing accessory names are female. To watch for: Donna Karan's small, structured clutches in deeply colored or jolting suede; sculptural shaped bags, quilted satin scarves to knot at the neck, gloves with discreet detail from newcomer Paloma Picasso. Isabel Canovas reinvents feathers, tasseled bags by night; designer Frances Stein embeds stones in giant cuffs. In a season strong on the way something's worn, women seem to be one jump ahead—unsurprisingly.

Fashion exhibits often filter down—affecting designers and, later, looks. What's sure to do it now is "Tiffany: 150 Years of Gems and Jewelry," ending this month at NYC's Museum of Natural History—with its turn-of-the-century Louis Comfort Tiffany designs, Deco diamonds. . . . Once, a club meant tossing on jeans or quirky costumings; today's nights are decidedly dressy. Newest spot to dress for? MK, the hot salon/club on NYC's downtown Fifth Avenue. Club-goers who "dress": Bianca Jagger, Calvin and Kelly Klein, Jennifer Grey, Julian Schnabel.

Gypsy business: The look often starts with fabrics—new velvets, Paisleys, brocades; a fall fondness for jewel-deep wines and deep-green colors. Designers, then, play with a variety of "gypsy" ideas: at Lacroix, bright satin espadrilles or a jeweled Paisley bolero jacket. Ungaro likes long, full-skirted dark florals; Valentino, waist-sashing and Paisley layers. Cropped bolero jackets and curvy vests turn up in every guise from muted brocade at Callaghan to Geoffrey Beene lace-edged leathers. This season's gypsies are layered with embroideries, soutache braid, or strings of beads. Beads may be crystals, semi-precious stones, even pure gold, as Barry Kieselstein-Cord does them. Names to watch: Stephen Dweck and Renee Lewis at Artwear: two of the season's gypsy-bead kings.

WHITE SHIRTS—CRISP, COLLARED, WITH TURNED-BACK OR FRENCH CUFFS—STAR EVERYWHERE THIS SEASON FROM FERRE AND GIGLI TO BEENE AND BLASS. SHIRT-LOVING WOMEN, INVARIABLY, HEAD TO CHARVET. THIS PARIS PLACE VENDÔME HABERDASHER ALSO MAKES (OR CUSTOM-MAKES) SHIRTS IN WOMEN'S SIZES. TO CHOOSE FROM—JUST IN WHITE COTTON: OVER A HUNDRED FABRIC VARIETIES.

"Do women designers have an added edge?

A special sense of a woman's needs...or realities?"

Today, when high-tech watches can keep track of your schedule, calculate expenses, or phone home, it's not surprising they're also becoming sports-specific. For skiers, one Timex comes with wrist strap to fit over a down jacket, shows temperature readout. Casio does jogging watches, walking watches, ones that record laps or check a pulse; Citizen's Wind Surfer tells wind velocity. Whatever your sport, there's probably a watch tailor-made: For treasure hunters, one Citizen beeps when diving time is up, tracks depths to 260 feet.

In some instances, it's Byronic; Oscar Wilde, at times, would feel happily at home. What "it" is, on fall runways, is dandyish dressing: turned-up shirt collars, ascots, waistcoats, riding accoutrements. In Paris, Martine Sitbon foppishly bows a shirt's turned-down cuffs; at Chanel, tweedy jackets match up with vests, boutonnières, soft trousers. Blass puts morning coats above sequin trousers by night; Gigli nips in a waistcoat. Katharine Hamnett, though, is the dandy queen: with walking sticks, brocaded vests, stock necks, velvet coats—enough to outfit a Regency costume party.

"Wild Kingdom" has nothing on Judith Leiber, a favorite accessorizer for women who, regularly, regally dress at night. Leiber's menagerie of bejeweled evening bags/minaudières now stretches from the wildest of animal (leopard, tiger) shapes to free-form butterflies, fish, turtles, horses. The most extravagant new minaudières to own? Impishly faced monkeys of gold and jet, elephants that are abundantly embedded with semi-precious stones—each in the neighborhood of $3000. The look: more days-of-the-Raj than "Wild Kingdom." . . . In these days when everyone from Christian Lacroix to Giorgio Sant'Angelo has costumed ballets, there's more and more onstage dance drama. New to the costume crew? Mary Jane Marcasiano, whose bright dance dresses debuted last month in New York City's Ballet's American Music Festival. The sleeveless linen shapes would suit many a U.S. working woman.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

COUTURE COLOR

ALLURING APPAREL FOR LIPS AND NAILS

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FROM CLARINS:

Summer skin care ESSENTIALS

Gold or Bronze–This Season's Sheer Winners!

Summer is the season for less constrictions. Longer days to enjoy more leisure activities. Barer, looser clothing. And, to top off that easy summer feeling, a lighter, more natural makeup look. Clarins Revitalizing Tinted Moisturizer in Sheer Bronze or Sheer Gold is all you need for natural, glowing summer skin. The translucent colors of Sheer Gold and Sheer Bronze complement a summer glow, perfecting skin while letting your tan shine through! Revitalizing Tinted Moisturizer's nourishing and rebalancing extracts keep sun exposed skin at its best. It's a natural for all day radiance!

FOR A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Summer skin should glow, but watch for the glare that can occur thanks to heat triggered over-active oil glands. It's a fact...during the summer, skin can become prone to seasonal breakouts. Even tanning can be a culprit, it thickens the skin making pores more likely to clog. However, the very quest to keep skin clean and clear may be at the root of summer skin problems. Improper or overzealous cleansing often leads to irritation, clogged pores, breakouts.

The need for thorough, yet gentle cleansing takes top priority this season. To combat T-zone shine and stabilize skin, switch to Clarins Gentle Foaming Cleanser. Its natural plant extracts work to remove excess oil secretions and surface impurities; tighten pores and normalize skin.

INSTANT SKIN REFINERS

Refine skin texture with an exfoliating treatment from Clarins! Gentle Facial Peeling and Exfoliating Body Scrub gently slough away dulling dead skin cells, bringing to light the smoothest, freshest skin layer. Use before you tan to even and smooth color, lessen the chance of peeling.

SUNLESS TANNING

Everyone wants to reflect a beautiful sun-bronzed tan...but all the warnings about skin damage caused by sun exposure make us think twice about basking in the sun. The good news is you can now tan safely, even without sun. Clarins makes it possible with Lait Auto-Bronzant/Self Tanning Milk. Within 2-3 hours of application, golden color is yours—rain or shine. The key to this sunless tanning treat ment is DHA (dihydroxyacetone), an ingredient which oxidizes on the skin's surface to produce a natural golden tanned appearance. Clarins Self Tanning Milk can even be used in the sun to further accelerate tanning (Sun Protection Factor 6). Completely safe and effective, it's a little bit like having the sun at your beck and call 365 days a year.

Safe Sunning Strategies

To tan or not to tan...That is the question–but who has the answer? For safe, sensible tanning, practice some sun smarts with Clarins Tanning Treatments. Effective sun care products with the Clarins touch–skin soothing and protecting treatment benefits derived from natural plant extracts....Clarins Total Sun Screen (SPF 18) is specially formulated to prevent sun induced premature aging on the face, neck and decollete. Total Sun Screen contains the natural tanning accelerator, tyrosin, for an unduplicated tanning treatment offering–thorough skin nourishing and protection plus a quicker, safer tan. Try Clarins Moisturizing Sun Care Milk (SPF 8) "Natural" for the unique moisturizing, protection plus tan accelerator combination all over.

Keep the glow going...

To prolong the life span of a tan, skin's moisture level needs to be replenished after a day in the sun. But, what can you do about inevitable fading? Clarins Revitalizing After Sun Moisturizer "Bronzant" is the answer. A unique after sun product that works to prolong and deepen your tan. Revitalizing After Sun Moisturizer "Bronzant" contains the self tanning factor, DHA, and hydrating soothing plant extracts to restore moisture to sundrenched skin.

Sensible Yet Scentsational Scent

A whiff of a favorite fragrance delivers a welcome lift during hot summer days. But, somehow heady perfumes just don't fit the bill. **Wanted**–a fragrance that matches your up-lifted summer mood, is light and breezy and, ideally can be enjoyed even in the sun. For all these reasons and more, Clarins Eau Dynamisante is the scent for the season of the sun.

Unlike most fragrances, Clarins Eau Dynamisante can be worn in the sun without danger of photosensitivity! It makes sense that Clarins would develop a fragrance with the desire for beautiful skin in mind. Eau Dynamisante also provides skin softening and firming benefits plus natural ingredients which neutralize the damaging results that can occur when sun meets scent.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Richard Pierce

Calvin Klein

Summer into fall what changes...

discussion & debate

The first really hot day...and you see it. Right there in that store window, big as life: a winter coat. And sweaters. Boots. The works.

Another curious thing: if you go into that store to buy a swimsuit, sundress, easy jacket—not unreasonable in June—chances are you'll come out empty-handed.

Not exactly news. Not even the subject of much debate these days. Summer is the fashion season that does a fast disappearing act. So do summer clothes. We all know that.

Blame it on the timetable fashion follows. Fall/winter collections begin back in March in Milan, then move to London and Paris. By April, collections in New York have come and gone. It's not surprising that winter clothes start arriving in stores by June. Ready or not.

The dilemma remains: how to find summer clothes in summer. What to look for? If you're open to the possibilities, the world of catalogue dressing offers interesting hot-weather choices. The key—starting with the best classic pieces—authentic outdoor "gear"—and using them in totally unclassic ways. It's an unconventional, easy-going approach to summer style—and part of the news that follows.

Another way to deal with summer: by looking ahead to fall. In a highly selective way. Zeroing in on the seasonless elements. The things that work now, work later. Things that can give a different character to summer clothes you already own, to any clothes: And the things that do that best—in almost every case—accessories. Find the right ones...and you find real answers.

news & previews

What's making news this month—different fashion thinking for now, for later...

Right-now summer ideas take off from the best catalogues. The base—always—classic "gear." The good stuff: rugged denim field jackets, aviator vests, camouflage jackets, gutsy parkas. What changes the mood—and the style—the way they're worn. Over something unexpected, something not-very-classic. That denim jacket over a cropped midriff top and short striped knit skirt. That parka over the barest, brightest tank dress. Unconventional combinations that give a whole other turn to the kind of dressing that's most liked...and that really works in summer.

Seasonless—and very smart—fashion thinking starts with accessories. No question: accessories play a major role in modern dressing; a role that continues to expand. Simply put—how you wear something is as important as what you wear. And a single strong accessory is enough to make all the difference in the way you look—and feel.

Colorful summer story...the accessories that do the most for hot-weather dressing do it with color...

...*in shoes*—bright turns on classics...striped satin "slides"...brilliant suede penny-loafers...rugged driving shoes in unexpected aqua, red.

...*in tops*—barer halters in sizzling chartreuse, raspberry, apricot silk...equally colorful wrap-tops in jersey—perfect under jackets, on their own.

...*in jewelry*—seashell/starfish/stone-shaped earrings and pins in cool, pale colors...and dazzling neon brights in papier-mâché for bold oversized earrings and cuffs.

Making a smooth transition—other fashion thoughts that apply to both summer and fall...and add delight.

- *A bigger scarf or shawl in silk, challis, cashmere.* To wrap over bare skin now, jackets and sweaters later.
- *A more colorful sweater* (fuchsia, chartreuse, orange) with a more interesting (off-the-shoulder) neckline. In summer, it goes with white pants...it goes under a jacket when things cool off.
- *A more charming—less serious—hat.* Summer versions in soft denim or straw. For fall, engaging variations on men's hats.
- *A new ornamental interest in necklines*—"dressed" with collars, scarf-wrapping, strand on strand of colorful beads.
- *A more singular approach to jewelry.* Striking pieces with a very definite, unique character. As striking as big, bold amulets in 18k gold on neck thongs.
- *A new shorter haircut*—the fastest look-turner.
- *And touches of white*—high wrapped collars, oversized cuffs. Last fall's white shirt has evolved very romantically.

Mixed messages: the question of hemlines. A question bound to be asked sooner or later. So let's say quickly: don't believe everything you hear. While hemlines hold a special place in the media's heart, their fashion reality is something else again.

- *In summer*, there's no denying the attraction of a leggy little skirt in denim or washed silk. Equally attractive—the breeze of a longer, softer summer skirt for evening.
- *What's really happening for fall:* a narrow skirt to just above the knee as a good daytime "standard." Longer narrow skirts are around for day, but they are as difficult, as "demanding" to wear as anything very short.
- *What's different:* softer, longer, and fuller skirts as an added option—almost always for dinner and evening dressing. As for the most gala evenings—the length is long (usually to the ankle) and the shape is narrow.
- *The option of pants is a strong one, day and night*...new softly shaped trousers for daytime dressing...the strong showing of jumpsuits, day and night ...the welcome ease of pyjamas for evening.

Sooner rather than later. Knowing what's around, what looks better, works better is the key to getting the most out of any season—and out of anything new that you want to buy. It doesn't mean, in this particular case, that you have to start shopping tomorrow...but it can't hurt to have a look at what's on the pages ahead as fall's starting points...

GIORGIO ARMANI
Group portrait, perfectly suited (tailored!) to day

Details, last pages

FALL STARTING POINTS

On these ten pages, a first look at fall. Ideas, trends, early indications of what the new season is all about—from the runways of Milan and Paris, and from sketches of New York as the collections began. Prevailing tendencies... For day—a gentler fit to clothes, a gentler approach to tailoring. At its best, a more "classic" base of dressing—understated, but very finished. Noticeable changes—sharp, square shoulders have been replaced by a softer, rounder look; overdone body-shaping is replaced by something a whole lot

(Continued on page 205)

PALOMA PICASSO
Evening turn-on, high impact in a bag

CALVIN KLEIN
New coat thinking, colorful in character

Guy Marineau

Isabelle Dervaux

FALL TARTING POINTS

BILL BLASS
Big-time change, long on charm

CAROLYNE ROEHM
Sweeping coat news, rounded out by color

Jean-Philippe Decros

CALVIN KLEIN
Top priority —the colorful addition

JEAN PAUL GAULTIER
More happening on top, more interest in a jacket

(Continued)
easier. And there's a distinctly prettier edge to things...the way you see coloring under a jacket... the way a shirt wraps and ties high on the neck. At night...the disappearance of last year's poufs, crinolines, overdecorated and exaggerated short shapes. What's making news? Dinner dressing based on a longer, softer separate skirt or its—new—pants equivalent, nighttime pyjamas... and for big-time evenings, variations on a long (usually ankle-length) and narrow silhouette. Anytime... accessories play a major role. How you wear something this fall is as important as what you wear, and there are strong single elements that make key differences in the way things look —and feel... from the big, colorful scarf that wraps a jacket for day, to the charm of a small, soft bag in brilliant silk

(Cont. on page 207)

GIANFRANCO FERRE
Cut away to a winner—fall jacket star

Guy Marineau

GEOFFREY BEENE
Choice jumpsuit, feather-bedding!

Isabelle Dervaux

FALL STARTING POINTS

DONNA KARAN
The soft touch—sweater-jacket, easy pants

SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE
Very proper: the topcoat classic

Guy Marineau

(Continued) at night. **More specifically, watch for: new uses of color—good,** bright orange-reds, greens, yellow, fuchsia for coats and jackets that pop over anything black, anything neutral. It's never color as a total look, but as a look-changer ...for clothes as well as accessories.

Watch for: coats—changed by color, length, scale, proportion. The best—with the season's rounded shoulder and an easygoing line, even a flare at the hem.

Newest coat shape: softer, fuller, circular at the hem. More news: oversized shawls and scarves, capes, coverings as coat substitutes.

Shapes to watch: updates on the classic trench, wrap-and-tie bathrobe coat, pea jacket, trim reefer. Shearling continues to evolve in very sophisticated, "citified" ways ...sometimes with the added surprise of color—red, white.

(Cont. on page 208)

Isabelle Dervaux

CHANEL
New line on length—longer jacket, longer skirt

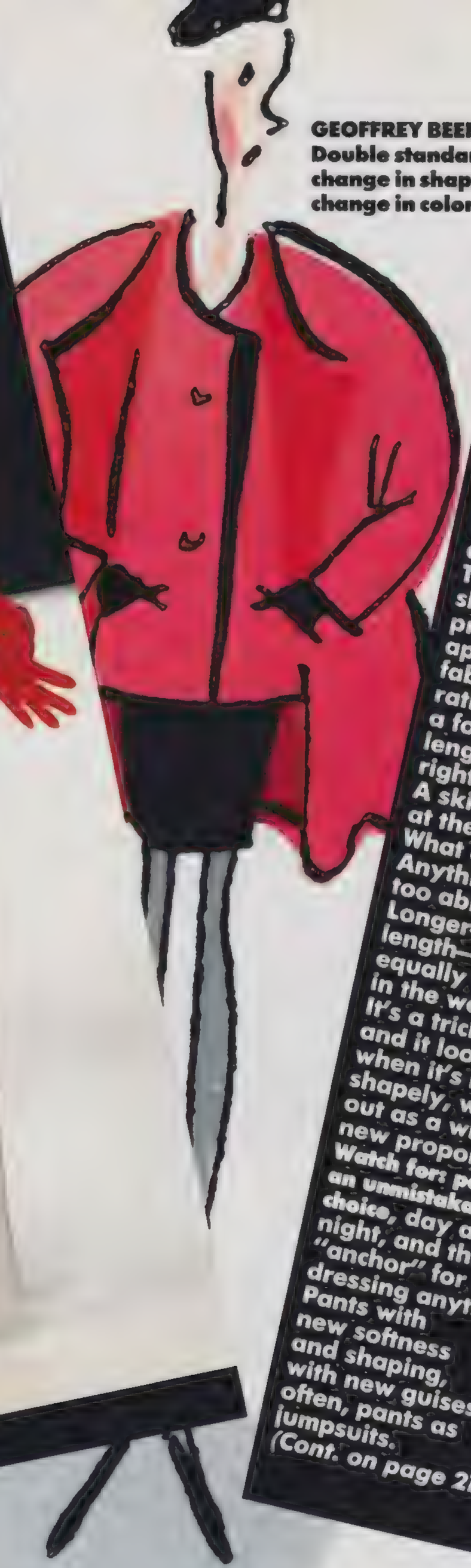
CAROLINA HERRERA
Pyjama dressing, topped by sequins

KARL LAGERFELD
New line on length—longer jacket, shorter pants

Details, last pages

FALL STARTING POINTS

EMANUEL UNGARO PARALLÈLE
The perfect mix, daytime style



GEOFFREY BEENE
Double standard—change in shape, change in color

(Continued)
Watch for: things that wrap. And everything does. Sweaters, blouses, coats, even pants and jackets. It's a modern—ungimmicky—way to get to ease and a smaller, body-fitting shape.
Watch for: a variety of hemlines. And don't be confused by all the hemline conversation. The talk, instead, should be about proportion, appropriateness, fabric, and design rather than a focus solely on length. What looks right for day? A skirt that's just at the knee. What doesn't? Anything too short, too abrupt. Longer—i.e., mid-calf length—skirts can be equally demanding in the wearing. It's a tricky length, and it looks best when it's narrow, shapely, worked out as a whole new proportion.
Watch for: pants—an unmistakable choice, day and night, and the "anchor" for real dressing anytime. Pants with new softness and shaping, with new guises—often, pants as jumpsuits.
(Cont. on page 211)

GIORGIO ARMANI
Softness on another scale, charm in every detail

RONALDUS SHAMASK
Swinging in the rain—the upscaled duffel

ISAAC MIZRAHI
Softness for dinner—
a separate story

BYBLOS
The decorative
edge... all tied up

DONNA KARAN
Quick delight—
a handful of color

SAINT LAURENT
RIVE GAUCHE
Where there's
"smoking"...
there's easy
evening style

Guy Marineau

Details, last pages.

Isabelle Dervaux

ISAAC MIZRAHI
Wrap it up!
—new take on pants

5 FALL STARTING POINTS

Isabelle Dervaux

(Continued)
Watch for: a different kind of dinner dressing that turns on the longer, fuller skirt—worn with a covered top. As an equivalent—soft pants dressing in heightened textures. Big-time evenings...are longer, narrower, subtler. Short, pouffy "pastry confections" have given way to a more understated ornamentation... lace, feathers, light-handed embroidery. Accessory watch... Neckline news—scarves, collars, wrapping... colorful vests that slide under jackets, over shirts ...funny, offbeat hats... gloves, better than ever. Prime look-turners—shoes and boots in rich, deep colors of suede—forest green, burgundy. Watch words—simple, subtle. There is a different mood that prevails this season. And a different look. Less excessive in detail. Less tortured in shape. Less exaggerated on every level. Perfect example: dinner dressing as "simple" as a white shirt, long easygoing cashmere skirt, sweeping cashmere cape. It's a good image to keep in mind as fall starts...

DONNA KARAN
What's for dinner?
—shapely knitting

The face: sun-blushed,
barely made up—
the way makeup artists
often like Tatjana best.
It's also an approach,
a way of thinking to watch
for more and more in coming
months: less added "color,"
from fewer products; but
what's added really counts.
Here, just a slick of lip color.

Patrick Demarchelier

Beautiful beginnings: 1966

Tatjana: million-dollar beauty

Face power: the face of model Tatjana Patitz. What turns a tomboy into the year's golden girl?

One day, when she was seventeen, schoolgirl Tatjana Patitz walked into a department store in Stockholm, where the Elite modeling agency was sponsoring a search for that year's new faces. Those faces—of the chosen few, the choice models—regularly appear, pass from view, rise and fall as rapidly as the funny-business of hemlines. They inspire desires—to buy, to be like, be consumed. Today's appetite for faces, seemingly, is voracious.

Tatjana, in 1983, was judged more of an hors d'oeuvre than a main course. From a Polaroid, Elite president John Casablancas placed her third—in Sweden. (There were also other girls who placed first, second, third, of course, from France, England, Italy—most of the Common Market.) "The girl who came in first has never modeled," Casablancas says now. "Which just shows how right I am."

Tatjana did. And, by her estimate, earned about $2 million in 1987.

There are reasons—beyond today's inflated fees (one one-day bonanza job last year earned her $30,000). Tatjana is one-of-a-kind: tawny, feral, curvy, complex. Straight from the steppes in one picture, surfer-girl the next. Almost Amazonian (at 5′ 11″)...then as cool as Grace Kelly. Sensible, sensitive, sensual; all cobalt-blue eyes, womanly breasts and thighs: *The Country Girl* and devilish vixen.

She, contrarily, hated: her nose ("It's crooked"), her body ("big tits"), being 5′ 11″. Moving from Germany to Sweden as a child, "Kids picked on me because of my height. And looking weird. And coming from *(Continued on page 214)*

These eight pages, hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Bobbi Brown for Oribe at Parachute. Manicure, Jill Freedman for Visages, L.A. Details, last pages.

tatjana

No "ordinary" beauty, Tatjana,
as a model, didn't work for her first year.
"I was more voluptuous than most.
I wasn't typical." She also, once, hated
the way she looked. Now:
"I think I've got nice proportions."

School girl smiles—at fourteen

(Continued) another country."

Tatjana's cheekbones and knife-like eyes come from her Estonian mother; from her German-born writer Dad, her lips and basic face structure. Inherently shy, this face of '88 can break into hives before a new job—and be forced to cancel the sitting because of it. She's also perfectly capable of breaking-in Sunny, her three-and-a-half-year-old gelding. "It's like driving a car without a brake." He's very wild.

[redacted] always wanted to look like someone else," she remembers. "Now, it's gotten better. People always said that I looked special; that I didn't look like anyone else. And I was going to make it because of that." After third-Swedish-place, though, a six-month contract and trip to Paris, a star was not quickly born. Tatjana found no work for a year. She knocked on doors, lived the nightlife. "My first love was an idiot.

"I am very stubborn. When I want something, I *want* something. And then I go for it. I don't give up 'til I have it, either." The big break: an assignment to be photographed by Peter Lindbergh for French Vogue. Instant visibility. More calls, U.S. sittings. Her first magazine cover.

In the past year, Tatjana—from a sleepy Swedish town—has circled the world three times, been fashion-photographed in Bali, in Thailand, the Seychelles; hopped more planes than she can remember. Unlike most of her breed, she lives in L.A., not NYC.

She's taken acting classes, now, for five years; lives with a young actor; and lives, too, with Lovey and Dovey (doves), six-month-old Bosco, a husky. "She's so playful now, she wants to terrorize everything around her—chairs, cats, anything." Of course, there are cats—three of them; Tatjana's horse is stabled across the street. "I have everything here: I can do my acting; I can have my animals. I love watching animals. They touch everything around them. A horse is strong, but you can work with a horse. And go anywhere."

In Sweden, the tomboy Tatjana played with boys, learned to ride at seven; competed in horse shows, swam to build herself up. Today, she downs Jack-in-the-Box burgers, avocado sandwiches at breakfast, rides a boogie board ("even faster than a surfboard"), doesn't diet. She also paints, reads metaphysics and philosophy. The clichés of model reading matter are comic books . . . and Dow Jones averages.

"I have my financial counselors and all that. But what I really want to do is buy a house. That's my ultimate dream. To get a house in the country with animals and kids and a husband. And do my work": The Face faced forward.

Patrick Demarchelier

Pintado and Nikki Tattoos, age three, in Sweden

Patrick Demarchelier

tatjana

The beauty of genetics: Tatjana can indulge her passion for junk food, pay few penalties. Her only real exercise is riding. Her only beauty requirement, opposite: protection from the sun. For nights in white, left: slicked-back hair, summer's most minimal makeup. The only color "accessory": red, red lips.

Hamming it up: near left, with pal

what the pros know...

Her features are a bit off; she's not a typical, commercial beauty; but when I shoot her, I'm never bored. Her looks have power, strength, intensity.

—Herb Ritts
photographer

In pictures, her sensitivity is what comes through: something delicate, fragile, exciting. It's a strange mixture of lazy sensuality and moments of intense emotion. **—John Casablancas**
president, Elite Model Management Corporation

She's very animal-like—in her body, in the way she walks. Her eyes remind me of a cat's; and in some ways, she's mysterious. The way I love her best is with almost no makeup at all. If you make her up too much, you lose her strong personality.

—François Nars
makeup artist

I like her hair slicked back wet, almost as if she had no hair at all. That's really the test: when you can slick a girl's hair off her face, and she still looks terrific.

—Max Pinnell
hairstylist

She's not an ordinary cosmetic beauty. Her attraction is in the proportion of her face. It's narrow, and her eyelids are folded like Charlotte Rampling's.

—Suga
hairstylist

It's hard to get a bad picture of Tatjana. She's very photogenic, which is very rare, and she looks different in every light. While most models develop one look, she has many.

—Patrick Demarchelier
photographer

tatjana

"It's the eyes," says hairstylist Max Pinnell, of Tatjana's appeal. "They're so blue . . .and almost Oriental." They also can stand up, by night, wholly on their own, makeupless. Only additions, here: a bronzing powder on cheeks, added blush to lips.

Details, last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

Turning points!

All it takes to turn a season, a look, heads; to give you an instant lift: a single strong piece. Nine cases out of ten, it's a knockout accessory. They go from classic with a "twist" (e.g., moccasins in fuchsia suede) to totally new. They're almost all seasonless. Clean-shaped. Decorative. Amusing. Unusual in color, texture, scale. All of the above. Keep your eye on: Clean-edged hardware on traditional straight belts. Bold-faced watches. Jewelry that's borrowed from nature or geometric, in cosmetic colors or in sterling, just for delight. Keep your eye on more and more accessories from top clothing designers, from top accessory designers who are expanding their areas. Keep your eye on the next ten pages for the best.

Snap to! Barry Kieselstein-Cord's amusing new 18k-gold alligators—earrings, pins, rings, bracelets, studs. At the Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman.
...*Beauty Note:*
The most modern sheer, pale nail—Estée Lauder's Blush with White Cap only on the tips. Manicure by Sheril Bailey.

Penn

Turning points

Penn

Nothing does it like color! Except color plus texture.
Natural wonders: Earrings and pins cast in silicone. By Carol Motty.... Character change—now in colored, textured faille: Jill Stuart's traditional belts; Yves Saint Laurent Footwear's classic pump. Details, stores, last pages.

Turning points

Magic makeovers!
How color transforms classic shoes. Penny loafers in high-color suedes.
By Fratelli Rossetti, about $150. Fratelli Rossetti, NYC; Fred Hayman's Giorgio, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin.... And "slides" in brilliant multicolored satin. Anne Klein Footwear, about $50. Bloomingdale's; Joseph, Chicago; Filene's. Details, see last pages.

Penn

Turning points

Timeless shapes, gutsy leathers, saddlery finish.

Ralph Lauren Leathergoods belts in ostrich, harness, and bridle leathers. From Ralph Lauren Handbags and Luggage Company, an ostrich mini-envelope with a sterling silver clasp....Timely! Clean-faced watches—big, businesslike, on bold leather straps. By Baume & Mercier, Blancpain at Tiffany & Co., Piaget Watch Corporation, Bulgari, Hermès, Gucci Time Pieces. The pocket watch (here on a leather thong), Baume & Mercier. Pigskin gloves, Bottega Veneta. Details, stores, last pages.

Turning points

Sterling ideas: something strong, clean-shaped, neoclassic.
The best belts now: traditional shapes with shiny hardware. Hermès' "collier de chien" belt in calf and gunmetal; Patricia Von Musulin's in alligator, sterling. Simple-faced watches on leather bands from Bulgari, Gucci Time Pieces. All in sterling: Hermès' handbag scaled down to pillbox size. Free-form lighter, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. Cuff bracelet, Michelle Savitt for M & J Savitt. Geometric cuff links, rings, Janis Savitt for M & J Savitt. And...diamonds. Necklace, line bracelet, Fred Leighton. The lightning-bolt pin, Verdura. Details, stores, see last pages.

Penn

Fall lineup at Cathy Hardwick. The designer herself—third from left—in signature black: her wool jersey sweater-dress. Cathy Hardwick Dresses, about $156....And, *from the left:* classic plaid, new shape—high-rise rayon trousers (about $98); cropped jacket in cotton corduroy (about $132). ...Small checks, easy style—rayon houndstooth pants suit. Jacket, about $160; pants, about $115. ...Bigger, bolder plaid—rayon jacket (about $160); matching trousers (about $92). These four pages: hair, Oribe/Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy. Details, last pages.

cathy hardwick — success with style

INTERVIEW BY ELSA KLENSCH

Style is style. That's the premise at Cathy Hardwick. It's not a question of money, but of finding what's right and giving it a personal turn. What's right—the Hardwick version of a modern wardrobe: ten or twelve easy pieces that work in any season, any situation. With an emphasis on clean shapes, quality fabrics, neutral colors. The edge—wit, charm, and sophistication in the putting together. It's real dressing that has a little "more," all at very accessible prices. And all targeted to that famous "thirtysomething" customer.

The success of the idea—and the clothes—speaks for itself. The three-year-old Cathy Hardwick company, a division of Fairfield Noble, does a volume of twenty million dollars and posts healthy increases each quarter. An earlier company—which Hardwick ran—was closed so she could focus on designing.

Born in Korea, Cathy Hardwick came to San Francisco as a teenager. Instead of college, it was marriage and children. Designing came almost by accident—making bikinis for herself and friends. A long way from those bathing suits: the fall highlights on these four pages. Along with a look at Cathy Hardwick and her thinking on style—in fashion, in living.

Elsa Klensch: *What is really happening in fashion? Will the current trend to very feminine, short, and sexy clothes continue?*
Cathy Hardwick: It will continue for a while, but the long-range view is that women's clothes are becoming simpler, much less complicated. Women will wear the same *(Continued on page 311)*

Elsa Klensch *is style editor for Cable News Network.*

...with style

Another look at Cathy Hardwick—second from left—and her black rayon/wool gabardine coat dress. Cathy Hardwick Dresses, about $196. ...*From the left:* the cropped jacket in yellow cotton corduroy (about $125); high-waisted trousers in black rayon/wool gabardine (about $120). Earrings, Cartier....The suit in corduroy. Skirt, about $80; jacket, about $146. Earrings, Cartier....Corduroy pants (about $100); "hourglass" jacket in black gabardine (about $178). Earrings, Cartier. Details, stores, last pages.

Steven Meisel

lunch with vogue

Vogue editor Grace Mirabella (center) leads a discussion of fashion at NYC's La Grenouille...

The new

FASHION,
MONEY,
ARTS,
FITNESS,
BEAUTY

...a round table about the arts, at the Algonquin Hotel...

...a symposium, at "21," for leaders from the worlds of fitness and beauty, and...

...a dialogue about money at The Four Seasons, where deals are made as frequently as lunch is served.

thinking

As the 'eighties draw to a close, people are talking about what the 'nineties will look like. Where is the economy taking us? Will the arts survive glitz? What's shaping fashion? How will advances in fitness and beauty affect the quality of our lives? Recently, Vogue's editor in chief, Grace Mirabella, staged a series of lunches to ask these questions of the people in the best positions to know—the top designers, artists, economists, writers, experts. On the following pages, we eavesdrop on those conversations—funny, opinionated, always surprising.

"Things had to change . . . fashion peaked in its frivolity"

—Geoffrey Beene

Grace Mirabella: *How have recent changes—in the economy, in politics, in society—influenced fashion?*

Calvin Klein: We are terribly influenced by what is happening in the world and, in particular, by what is happening in this country. If our values change and if there is a new direction, a new definition of what is really important, then our designs change, our sense of what is luxury, what is quality, and what is needed changes.

Joan Juliet Buck: I feel this moment is a wonderful vacuum. Everything that has been encouraged and condoned in the Reagan years has been falling apart since October 19th. The country is beginning to realize that there is no prevailing trend.

Geoffrey Beene: It might not be a vacuum but a period to assimilate what has happened and how to come out of it feeling good.

Calvin Klein: Through the 'eighties, so many people have been making so much money and have felt comfortable about being rich and showing it. That's over.

Ronaldus Shamask: But we are not isolated. Even though we say, "O.K., America, we are going through this difficult time and it reflects on fashion," other countries—like Japan, which is very wealthy—still look toward America for what is current in fashion. What the trends are. What the direction is. The attitude. I believe there is a very casual attitude toward fashion here, a more relaxed sportswear feeling. Maybe that's because we want to take stock, to analyze.

Geoffrey Beene: Sociological changes occur faster in America than in any other country in the world. Particularly in New York City. I have noticed that what happens here first usually happens later in other countries.

Joan Juliet Buck: Wouldn't you say it is because America is constantly in the process of redefining itself? Finding a new way to grow. A new way to be.

Robin Chandler Duke: It's not only that. Our base of influence—even in high technology—is extraordinary. I think there is such an extraordinary mix of people, a wonderful creativity that adapts well for a lot of different societies.

Calvin Klein: Innovation, in a technical sense, is no longer coming just from this country. We're involved with fabrics in our business, and innovation is not coming from America. There are people in other parts of the world who are interested in creating new things, having new ideas. We have to be more competitive.

Ronaldus Shamask: Nothing will work unless the quality of the product improves. That's what we have to develop.

Grace Mirabella: *I would like to suggest that American designers are not in touch with the needs of American women. They are still operating on that old syndrome of "If I can't do anything, I'll shorten the skirt, or I'll add lace." Isn't there another fashion conversation to have today?*

Calvin Klein: My basic philosophy is to try to understand what American women are really looking for. And women are not about decoration any more. That is over.

Geoffrey Beene: But clothes have to be decorative to be interesting; decorative clothing is fascinating. And just because clothes are decorative doesn't mean they do not have a function.

Calvin Klein: Don't you think there is an American point of view? I started out designing sportswear. And when you worked on Seventh Avenue, it was wonderful if you went to Europe and got a front row seat at the couture shows. I went as a relatively young person and I thought "this has no relation to what American women are about." This was the 'sixties.

Robin Chandler Duke: I remember living in Europe and going down to Paris to buy things. All the women that I knew dressed for a certain kind of display and it had nothing to do with the real world.

Ellin Saltzman: American women are returning to the collections, and being fitted for couture clothes, and being displayed. It is having an influence on what is going on now.

Calvin Klein: I think this country is looking more to Washington and to what happens at the White House than to Paris.

Grace Mirabella: *What about the influence of the press in all of this?*

Ronaldus Shamask: The press affects fashion because at times all some people know of a collection is what they read. The way the press presents it is sometimes how people perceive it.

Geoffrey Beene: I think that the press treats fashion too much as news. If it becomes news, then you try to date what a woman has from the season before and to make her feel insecure. It is not necessary for fashion to always be news.

Calvin Klein: It is the job of magazines—to analyze and reflect.

Joan Juliet Buck: The problem is that magazines try to give context to fashion when the context of real life is a bit edgy.

Geoffrey Beene: I think it is a moment of reflection, but not an alarming one. It seems to me that it's a glorious moment in fashion, a time when you have to be at your creative best.

Last year fashion peaked in its frivolity; it was a moment of dancing on the edge of the volcano. That was the point of no return. Things had to change.

Grace Mirabella: *At a moment when things are looking "grey," some maintain that it's the job of magazines to present fantasy as a necessary antidote.*

Geoffrey Beene—Designer and president, Geoffrey Beene, Inc.

Calvin Klein: No, that's the job of the movie business.

Robin Chandler Duke: We are talking about the aftermath of a crisis situation. After World War II, there was the New Look. Now we are in a reverse situation: We are coming out of affluence.

Calvin Klein: This is not such a dramatic change. So many things have been hap-

pening. The business of greed on Wall Street. We are starting to think about morality, about social issues.

Joan Juliet Buck: I have a question. In these recent years of money, of millionaires on Wall Street, of all these new young wives wanting lots more clothes, did you think of these women when you were designing? Did you think: I would like to make a twenty-eight-thousand-dollar dress?

Calvin Klein: Some of these younger women inspired me in another way. The idea that there is a group of attractive modern women in their thirties and forties who want quality clothes, and who are exercising. Their bodies are shaped differently. It changes the look of clothes.

Robin Chandler Duke: I am sixty-four. There are millions of women like me who want good-looking clothes. This is a new market in a new changed world. Before, by the time women got to be sixty-four, they didn't care about fashion. They care about it now. They care about their bodies, how they look. I would love to see something done about my group.

Grace Mirabella: *What happens to the idea of glitz in all of this? Isn't that what we're talking about?*

Ronaldus Shamask: Some people only want to wear glitz; you can't really worry about them. You can do exotic clothes, or you can do what we all seem to be doing, which is elegant American sportswear that goes into evening. The majority of people like what we are doing.

Ellin Saltzman: But isn't there room for both?

Geoffrey Beene: I think there's a place for glitz. I don't put it down. I put it down only when glitzy clothes become the foundation of good dressing.

Grace Mirabella: *But what does it mean when you see collection after collection in which three-quarters of the clothes are for evening? How do you explain that in light of women's lives today?*

Ellin Saltzman: All of the stores are saying that our ladies want to buy evening. It is what sells. Give us more evening. We have asked every single designer that was doing only daytime clothes to make evening clothes as well.

Geoffrey Beene: Then what happens to the sportswear point of view?

Ellin Saltzman: What happens is that when you try to find sportswear, when you try to find that black turtleneck sweater, you can't. You can't find it except in the men's department. That is a problem.

Calvin Klein: That problem is called "private label." All of the stores now are increasing their private label business, which is made up of the basics and the classics; it is the basis of what sportswear used to be—the way we knew it.

Grace Mirabella: *Is there a definable style today?*

Ellin Saltzman: In the 'forties, 'fifties, and 'sixties, there was a definition of style. You had to fit into that mold, and if you didn't you weren't stylish. Today, a lot of women are very stylish who wear a variety of things and look great.

Calvin Klein: But it's not just anything . . . the style of American sportswear has moved from what it was ten years ago, which was mixing and matching all kinds of casual fabrics, to being more dressed up. It's very clean, it's pared down, but it has a dressier look. It can work for day, and it works right through restaurant dressing. I believe this is a reflection of what has happened in society, what has come from Washington in the last decade. Women feel much more comfortable about dressing up. Some people dress up as Geoffrey and I would love: in a wonderful cashmere sweater and silk skirt. Others want to be seen from a distance—and not dress in an understated way.

Grace Mirabella: *Does that "showier" dressing explain the success of the pouff?*

Ellin Saltzman: It was an overnight sensation. It gave everything a shot in the arm.

Joan Juliet Buck: Chicken dresses!

Calvin Klein: But no one is saying that the pouff was the only way to look. We're giving choices.

Grace Mirabella: *Do women really want to be given choices?*

Ellin Saltzman: I think most people like to be directed, to have some kind of guidelines.

Grace Mirabella: *What does it take for women to look good? Does it take time? Does it take money?*

Ronaldus Shamask: Initially it takes time. But it takes a lot of taste. It may be acquired or maybe it comes naturally to some people, but if you have style you can make anything work.

Geoffrey Beene: There is constancy in taste at any price level.

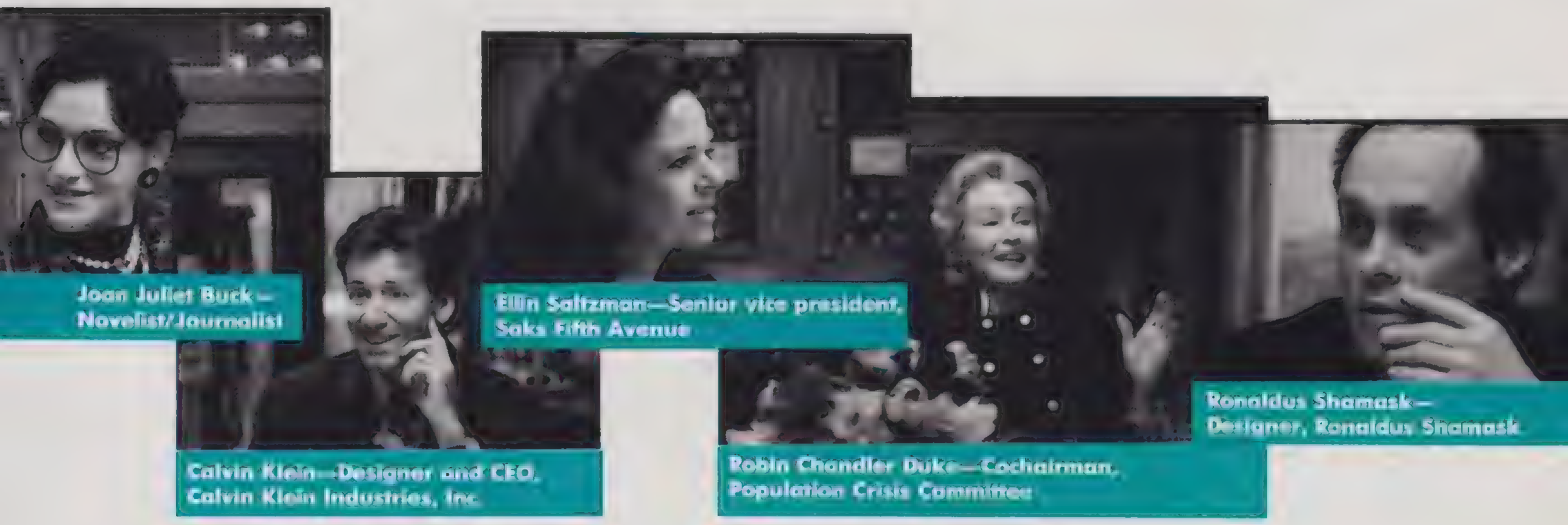
Robin Chandler Duke: Many women in this country have an opportunity to be well dressed at very modest prices. That is something I think we do well.

Grace Mirabella: *Is that true or is that a myth of American fashion? Is there good design at different price levels?*

Calvin Klein: There are a lot of interesting casual clothes, weekend clothes that are really very inexpensive and that are a lot of fun for people of all ages to wear. I happen to be someone who makes clothes at various price levels and we do a very big business in casual sportswear. But I don't see anything wrong with people copying your clothes and offering them at lower prices. I find it amusing.

Geoffrey Beene: I find it perverse.

(Continued on page 307)



Joan Juliet Buck—Novelist/Journalist

Calvin Klein—Designer and CEO, Calvin Klein Industries, Inc.

Ellin Saltzman—Senior vice president, Saks Fifth Avenue

Robin Chandler Duke—Cochairman, Population Crisis Committee

Ronaldus Shamask—Designer, Ronaldus Shamask

Nancy Katz

"Some people call it astrology; we call it economic forecasting"

—Mortimer B. Zuckerman

Grace Mirabella: *Business is the new small talk. Why is that?*

Joni Evans: Donald Trump's book being number one tells you something: business people are our monarchy.

Grace Mirabella: *Does that interest stem from fear of a recession?*

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: We don't know. The stock market is not a perfect indicator: they say it has predicted seventeen of the last five recessions. If the economy goes well over the next couple of years, people will say the collapse of the market didn't mean anything. If the economy unwinds, we'll say it was an extraordinarily important event. My own belief is that the most important events of the last year were the collapse of the stock market, the bond market, and the currencies.

Harriet M. Michel: People are very uneasy, waiting for the other shoe to drop. They feel that something else is about to happen, something out of their control, and they feel that the people in control don't know what's happening either.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: There is as broad a consensus as you will ever find on what the causes of the problem are—the budget deficit and the trade deficit. But that is not the issue. The issue is that there is no political will to do anything about it.

We have a stock-market crash of five hundred points in one day. This is a big crisis in Washington—it lasts forty-eight hours—and they don't do anything about it. The budget deficits in the next years will be larger than they have ever been. The budget deficit at home is the one thing we can do something about, but nobody is willing to bite the bullet. No political leader is willing to step up and accept the short-term political costs. And that's not going to change with the election.

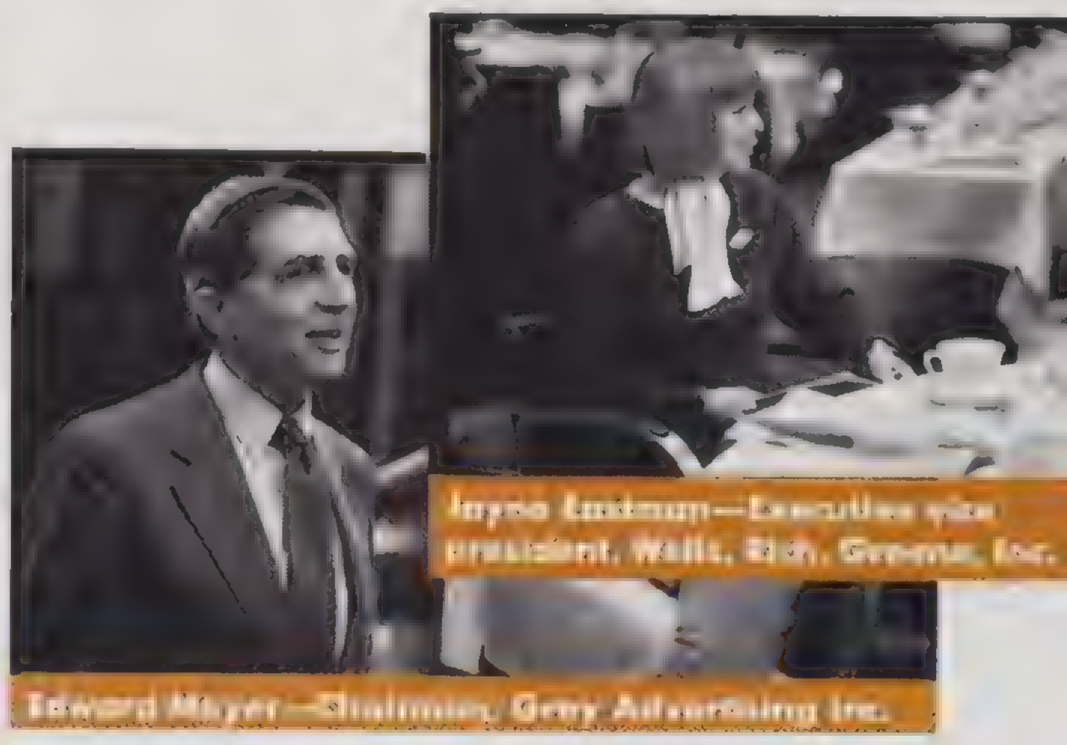
Muriel Siebert: They run on a platform, and the minute they get to Washington, they get an enzyme in their brains that says, "I want to get reelected"; they will not take the tough stance.

We need means-tested programs. If you have money, Social Security should be taxed after you receive what you've paid in. Why shouldn't you pay taxes on Medicare, or pay for Medicare, if you have a lot of money?

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: Pessimists would say that we will only deal with the issues after the big crash, after an enormous crisis.

Harriet M. Michel: But the question is what, in the long run, is the cost of walking away from certain social issues? And that price is compounded when people aren't educated, when large numbers of people are incarcerated, when people cannot support themselves or contribute back to an economy.

Edward Meyer: What is particularly ironic is that we went through a period of economic euphoria when everybody at the top seemed to make a lot of money, and a lot of money was sloshing through the system. Yet social benefits did not increase. Now that the economy is coming into a recession, now that nobody can afford to spend money—neither individuals for philanthropy, nor the government—we're confronted with the result of seven years when we didn't step up to those social problems.



Jayne Eastman—executive vice president, Wells, Rich, Greene, Inc.

Edward Meyer—chairman, Grey Advertising Inc.

Jayne Eastman: If you look at what happened to the average family—people who were getting by on $28,000 a year before taxes—during the boom economy, you'll see that they were incorporating an attitude of freer spending into their lives. They got used to living with debt.

Now, they're hooked on that behavior, and they don't understand how to get out of it. But they sense that they ought to be saving more, that something bad is going to happen, that they're not going to be able to put their kids through college. And they're trying to find ways to cope with this dissynchrony between attitude and behavior.

There are two things people can do. They can change their attitudes to be more in sync with their behavior—and a frightening piece of information suggests that's going on: there's a decline in the proportion of married couples who believe that they ought to help fund their children's education. Then there's the other end—which is that the environment can force people to change their behavior. Tax laws can do that. And prices. For the first time in our country's history, the median price of housing is greater than the amount the median-income family can afford.

Edward Meyer: The American family has only kept up its standard of living by becoming a two-income family. In the future, we're going to be an Indian economy—we'll send the kids to work.

Harriet M. Michel: Well, they're all returning home anyway, because they can't afford to live independently.

Muriel Siebert: If we increase our rate of savings, the stock-market crash might have been beneficial. We have the lowest rate of savings that we've had in this country for a long time. And one of the things that encouraged saving—the IRA—was taken away from many people.

The Japanese, on the other hand, have the highest rate of savings because they have no social programs. They don't have the equivalent of social security, so they save to protect themselves.

Edward Meyer: There's another reason, I think—ironically, the Japanese have less to spend money on. The big purchases that Americans make are land and buildings and housing. In Japan, where it's so cramped, they have to live in small houses; there's less room for the stuff we

put in the sprawling things in which we live. And the Japanese can't trade up to bigger houses—they don't exist.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: They're like my mother: she didn't mind having money, but she hated spending it.

Jayne Eastman: I think you're going to see women cutting out services that help support the family. It's going to be the old thing of the kids first, the husband second, and me third: "I'm going to buy fewer clothes. I'm going to have less help at home. I'm going to cut back."

Joan Juliet Buck: An end to selfishness, you mean?

Jayne Eastman: It's all practicality. It's got nothing to do with being selfish.

Grace Mirabella: *But how do you act in this kind of world—in the business sense?*

Joni Evans: You've got to change the world, and I think books change the world much more effectively than politics or legislation.

Harriet M. Michel: There is an assumption that you can take a bottom-line approach and apply it to every sector of the society, that what works well in business will work well across the board. There's an assumption that there's a magic about American business, that if you put businessmen in charge, nonprofit institutions will run more efficiently. Considering the state of American industry in the last few years, there's nothing to suggest that that's the case.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: Some discipline must deal with the relationship of revenues to expenditures.

Harriet M. Michel: All I'm suggesting is that Reagan came into office with that bottom-line mentality. At the beginning of his term, he had enormous public support. He had the majorities in both houses. And the deficit has increased dramatically during his years.

Muriel Siebert: We don't know what would have happened if we hadn't stimulated our economy—we certainly couldn't have pulled the South American countries along. We have been the locomotive that's been pulling the world, and it's now time for Japan and Germany to start their locomotives up, because otherwise we'll have more political problems with the third-world countries.

And Japan and Germany *have* to do it: the dollar is dropping, and their economies, which are led by exports—particularly to the U.S. market, which is the world's best market—will go into recession if they don't.

Jayne Eastman: Something good has happened during our recent troubles. I work for an advertising agency—and we don't pretend to be leaders; we are clearly among those who see a mob forming and jump in front of it—and part of the question we're always trying to answer is: What's the value system? Who are the role models? One of the things we see now is the return of virtue and honesty and faith and hope. And it's starting in the family unit.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: I approach that prospect with cautious pessimism. You'll know if it's real when people begin to pay a price to get something done in this country—when people want to raise taxes, or control government expenditures, or get the system back in balance. It'll be very interesting to see who is willing to sacrifice. I hope you're right.

Jayne Eastman: We've been doing a major piece of consumer research on what is truly an amorphous subject—quality—and what we're seeing is this return to virtue. But what it needs is somebody to stand in front and say, "This is the way to get the work done." If there's somebody who can make the ordinary person believe that he can effectively execute the change, then I think the will is there.

Edward Meyer: What we're seeing in our research is that people sense that we have lived too high. And they're beginning to feel guilty about it, to feel that they'd better adopt a more virtuous style in order to fend off the retribution that they sense they somehow deserve.

Joan Juliet Buck: It's really a dialogue with God.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: And yet, at the same time, they're struggling to maintain their standard of living.

Harriet M. Michel: And that's why charitable giving is up and people are doing more for other people—out of fear, a fear that you somehow have to pay back.

Muriel Siebert: But do you think they would vote for a Presidential candidate who said, "We're going to have to raise revenues, or cut spending, or both"? Do they feel so strongly that they would put their vote where their thoughts are?

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: I think you would have to translate it into what it's going to mean to their lives. If you say, "You're going to have to live more simply for a while, with less luxury and less of the fripperies," I think people's sense of collective guilt might allow them to do that.

Joan Juliet Buck: I want to know if the military feels guilt about all that spending.

Grace Mirabella: *Does any of this relate to the quality of life, to the notion of quality?*

Joni Evans: We've all ODed on schlock. That's why good books now sell—and sell in enormous quantities—to the masses. In the world of reading, people care about clear ideas, beautiful writing, and they want it far more than they ever wanted some junky book.

Edward Meyer: We have an increasingly well-educated population who are on a quest for *(Continued on page 309)*

Muriel Siebert—Stockbroker and investment banker

Mortimer B. Zuckerman—Editor, *U.S. News and World Report*/Real estate developer

Harriet M. Michel—Fellow, Institute of Politics, Harvard University

Joni Evans—Publisher, Random House

Joan Juliet Buck

the arts "Pleasure doesn't have to be negative or indulgent" —Robert Miller

Grace Mirabella: *How are the realities of the world—specifically money—influencing what you do?*

John Guare: Harold Clurman, the great director and critic, said that all artists dream—and when they dream, they dream of money. I don't think they are only interested in money: the problem is how you stay alive while you are learning your craft. I don't believe there are writing blocks; there are living blocks.

Robert Miller: It's certainly a hard time for younger artists to maintain their integrity as artists, because a lot of money is thrown at them. Let's say an artist becomes "art historical"—he gets into the significant shows and into the history books, he is seen as being on the cutting edge of a significant change—then maybe galleries and collectors at museums overfocus on him. And then investor-collectors may buy him in depth, but if they become less interested, they sell off that artist, and that can hurt him. One of the things that people equate with art's being of interest is that it is expensive.

Karole Armitage: But at least people go to galleries. It is much harder to get any audience for a performing artist.

Fran Lebowitz: It's not that people are more interested in painting than they are in dancing, but that they are interested in owning things, so they can buy the thing and then it can reflect on them.

Robert Miller: And perception and possession have so little to do with each other! You cannot possess much of the great art in the world, but you can perceive it, particularly through reading. With all the increased art activity, people are reading less and that opportunity to perceive is slipping away. So what people do is they seize the art, in order to *think* they have it. In selling art, I often tell people they don't have to buy it.

Fran Lebowitz: Not that often. . .

Robert Miller: Once a month at least.

John Guare: In all the stories about *Phantom of the Opera* before it opened on Broadway, there were pictures of a masked actor, but the main pictures were of the set. No longer were the pictures of people rehearsing, Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza at the piano learning the songs, the backstage pictures. Now, it's all a matter of how much the chandelier falling at the end of Act One costs.

And I think that's what an audience likes when they go to museums: they know exactly how much that painting cost, how much exactly that show cost.

Margo Jefferson: People always cared about how much a set and costumes cost: "Here is Busby Berkeley rehearsing twenty-five thousand chorines in egret feathers," or whatever. But it carried less pompous cultural weight then.

John Guare: But now that movies cost seven dollars, and it's forty dollars or more to go to a play, we end up with the kind of critic who tells us: should we go, or shouldn't we. We have the society we deserve, and the critics we deserve, because we are living somewhere where all reviews *should* be, or *can* be, are consumer reports. One is reviewed on one's reputation, rather than on what one is trying to grow into, or change.

Michael Graves—Architect

Frances FitzGerald—Journalist

Robert Miller: In the art world, in the narrow area that I look at day after day, the reviews are getting nastier and nastier. They think that makes them more serious.

Margo Jefferson: Or more marketable. It establishes a persona for the critic, and gives the critic flair.

John Guare: The terrible thing about that is that it makes a world where it is easy to say, I hate that, I despise that, I loathe that. But when we see something that we love, we have no vocabulary to say so, other than, "God, it was awesome." We have no vocabulary to put that which we love into any kind of practical working terms. And what we love is telling us what we must do in the future. We don't operate out of what we hate.

Margo Jefferson: I believe in hatred, I believe in strong emotions and criticism, but that all grows sterile without the other thing. But, of course, let's not forget that when the critical culture begins to take note of you in a certain way, that then brings other people in. . .and then it becomes more fashionable to go to the New York City Ballet than the American Ballet Theatre. It has to do with how an audience defines itself as sophisticated.

Fran Lebowitz: It is how they perceive themselves, not how they perceive the work. They are not interested in the work . . .and I personally don't care as long as they buy it. I mean, what difference does it make whether they get it or not? I don't care at all.

John Guare: If they sit there like lumps and say, "I am here because it is fashionable," I don't like it. It takes away from the piece. It drains you. If you assume that your audience is a dead thing, that it doesn't care and that it is just there to pay the bills, then you will be deadened by that. Your work's energy will be dispersed and will fall on the floor—like some kind of fish out of the net. You have to assume that your audience is there at the highest level of alertness or awareness, or it is not worth doing.

Michael Graves: The audience is how many? One? Many? The more the better?

John Guare: Not necessarily. People are always saying, hey, work on television. . .eight million people, twenty million people. But I would rather have one hundred fifty people in a Manhattan the-

ater. I remember once being at a Tom Stoppard play, and behind me I heard a woman say, "Oh, I feel so witty." And that is almost the role of the play—to give the audience a costume. Do you feel that way about your buildings, Michael?

Michael Graves: If you give people too much, you are told that they can't live their own lives, they can't make their own identities. For instance, some really good work of Frank Lloyd Wright goes too far, so that even the knives and forks and the flowers—everything—has been arranged by Frank Lloyd Wright. And then you want to say, enough wood already.

The audience who knows what we do is very small, so it's got to come through in more direct language, in more subliminal kinds of understandings.

Robert Miller: The audience for architecture in New York City may not be extremely well-informed, but it's very vocal and growing. Cities are supposed to be civilizing environments; New York's civilizing environment erodes or deteriorates with each new tower.

Michael Graves: If you offer different kinds of "gifts," if you will, to a developer, it makes it more attractive to do something else. For instance, if instead of building the IBM building where they did, they had been offered . . .

Fran Lebowitz: Buffalo . . .

Michael Graves: Or Des Moines. . . .But if, for instance, you had taken a piece of property in the Bowery and gotten it for a lot less money, there would have been a lot more money to do other things, like build day-care centers, and housing for the people who are going to work there, so that the middle class don't go to Connecticut and New Jersey every day of their lives. This is not to suggest that you build a tower in the Bowery. You build Versailles; you build it horizontally. You could have gardens.

Robert Miller: And, yet, the city will move backward economically if the city government doesn't allow these buildings to be built.

Fran Lebowitz: One hopes so . . . because the city's improving economically made the city great for tourists; but for the people who live in New York City, life has gotten substantially worse. It is a dead time for most artists, and the reason it is a dead time is that no kids can come here anymore. And kids can't come here anymore because kids can't pay a thousand dollars a month for an apartment. And so New York has become a place to sell things, but not to make them. For people in their late thirties to be considered the young artists is terrible.

Grace Mirabella: *Do economic bad times make things better in the arts?*

Fran Lebowitz: New York was the most fun when it was going bankrupt, because the only people who lived here were the ones who deserved to. To turn New York into a city very hospitable to twenty-eight-year-old investment bankers—that isn't why you come to New York. They are giving the city away to real estate developers.

Frances FitzGerald: About twenty years ago Jasper Johns said that New York City was growing in such a way that everything was going to be covered with glass, and he was going to be sitting behind this glass making all his paintings while the tourists went by watching him. It's nearly true . . .

John Guare: To be a writer in the theater today, you have to figure out how to do a new play in Los Angeles, or Chicago. It is very hard to begin a play in New York City, because it is only a marketplace. It is a place that sells things. What about you, Fran? Is your audience a New York audience? Whom do you write for?

Fran Lebowitz: Myself. I don't think anyone is meaner than me, so if I like it, I think it is good. I am the standard. I don't have to confront a real audience of people actually sitting there, as you do. I never have to walk into a place and see a hundred people reading a book. I would like to, but it's never come up. In the end, you don't know who is buying your book, and your audience, once you have a success, expands way beyond the audience you are supposed to have. It's like writing for *The New York Times*. *The New York Times* gives you too many readers: it's read for ten million different reasons, none of which has to do with you; and these are the people who accost you on the street the day after you publish something because they weren't supposed to be reading you to begin with.

John Guare: It's very hard to talk about whom you are working for, what is the purpose of your work, what are you drawing on in your past, what are your main artistic problems. These are the secret pornographic problems that are hard to deal with: how do we connect to the past and make a decent link to the future?

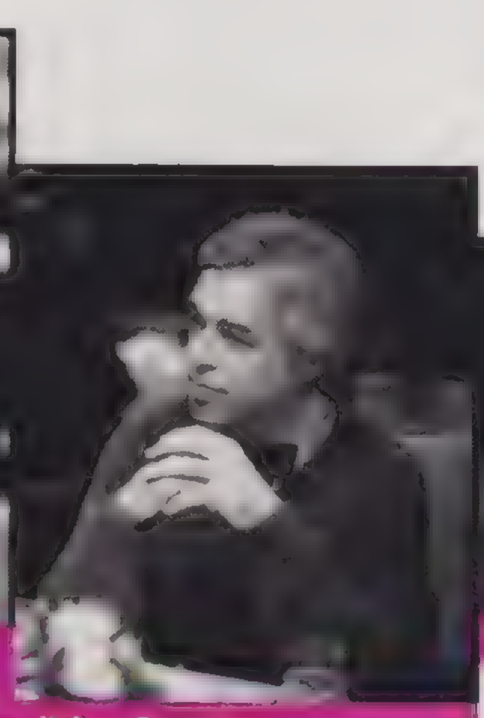
Fran Lebowitz: Being a writer is so anachronistic; it is like being a shepherd. You just have to realize that you happen to have been born into this era when people say things like I don't have time to read. That would mean I was dead.

Michael Graves: That is like architects who don't have time to draw.

Frances FitzGerald: One small literary magazine closed the other day because it had more writers, more submissions of manuscripts, than it had readers.

Michael Graves: A lot of architects close because *(Continued on page 310)*

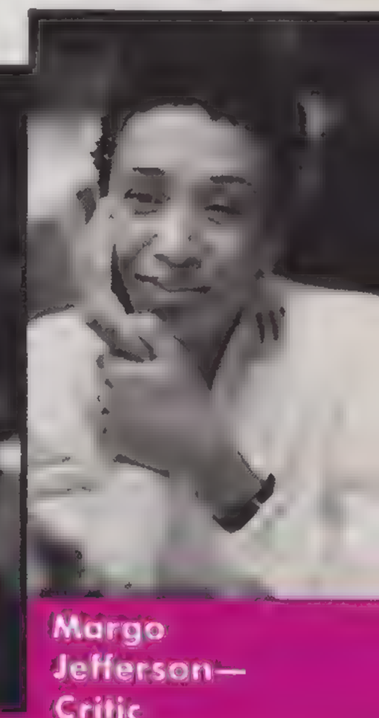
Robert Miller—Art dealer, Robert Miller Gallery, NYC



John Guare—Playwright/Screenwriter

Fran Lebowitz—Writer

Karole Armitage—Choreographer and artistic director, The Armitage Ballet



Margo Jefferson—Critic

fitness/beauty "Stress comes from feeling powerless" —Lisa Sliwa

Grace Mirabella: *Looking good. Feeling good. What do those words mean today? And do they mean different things to a woman as she gets older?*

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: The older you get the older you think it is that women reach their prime. Women in their twenties would say in their twenties. Women in their fifties will tell you that women reach their peak in the forties. It's a sign that we evolve as we mature.

Lisa Sliwa: Women now feel in control of their lives. They don't believe by the time they're twenty-one life is in decline.

V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: Youth and beauty are important, but experience is more important in a woman's life because it brings character and expression to a woman's face. Women in their fifties have come to me for a face lift and I've turned them down because they had good genes and looked terrific. It's not age per se, it's the face. Determining the right age to have a lift is complex.

Eileen Ford: Some very active women are past fifty, and they're concerned about feeling good as well as looking good. Their health—which contributes to appearance—is very important to them.

Grace Mirabella: *Isn't our culture still youth-oriented?*

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: Our interest in health and fitness means our idea of beauty is changing. The focus isn't so much on how we look as on how we feel.

Lisa Sliwa: Feeling good is important to developing confidence; but I think appearance is too.

Grace Mirabella: *Is that where the word "image" comes in?*

Eileen Ford: Image is very important to a woman's career. Women care about how they look, and a good self-image makes them feel better about themselves.

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: Research shows that "thinking good" is as important as looking good, that a woman feels good if she has a good outlook. I don't believe there's much connection between self-image and appearance. "Making over" one's appearance can help a woman to feel better temporarily, but there are ordinary-looking women who feel good about themselves and feel "beautiful."

Brooke Shields: Without a real connection to one's thinking and values, one's "beauty" won't last. A positive aspect of feeling good is a more individual approach to one's looks.

Lisa Sliwa: Overweight women who start to lose weight and get more involved in how they look begin to take control of their lives.

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: But if you take that to an extreme, you begin to see women with eating disorders.

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: There are women who are twenty pounds over what is considered their "ideal" weight who are happy with themselves. There are others—two pounds overweight or five pounds underweight—who feel tormented by their bodies.

V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: Women put an emphasis on other people's perceptions. One patient, who had cosmetic surgery about a year ago, said to me, "You don't know how much difference this has made in my career." She didn't have the surgery because she had any insecurity about herself; she just felt her appearance—in her line of work—was very important.

Grace Mirabella: *Is this constant manipulation of the outer self good?*

Eileen Ford: It depends on what is necessary.

Grace Mirabella: *But who decides that?*

Nancy Brinker: Women do . . . but the definition of attractiveness is changing. Beauty was once equated with soft, pale skin. In my lifetime, women have been given the freedom to pursue careers, to become independent people, to accomplish things. The most attractive women I know feel attractive and have the highest feelings of self-worth because they are doing something that is other-directed or career-directed rather than simply directed toward themselves.

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: As people have cosmetic surgery and remodel themselves through exercise, they change the social norm.

Lisa Sliwa: There's more diversity now. The blond-haired, blue-eyed woman is no longer the only standard of beauty in our culture. Women have rejected stereotypes. They've rejected the notion that they have to have a new wardrobe each year. The emphasis is on what works for you; a miniskirt isn't right for everyone.

Grace Mirabella: *Who sets style now? Years ago, an actress would cut her hair and every woman would have the same haircut. But all that is changing.*

Nancy Brinker: Don't you think the media have the power to set standards of style? We see TV going all day long. Everyone reads magazines. In a sense, we are always being sent messages. To me, what's interesting about your question is how it relates to economic issues.

Grace Mirabella: *My guess is that women look at taking care of themselves as an investment.*

V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: That's true. Looking better is big business. It's big business because not every woman can achieve the ideal that is presented on television or in magazines—and women are

Brooke Shields— Actress/Model

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.—
Owner-director, Aspen Club–
Fitness & Sports Medicine Institute

encouraged to become that ideal through exercise, nutrition, or weight loss.

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: It is not easy to define what's "ideal." Our culture has defined that thinner is better. But thinner is not always better—or healthier.

Lisa Sliwa: What we are really talking about is balance. Obviously, to be obsessed with your appearance is unhealthy. But I think if you look at improving your physical appearance as part of your overall life strategy, it's empowering—whether you're a woman who can afford expensive plastic surgeons or a young woman from the ghetto who can only afford to lift weights. I talk to women all over the country who don't feel good about the way they look, not because they can't look like a Vogue model but because they feel unhealthy and have no energy.

Grace Mirabella: *If they don't feel good, why don't they make changes in their lives?*

Eileen Ford: Because they feel trapped. They're in family and economic situations that don't allow for change.

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: To make changes one needs definite guidelines. If you don't know how to exercise or how to eat well, you skip it.

Nancy Brinker: The big problem, as I see it, is that our schools offer very little fitness education, so young people don't learn what's proper diet and exercise. I didn't know what a target heart rate was until I went to the Golden Door spa. I feel privileged; but how many women really understand what it means to be fit?

Lisa Sliwa: Think of how many times we hear movie stars say—usually through their publicists—that they had their personal trainer come in for a couple of hours in the morning to work out. That's unrealistic. The reality for most women is that they have to get the kids to school, get to work, and deal with traffic. They can't exercise in the morning. The woman who stays home also feels that way. Her solution is to turn on the tube and eat.

V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: To be fair, doctors have not emphasized preventive medicine either.

Brooke Shields: It also takes time to see the results of exercise.

Grace Mirabella: *In everyone's eyes, you're in great shape, Brooke, but you went on a very tough regime—a month-long workout in Sun Valley, Idaho, with a private trainer. Why?*

Brooke Shields: I may have been in shape in everyone else's eyes, but not in mine. I felt that I had never really reached my potential. I wanted to see if I could immerse myself in a program and find an optimal fitness level.

Grace Mirabella: *How did you?*

Brooke Shields: It wasn't easy. I had to try to reach a goal and prove I could do it. It was the toughest month I ever spent. At first I hated it; it wasn't until the second week of working out that I noticed a difference: I started feeling better about myself.

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: The key is taking responsibility to keep fit.

Brooke Shields: . . . And taking responsibility for the things you can control. If I gain ten pounds, I can't blame anyone but myself.

Lisa Sliwa: What Brooke is saying is very important: It's a question of responsibility. That's why physical fitness is a very important way for a woman to test her ability and to set goals for herself.

V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: There is a payoff mentally as well as physically from exercise. Anyone who has jogged or done a lot of exercise knows that there is an emotional high afterwards and a sense of well-being that you really don't get without doing a lot of exercise.

Grace Mirabella: *Can anyone here define fitness?*

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: You can be fit one way, but not another. Along with slimness and discipline, stamina, strength, and speed are three important fitness components. But we often lose sight of the pleasure of movement . . . and the social dimensions to fitness—teamwork and competition—that bring people together. There's also the relaxation, even the fantasy element.

Grace Mirabella: *Why do you say we've forgotten the pleasure of fitness?*

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: Most exercise manuals talk about target heart rate; they talk about how far, how fast, how much you accomplish by exercising. But taking a walk in the sunshine with a friend may be one of the most significant ways we have of including movement in our life.

Grace Mirabella: *I want to bring the word "time" into this conversation; it's something none of us has enough of.*

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: We all need time for introspection, time to withdraw, time to reach out to others, or time to be by ourselves.

Nancy Brinker: But that isn't always possible when you have a husband, family, career.

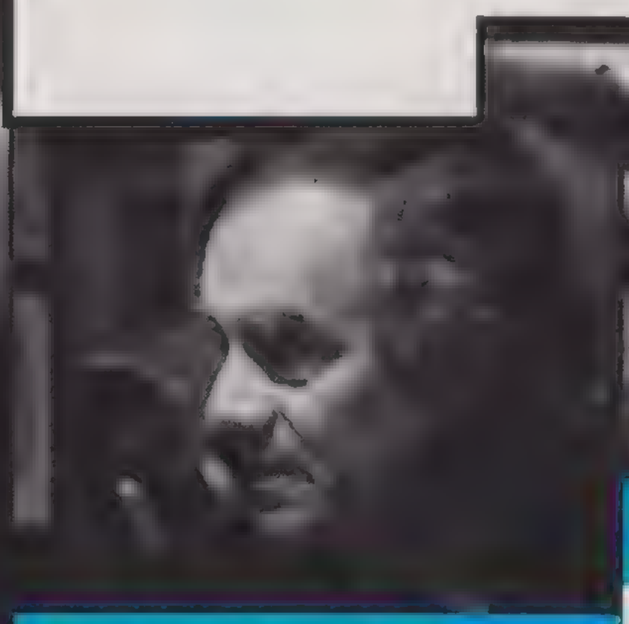
Brooke Shields: And the first things women sacrifice are their own needs.

Grace Mirabella: *What about stress and dealing with the pressures of modern life?*

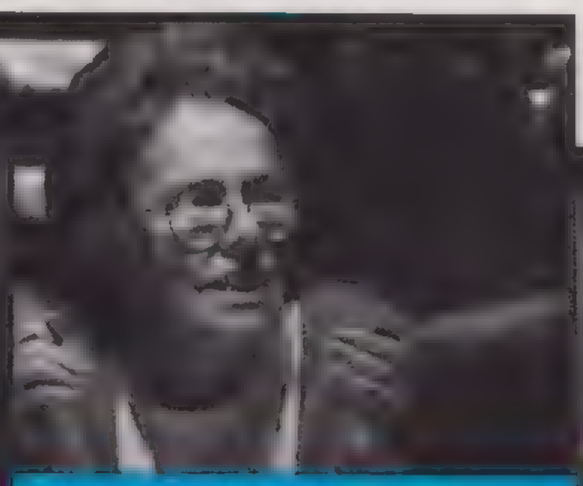
V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: There is no question that we have more stress in our society today than in our parents' time. We have diseases that reflect stress—hypertension *(Continued on page 308)*

Lisa Sliwa—National director, Guardian Angels

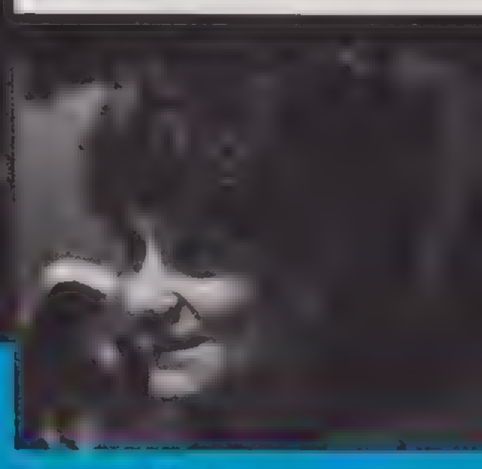
Nancy Brinker—Founder, Susan G. Komen Foundation (for breast cancer research)



V. Michael Hogan, M.D.—Clinical professor of plastic surgery, NYU Medical Center



Eileen Ford—Cofounder, Ford Models, Inc.



Rita Freedman, Ph.D.—Clinical psychologist/ Author, *Beauty Bound*

Nancy Katz

PRIMAL

STING

Sting's South American tour took a detour—across Brazil, up the Amazon, visiting Indian tribes who want nothing from the 20th century. For three days, Sting was one of them—then they sent him back to "civilization" with a new look and an urgent message. Here, the whole incredible story, by Sting

Jean-Pierre Dutilleux

The Fourth World:
inset, Sting with chief Raoni,
the capo di tutti capi;
above, a Suya warrior—never
photographed before.

"We want nothing from the white

The breakfast room is full of well-heeled refugees of the Goiânia radiation tragedy, sitting out their exile in Brasília. They were all at last night's show and thank me for dedicating one of my songs to the people of Goiânia, who have become pariahs to the rest of Brazil since the X-ray leakage—no one will go there or buy any of their products because of fear of radiation. This is the twentieth century, and it frightens me.

My girlfriend Trudie and I sheepishly turn to our hopefully unpolluted breakfast while signing autographs for the staff and their children. We are waiting for Jean-Pierre Dutilleux (alias J.P.), a Belgian filmmaker who has offered to take us to visit the Indians of the Xingu River. The Indians were contacted only twenty years ago, and J.P. made a film about one of them, a charismatic warrior chieftain called Raoni. The film was nominated for an Oscar, and Raoni became a celebrity and a spokesman for the rights of the Indians.

"We can't go," J.P. smiles. J.P. smiles almost all of the time, even when there's bad news.

"Why not?"

"Because the FUNAI doesn't want us to."

"Who the hell are they?"

"The Bureau of Indian Affairs. They're afraid you'll shoot your mouth off about what's going on there."

"What's going on there?"

J.P., still smiling, rubs his finger and thumb together. "Corruption. The conglomerates and the logging companies pay the Bureau to turn a blind eye. To get to one valuable tree, they have to slash and burn a whole acre of forest. Every minute of every day, a hundred acres of the Amazon Basin are destroyed. The only protection the forest has is the Indians—soon there will be no forest."

Trudie and I both look glum.

"Don't worry. There's still a chance. I'm going to try to get Raoni on the radio. Finish your breakfast."

An hour later, the phone rings. It's J.P. "We're back on. Raoni told the FUNAI to mind its own business. He wants to meet you, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs can go fuck itself."

"You mean he's heard of me?"

"He knows you played to two hundred thousand people last week in Rio. Meet me at the airport in thirty minutes."

"Wait a minute. What shall we bring?"

"A toothbrush. 'Bye!"

At the airport, we meet Mino Cinelu, my percussionist, who has wanted to visit the Amazon ever since he saw J.P.'s film about Raoni.

"You excited, Mino?"

"Ooski," he replies.

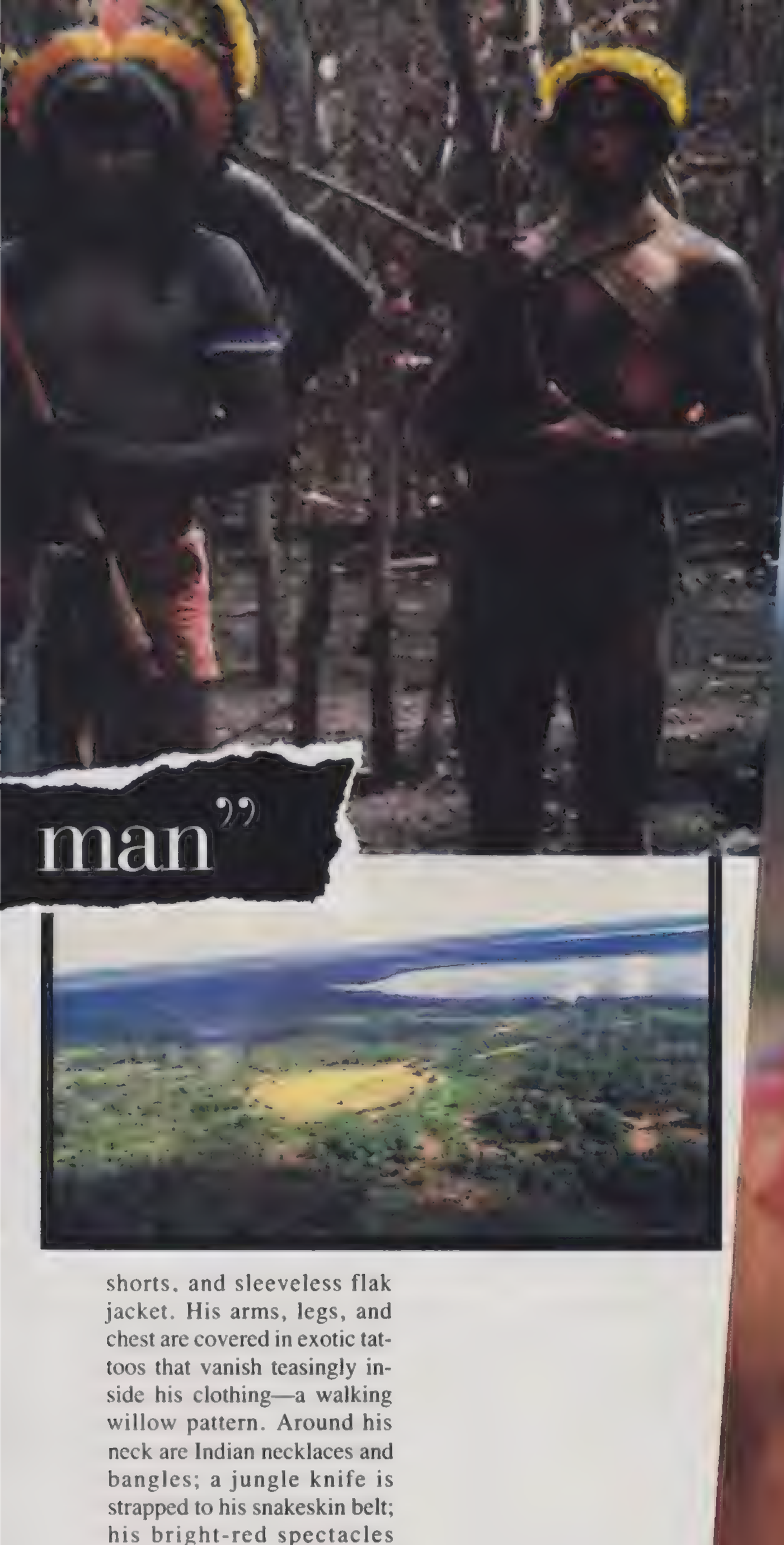
"Where's J.P.?"

"He's loading the ookaroo, mon capitaine." Mino has invented a language of roughly two words: all nouns are "ookaroo"; and all adjectives, expletives, negatives, and affirmatives are "ooski." He means to say that J.P. is loading supplies into the plane.

There is a lot of stuff to get into the six-seater. I lift one very heavy package into the compartment behind the plane. "What's in here—guns?"

J.P. smiles strangely. "No. We have to take them presents: fish hooks, torches, fishing lines, machetes, knives, aluminum pots. They have no metal. Anyway, they will give us stuff in return. Captain Kelly, come and meet Sting."

I turn to face an unholy vision. Captain Kelly is over six and a half feet tall, in sandals,



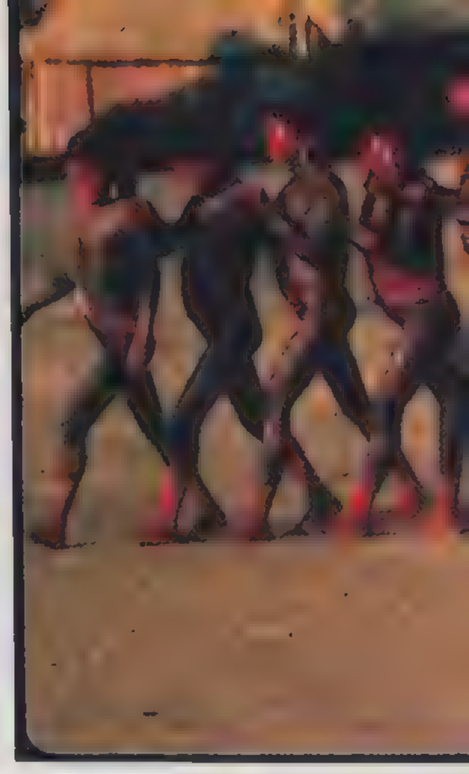
shorts, and sleeveless flak jacket. His arms, legs, and chest are covered in exotic tattoos that vanish teasingly inside his clothing—a walking willow pattern. Around his neck are Indian necklaces and bangles; a jungle knife is strapped to his snakeskin belt; his bright-red spectacles wouldn't look out of place on Elton John; and his haircut makes him look like a fugitive from Herman's Hermits—nicely topped off with a broad Mancunian accent.

Mino and I squeeze into the back of the plane among the supplies. Trudie and J.P. face us. Nice and cozy. We take off in *(Continued on page 248)*

Will the Amazon survive this century? Warriors, top, hunt the loggers who reduced their forest to ashes; an Indian village, above, seems part of the natural order. Right: Sting as pit viper.

Jean-Pierre Dutilleux

primal sting



"The jungle heat is almost solid, is wonderful and

The "gardeners of the Amazon," photographer Dutilleux calls the Indians: here, fishing with bows and arrows; above left, bartering for makeup, which Trudie demonstrates; above right, a command performance of "the dance of the river spirit."

(Continued from page 247) a rainstorm and climb gingerly through darkening thunderclouds—a plaything among the elements.

"You okay, Mino?"

"Ooski, mon capitaine."

We climb into the sunshine after about an hour on the roller coaster, and we all want to pee. "How much farther?" The pilots, by their gestures, indicate that it could be half an hour or three. Panic sweeps the plane.

"We can land," says J.P., pointing to the east with his finger. I look out the window at a small town in the scrub. Just one street. We circle low, wing tips almost touching the rooftops.

"Er, why are we buzzing this village?" I ask.

"So they'll know to send a taxi for us."

The pilot finds a reasonably flat field, and we abandon the plane as if it were about to explode, spreading to the four corners of the field to answer the call of nature. No sooner are our flies zipped than the taxi arrives, an ancient wreck with a flat tire, and a front fender dragging along the ground. Its driver looks delighted—it's hard to imagine his doing much business here. He opens the back door for us, but the seat's already taken: in the center is a bug of science-fiction proportions.

"Going our way?" I ask. Before the bug has time to answer, our driver has clubbed it over the head and thrown it out the other door.

The bumpy ride into town only makes us glad that our bladders are empty. The town itself is a squalid collection of adobe structures and wooden huts, strung in a ramshackle line along the main thoroughfare. We pass a number of bars that look O.K., but we are clearly being driven to the driver's brother's place at the other end of town. It's not bad—all Formica and 'sixties furniture. The beer is cold, and the sandwiches are fresh. It's amazing how interesting a bunch of gringos drinking beer can be to people bored out of their minds. They stare at us with a macabre and unembarrassed intensity. A couple of honchos push to the front;

and the silence frightening"

they're wearing gold watches, bracelets, belts, buckles, and guns.

"What do they want, J.P.?"

"Don't worry," he says, smiling, of course, inviting them to join us. We smile at the honchos. They smile at us. The object of the game is suddenly revealed. From his pocket, one of our honchos produces a plastic bag stuffed with emeralds.

"Ooski," gasps Mino.

I have to say that the magic of precious stones is totally lost on me. Suppressing yawns, Trudie and I exit, to the bewilderment of everyone there. We set off for an afternoon stroll. Everywhere, the curious spectacle of incredible wealth and squalid poverty: this is Brazil.

When I see a young man clutching a dog-eared copy of *The Dream of the Blue Turtles*, pointing to my face, and saying "Eshtingue, Eshtingue"—the Brazilian pronunciation of Sting—I realize it is time to get out of town. I sign his record with as little fuss as possible, walk calmly back to the bar, interrupt the negotiations, and remind everyone that we came here to visit the Indians, and that time is getting on—we don't need to be looking for a jungle airfield in the dark.

When we reach the plane, our two pilots are in a heated discussion. J.P. asks what's up. The Portuguese is thick and fast. After about five minutes, J.P. tells us to get in.

"What was wrong?"

"Nothing."

"J.P., was something wrong?"

"Well, it's just that the Bureau contacted the owner of the airline and told him to stop this plane from getting to the Xingu."

"Why ?"

Again, J.P. makes that gesture with his finger and thumb. "Everyone has a stake in this business. The pilots have been instructed to tell us that there's something wrong with the plane and that we have to turn back."

"So where are we going?"

"To the Xingu."

"Why?"

"Because the pilot's daughter likes you."

Now that we're out of the clouds, we can see the land below us stretching to the horizon. It's a desert of red dust.

"All of this was rain forest ten years ago," says J.P.

A few stumps are left, a sad reminder of former glories. This sickening devastation of scorched earth is the kind of damage only men can wreak. I feel angry for my children and their children.

The plane drones through the afternoon. "So why doesn't someone do something about this?"

"Look, Sting, this is the last frontier. You are visiting a place that very few white people have ever seen. No president of Brazil has ever visited this area. We can't depend on anyone else—each person who comes here has to take responsibility. Look, there's the Indian border."

The wasteland suddenly ends in an abrupt wall of gigantic forest. Two planets, juxtaposed. A dead and devastated world, cheek by jowl with a world of ebullient life.

"Where the Indians are, the forest is protected, and where they aren't, it's not. That's why the Indians are being systematically wiped out."

There were six million Indians in the Amazon Basin. Now there are fewer than two hundred thousand. They've been massacred by guns, by smallpox-impregnated blankets dropped on their villages, by alcohol, by the demoralization of their culture.

"How big is the protected area of the Xingu?"

"About the size of Belgium. It's a showpiece. The tribe we're visiting is peaceful, but it is protected by hostile tribes of which Raoni is the chief.

"How hostile?"

J.P. doesn't answer.

Through the dense forest, a highway has been carved, as straight as an arrow, traversing north/south.

"The Trans-Amazonian Highway. Traffic is not allowed to stop. Anyone who entered the forest would be killed by

(Continued on page 250)

Dressed to kill: Raoni, right, painted with jemipapo, a mixture of extracts and ashes that blackens the skin.

Jean-Pierre Dutilleux

(Continued from page 249) Indian patrols.'' J.P. just smiles.

Nothing can prepare you for your first glimpse of an Indian village, for the symmetry of enormous thatched longhouses arranged in a perfect circle and surrounded by the chaos of the jungle. Someone is flashing a mirror at us—a signal from another world. As we get closer, we make out the markings of a soccer pitch and goal posts. It was our first indication that this journey was about to shatter a number of fantasies we had about the Indians—as well as confirm others.

iny figures emerge from their houses to watch our descent to a nearby airfield. Another bumpy landing. As the door opens, the jungle heat is almost solid, and the silence of the late afternoon is wonderful and frightening.

Our hosts appear at the other end of the field. Some are on bicycles; others are wearing football stripes; some are naked except for a piece of cloth around the waist.

''Why are they running toward us, J.P.?''

''They know we have presents. Hang on to your stuff. The children have gotten into bad habits.''

As they get closer, we can make out tribal face paint, incongruous with the football stripes of two teams.

''The villages play each other. They have a league,'' says J.P.

They stop within six feet of us and stare.

''Blond hair is strange to them.''

I suppose we're staring at them, too. All the men have a kind of Henry V haircut matted with red dye. Their faces look Tibetan, which reminds me just how far their ancestors must have traveled: from the center of Asia; north across the Bering Strait to Alaska; and south through Canada, the United States, Central America; and, finally, the southern tributary of the Amazon Basin, moving about one hundred miles per generation.

The children are the first to touch us—they have beautiful faces—and show us the way to where we'll be sleeping: a concrete floor, a rare spring bed, one filthy window. We decide we'd rather sleep outside, so we rig hammocks between some trees overlooking the river.

I had made a promise to myself that I wouldn't go near the river because in every film I ever saw about the Amazon, someone always got eaten by piranhas if they put so much as a big toe in the water. Still, it looks really inviting when you have been traveling all day and there's no running water.

The four of us are naked and running down the riverbank. The children are amused by the whiteness of our bodies and our pubic hair. After half an hour of frolicking, I've forgotten the piranhas, and I'm digging my own stream to the river's flow. Suddenly I remember what a friend of mine told me about his trip to the Amazon: never pee in the river because the urine attracts a tiny fish that screws itself into your penis and stays there. I hurriedly stop and, with a few swift strokes, remove myself from the danger zone.

''Mino, you peeing?''

''Ooski.''

''Er, I think we should get out now.''

J.P. taps me on the shoulder and, speaking with reverential quiet, says, ''Raoni's here.''

Above us on the riverbank is a tall man with shoulder-length hair, ceremonial beads, and Levi's. Between his chin and his bottom lip is a large wooden plate. He has the good sense to be peeing into the river from a great height while waving to us with his free hand. He is an impressive figure: the chief of the Kayapo, a great and famous warrior. We scramble into our clothes for an audience.

J.P. and Raoni greet each other with great ceremony and the true affection of those who have shared many adventures. Raoni looks at us all with a friendly intensity, weighing our personalities while we stare back, trying not to let our eyes stray to the plate around which his lower lip is painfully stretched. Raoni and J.P. converse in basic Portuguese. He points to Mino's earring and asks J.P. if Mino is a woman. He tells J.P. that I am very pretty and that Trudie is braver than the two of us put together.

''Raoni likes to joke,'' explains J.P.

Our faces are cracking.

''He wants to take you to the village of Aritana, the chief of the Iaualapitis. It's the village we flew over, the one that signaled us. Let's go before it gets dark.''

We set off on foot behind Raoni, flanked by two warriors who keep turning around to give us the death stare.

''Why are they looking at us like that, J.P.?''

''Probably because the last time they saw a white person, they killed him.''

Raoni reminds me of someone; I can't think who it is. He walks through the forest as if he owns it. As we approach the village, we begin to hear periodic whoops and yelps. Some kind of ceremony is taking place.

The village seems an intrinsic part of the forest. There is no clutter, no squalor or poverty, but a ''rightness,'' a balance with nature, in such contrast to the degrading chaos of Rio and the ugliness of the mining town we had just left.

Another tribal whoop breaks the silence, and chief Aritana emerges from a doorway in headdress, face and body paint, parrot feathers attached to his arms, followed by about twenty similarly clad warriors. He can't stay and chat because he has to perform a ceremony in every house to chase evil spirits away. They head for the next, like men setting out to fix a roof. The (Continued on page 304)

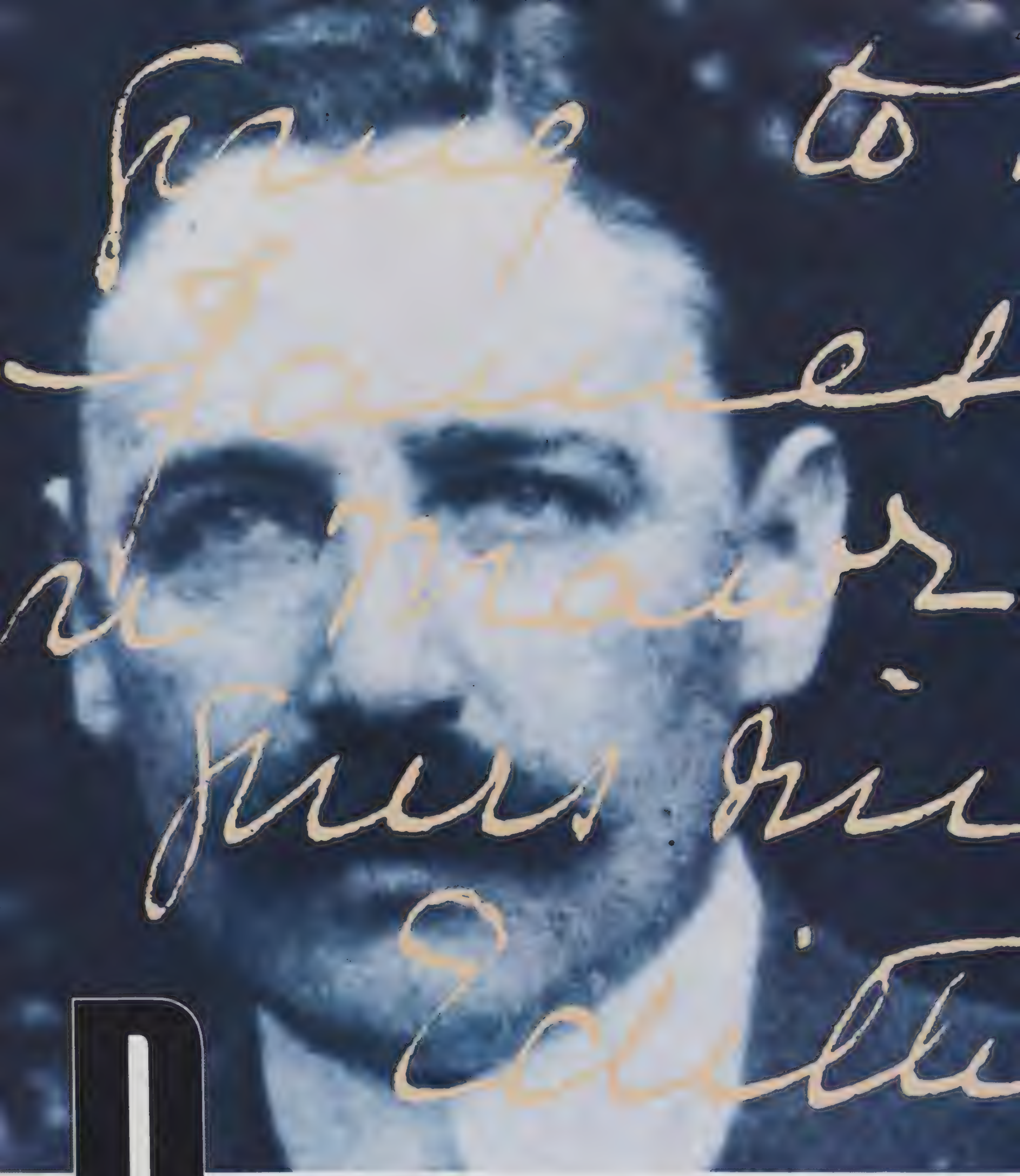
meg ryan

All she did was steal her first big scene in a movie. But the film was *Top Gun* and the other actor in the scene was Tom Cruise. Hollywood top guns were so knocked out by Ryan with her breezy sexuality, Lhasa apso haircut, and mouth that unfailingly curls when she's about to blush, they didn't wait for audience approval. She was immediately cast in enough films to fill a multiplex, most recently in *D.O.A.* with her offscreen boyfriend, Dennis Quaid and, this month, in *Presidio*, with Sean Connery. And remarkably, Paramount, sensing that she's more than just a pretty face, has given her a contract to produce her own films and an office of her own. (She's hunting for a romantic comedy.)

''What I love best about the movies,'' Ryan says, ''is watching difficult choices being worked out—love versus duty, intelligence or passion. I could never figure these things out. Bogart and Bergman, Warren and Natalie did. That's what made them my heroes. I want to be awestruck by a decision.''

—HAL RUBENSTEIN

Wayne Maser


Dear mr. fuller

Edith Wharton and Morton Fullerton

Morton Fullerton and Edith Wharton, both photographed around 1908—a year that saw their affair fluctuate between eroticism and despair.

ton Edith Wharton, America's best woman writer, fell hopelessly, passionately, unwisely in love at forty-five. Here, a story of lust between the lines

Details, last pages

The Letters of Edith Wharton

58 rue de Varenne, Wharton's first Paris apartment, where she lived when she met Fullerton.

Edith Wharton is America's most important woman writer. Neglected since the 1940s, she has recently gained a whole new crop of readers—not just the admirers of R.W.B. Lewis's remarkable biography, *Edith Wharton* (Harper & Row), or feminists inside and out of the universities, but the latter-day New Rich who use her as a guide to the customs and taboos of the Old Rich. Perhaps because of the odd resemblance of the money-conscious 1980s to the Gilded Age of the late 1800s, the period Edith Wharton staked out as her literary territory, readers now look to her as a representative of her social class, as the owner of grand country houses and luxurious motorcars, plumed and corseted for seven-course dinners with dukes and duchesses. This image of Wharton as a state portrait of herself, a formal personality whose emotional life was empty and repressed, cannot survive a reading of her private correspondence, particularly her massive correspondence with her lover, Morton Fullerton. Behind the facade draped by Worth and bejeweled by Cartier, she was vivid, demanding, generous, and, above all, vulnerable. She and Anna Leath, the heroine of *The Reef*, written a few years after her affair with Fullerton was over, shared the same turmoil: "She felt like a slave, and a goddess, and a girl in her teens. . . ."

Early in his work on Wharton's biography, Lewis found a letter from Fullerton to Elisina Tyler, who was preparing a memoir of Wharton. In it, Fullerton urged Tyler ". . . to dispel the myth of your heroine's frigidity. . . . Edith Wharton in love," he wrote, "displayed the reckless ardor of a George Sand." Lewis had never heard of this Morton Fullerton, who spoke with such authority, but these tantalizing clues led Lewis to the discovery of three hundred letters from Wharton to Fullerton, and to the revelation of their adulterous love affair.

The Fullerton letters are the story of Edith Wharton's sexual awakening. Her first experience of passionate love happened at the zero hour, when she had given up hope ". . . of having any warm personal life, like other, luckier people." She was forty-five years old when she met Fullerton, forty-eight when the affair had run its course, and she had been trapped in a sexless marriage to Teddy Wharton for twenty years. Her passion for Fullerton exalted and unhinged her: ". . . you can't come into the room without my feeling all over me a ripple of flame. . . all the words in me seem to have become throbbing pulses, & all my thoughts a great golden blur. . . ." There is an abject tone in some of her letters that seems quite unlike her: apologies for "bothering" him with her worries, pleas for reassurance, and poignant attempts at bravery—"It would be a great joy if you could send me a line once a week—only never, *never* under compulsion!" One side of her nature had been asleep; and now, as it came alive, it threatened to submerge her discipline. She was so agitated that she wrote with great difficulty; she produced less work during the Fullerton years than at any other period before or after. Time and again she mentions symptoms of anxiety and depression—insomnia, restlessness, shortness of breath, and unaccountable fatigue—symptoms that disappeared when she and Fullerton were in communication, and that recurred during their separations and his long silences.

Morton Fullerton was an elusive lover, whose style of courtship fluctuated between approach and avoidance. Evidence of his character varies also, depending on whether the witnesses are male or female. An American expatriate in his early forties, chief of the Paris bureau of the London *Times*, he was admired by men like Henry James and Theodore Roosevelt for the idealism that informed his writing as a journalist. The Académie Française officially honored a book of his travel sketches. Well-liked for his unassuming manner and good looks, he traveled in Wharton's social orbit, and was as much in demand in the Faubourg St. Germain as in England's great houses and literary circles.

Where women were concerned, Fullerton was a nimble juggler. While he was involved with an older woman, Henrietta Mirecourt, he secretly married a much younger actress, Camille Chabert, whom he divorced within a year. When he began his pursuit of Wharton he was engaged to his cousin Katharine Fullerton, who taught at Bryn Mawr College, but Henrietta Mirecourt was still in the background. During the summer of 1908, as Wharton waited in the United States for letters that dwindled and finally stopped without explanation, Fullerton was in Paris with Cousin Katharine, who had rushed over to Europe to find out why he wrote so infrequently. At the time, he was also consorting with a Parisienne named Doll, although she was only a minor diversion. A year later, in the summer of 1909, Wharton spent a month traveling in England with him, the most romantic and sexually fulfilling interlude in their affair. For Katharine Fullerton, back at her teaching post and hoping for word from the man she still believed to be her fiancé, that same period was bewildering and painful.

Fullerton fits the profile of a Don Juan. He carried on several relationships at once and convinced each conquest that they shared a unique and exclusive bond. He used the same "line" with all his mistresses: a late-Victorian blend of spiritual and erotic allusions, talk of predestination, twin souls, mingled mouths and bodies. Deft at avoiding a total commitment, he was also incapable of making a clean break. He kept casting women out and reeling them back in, to make sure they were still on the hook. Every Don Juan is partly motivated by vanity, and Fullerton wanted his image to remain fresh and green in his lovers' memories. He had a genius for converting exclusive passions into special friendships. Along with the others, Edith Wharton

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Ann Arensberg *is the author of "Sister Wolf" and "Group Sex," both published by Knopf.*

ed that fu hav

forgave him and never forgot him.

At The Mount, her house in Lenox, Massachusetts, Wharton was closeted with her sadness and doubts about Fullerton. She entertained very little, and had to cope with a husband whose mental condition was deteriorating; however, any picture of Wharton playing the role of victim would be a false one. Her work, as slowly as it went, supported her. She managed to bring out three books—albeit minor ones—in 1908 and 1909. In Paris and London, whether she was in or out of touch with Fullerton, she engaged in a strenuous daily round of social activities. Her fame, wealth, and patrician connections gained her an entrée everywhere—to Rosa de Fitz-James's salon, to George Meredith's cottage. The turbulence of her inner life contrasted strongly with her self-confident public presence.

After 1910, Wharton and Fullerton became "companions." They had many mutual interests and friends, and often turned to each other for literary advice. Although her opinion of his character had undergone a reappraisal, he continued to hold a place in her affections. Until she met him, Edith Wharton used images of imprisonment to characterize her existence. The affair with Fullerton gave her a taste of freedom. By 1913, her bid for emancipation was completed: she had divorced Teddy Wharton and given up her residence in America. Between 1910 and her death in 1937, she published twenty-seven books. She did her best writing in her fifties and sixties, when most authors are winding down or drying up. Works like *Ethan Frome*, *Summer*, and *The Age of Innocence* are exceptionally fresh, strong, and close to the bone. Her appetite for life seemed to grow and sharpen as her time ran out. In a letter to Mary Berenson dated a year before she died, Edith Wharton described herself as "an incorrigible life-lover & life-wonderer & adventurer." —ANN ARENSBERG

Here, a sampling of Mrs. Wharton's letters to Mr. Fullerton:

1908

Wed. Evening
[58 rue de Varenne
Early March]

Do you want me to lunch with you tomorrow, cuor mio? . . . Please say *frankly* won't you, if it's not convenient? I should like it to be somewhere at the end of the earth (rive gauche) where there is bad food, & no chance of meeting acquaintances. . . .

No, I won't give up, no, I won't believe it's the end, no, I am going to fight for my life—I know it now!

Keep Friday evening if you can.

Sunday [May]

. . . No, Dear, I don't mistake your silence. I am never so sure of you, I mean of your being happy with me, as when you don't feel it necessary to speak, because then I know that my nearness is no obstacle, no *interruption* to you; that I am part of the air you breathe.

I understand that, & I understand also what prompted you to write that little message just when you did. You knew I was sad at saying goodbye to you. You knew why sometimes I draw back from your least touch. I am so afraid—*so* afraid—of seeming to expect more than you can give, & of thus making my love for you less helpful to you, less what I wish it to be. And sometimes mon corps ne peut pas oublier ton corps. & then I am miserable. . . .

Ton Amie—*E*. . . .

[The Mount
Lenox, Mass.]
Friday June 5

This is one of those days when it is more than I can bear.—

I suppose I ought to qualify that more by an "almost," since I am here & the lake is là-bas—& I *am* bearing it. But just now, when I heard that the motor, en route for Hâvre, had run into a tree & been smashed (bursting tire), I felt the wish that I had been in it, & smashed with it, & nothing left of all this disquiet but a "coeur arrêté." . . . So the total result seems to be that I, who always took life on its own terms, now want it only on mine!—& yet I do my *best*. I grind steadily at the novel every morning. I steep myself in my books, I stupefy myself with long walks, and all seems going well, till suddenly I stop and say:—"Tomorrow is *Saturday*—" or: "The last time I wore this dress it was at Meudon. . . ." & there's all the work to do over again, the stone to roll up the hill once more!—. . .

I'm still writing you on this horrid transparent paper, because what I've ordered hasn't come. Make my excuses to your eyes, won't you?

June 6th, Saturday

Happy season, that sends the ships quickly across smooth seas, and brings me your letters sooner than I had hoped! . . .

What I like best in your letter (I mean this last one) is the word "camaraderie." I was never sure that you cared for it, or felt it. . . that you thought I *gave* it. . .

It is irony, though, that I should read your praise of my "adjusting myself to the facts" just at the moment when—for the first time almost—I completely fail to do so! "Wear the mask—" heavens! I ought to know how! I have had time to learn. But I'm tired—tired—life is too long as well as too short—& then the fatality that it should be just you & me—

You chained at one end of the world, & I at the other. . . . My strength used to be that I could say, like the Monsieur in the Arnold poem: "They, believe me, who await no gifts from chance, have conquered fate—"

Goodbye, goodbye.—Write or don't write, as you feel the impulse—but hold me long and close in your thoughts. I shall take up so little room, & it's only there that I'm happy!—

If I don't write next week, it will be because I can't throw off this black mood, & don't want to indulge it—at your expense!—

(Continued on next page)

[The Mount]
Monday, June 8

. . . I am ashamed to write so often, because, with this life I lead here, there's absolutely nothing to tell. I have finished three more chapters of my novel (this reminds me of: "J'ai tué six loups"), & I've read Lock's "Heredity & Variation," & begun Dépéret's "Transformations du Monde Animal," which seems to be another of the admirable "popular exposition" books in the red series.—That reminds me—do you know "L'Hérédité" by Delage, which Kellogg constantly speaks of as the best on the subject? And if you do, could I understand it, even in bits? I must confess to being always a little ahurie [stunned] when I meet with biophors & determinants—though they seem like old friends after the allelomorphs & heterozygotes in Lock's "simple" exposition of Mendelism.—My biological reading is always embarrassed by the fact that I can't help seeing all these funny creatures with faces & gestures—the biophors, for instance, small & anxious to please, the determinants loud & domineering, with eye-glasses; so that I am burdened with a hideous new fauna, to which that monstrous animal the heterozygote, has just added another & peculiarly complicated silhouette—

Oh, dear—what nonsense to send three thousand miles!

—Shall we talk of you instead? Do you want to know some of the things I like you for? (you've never told *me*!)—Well—one is that kind of time-keeping, comparing mind you have—that led you, for instance, in your last letter, to speak of the "camaraderie we invented, *or, it being predestined, we discovered*"—How I laughed over that revision, I who revise, who "edit" every sentence as I utter it, & to whom, in the most rushing moments, words keep their sharp edges of difference!

Et puis—I like the way in which you instantly discriminate between the essential & the superfluous, in people & things—& your feeling as I do about the "green worms" of life—caring about the waitress's losing her tip if we moved our table, & being worried lest the taxi-man you sent back to me at the R. des Deux Mondes should have waited & missed a fare—if you knew how every little thing like that *sank in!*

And then—most of all, perhaps—for the quality I least know how to define—unless one calls it a "radiant reasonableness." Because you & I (I think I have it too, you see!) are almost the only people I know who feel the "natural magic," au delà, dream-side of things, & yet need the netteté, the line—in thinking, in conduct—yes! in feeling too!—And I've always felt about that poor dear maligned Goddess of Reason as somebody in Comus does about Philosophy—

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbèd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute. . . "

June 10th. I said:—"This letter shall not be as long as the last—I shall keep it over till the next steamer. One must make one's self wanted, waited for, &c, &c—" & then everything in me cried out—

No! The basest thing about the state of "caring" is the tendency to bargain and calculate, as if it were a game of skill played between antagonistics. (We know it is—soit! Just as we know—or were supposed to till lately—that we hadn't any "free-will"; nevertheless:—) Pascal's terrible "il faut de l'adresse pour aimer" [one needs skill in order to love] has a noble side if it means the exercise of tact, insight, sympathy, self-effacement; but it is the most sordid of counsels if it appeals to the instinct to dole out, dissemble, keep in suspense, in order to prolong a little a feeling that hasn't enough vitality to survive without such aids.—There would have been the making of an accomplished flirt in me, because my lucidity shows me each move of the game—but that, in the same instant, a reaction of contempt makes me sweep all the counters off the board & cry out:—"Take them all—I don't want to win—I want to lose everything to you!"—But I pause, remembering you once told me that, on this topic, I serve up the stalest of platitudes with an air of triumphant discovery!—. . .

[The Mount]
June 19

When I sent you, eight days ago, that desperate word: "Don't write me again!" I didn't guess that you were already acting on it! Not a line from you in nine days—since your letter of June 2d. Eleven days at least must have passed without your feeling the impulse to write. . .

You know I never wanted you to write unless *you* wanted to! And I always understood it would not go on for long. But this is so sudden that I almost fear you are ill, or that something had happened to trouble you. . . .

Send a word, dear, to reassure me. And if it's not *that*, but the other alternative, surely you're not afraid to say so?—My last letter will have shown you how I have foreseen, how I have accepted, such a contingency. Do you suppose I have ever, for a moment, ceased to see the thousand reasons *why* it was inevitable, & likely to be not far distant?

Allons donc! You shall see what I am made of—only don't be afraid to trust me to the utmost of my lucidity and my philosophy!

—But no! I don't ask you to say anything that might be painful to you. Simply write: "Chère camarade, I am well—things are well with me"; & I shall understand, & accept—& think of you as you would like a friend to think.—Above all, don't see any hidden reproach in this. There is nothing in it but tenderness and understanding.

I am well, and the week since I wrote last has managed to get itself lived. And the novel goes on. And people come and go.—I can't tell you more now, but another time, perhaps—

And now & always I am yr so affectionate *E*.

[The Mount]
August 26

Dear, won't you tell me soon the meaning of this silence?

At first I thought it might mean that your sentimental mood

"My last word is one of tenderness for the friend I love—for the lover I worshipped"

had cooled, & that you feared to let me see the change; & I wrote, nearly a month ago, to tell you how natural I should think such a change on your part, & how I hoped that our friendship—so dear to me!—might survive it.—. . .

But the silence continues! . . .

What has brought about such a change? Oh, no matter what it is—*only tell me*!

I could take my life up again courageously if I only understood; for whatever those months were to you, to me they were a great gift, a wonderful enrichment; & still I rejoice & give thanks for them! You woke me from a long lethargy, a dull acquiescence in conventional restrictions, a needless self-effacement. If I was awkward & inarticulate it was because, literally, all one side of me was asleep.

I remember, that night we went to the "Figlia di lorio," that in the scene in the cave, where the Figlia sends him back to his mother (I forget all their names), & as he goes he turns & kisses her, & *then she can't let him go*—I remember you turned to me & said laughing: "That's something you don't know anything about."

Well! I *did* know, soon afterward; & if I still remained inexpressive, unwilling, "always drawing away," as you said, it was because I discovered in myself such possibilities of feeling on that side that I feared, if I let you love me too much, I might lose courage when the time came to go away!—Surely you saw this, and understood how I dreaded to be to you, *even for an instant*, the "donna non più giovane" who clings & encumbers—how, situated as I was, I thought I could best show my love by refraining—& abstaining? You saw it was all because I loved you? . . .

This is the last time I shall write you, dear, unless the strange spell is broken. And my last word is one of tenderness for the friend I love—for the lover I worshipped.

Goodbye dear.

Oh, I don't want my letters back, dearest! I said that in my other letter only to make it easier for you if you were seeking a transition—

Do you suppose I care what becomes of them if you don't care? . . .

52, Portland Place
(London) W.
December 19

Dear Mr. Fullerton,

You have—if they still survive—a few notes & letters of no value to your archives, but which happen to fill a deplorable lacuna in those of their writer.

I shall be in Paris on Monday next—the 21st—for a day only, & I write to ask if you would be kind enough to send them to me that day at my brother's.

Perhaps the best way of making sure that they come straight into my own hands would be to register them.

Yrs sincerely,

E. Wharton

[53 rue de Varenne]
Sunday night—
[Winter 1910]

Mon ami, I sent you just now—in haste, with people waiting for me—a word which may have seemed impatient & irritated.—That is the last note I wish to sound.

Three or four times I have given you the opportunity to make, gaily & good-humouredly, the transition which seems to me inevitable; & you have not chosen to do it. Therefore I will give you my "motives," though they could hardly, I think, be "unrevealed," even to perceptions much less fine than yours.—What you wish, apparently, is to take of my life the inmost & uttermost that a woman—a woman like me—can give, for an hour, now & then, when it suits you, & when the hour is over, to leave me out of your mind & out of your life as a man leaves the companion who has accorded him a transient distraction. I think I am worth more than that, or worth, perhaps I had better say something quite different. . . . Don't imagine that I expect to see you often, or even to hear from you regularly. . . . I know you haven't time to come, often haven't time to write; but I know also that sometimes you have a moment, & that when one loves one never fails to use such a moment. Poor human nature has only a limited number of signs by which to express itself—& these signs, in cases like ours, are always much the same!—You hoped to find me last Thursday, in order to ask if I were free for Saturday. But I was out—& no other possibility of reaching me occurred to you!—Non, mon ami, ne me dites pas de ces choses là. . . . Don't you see that, if you accepted the solution I offer, you would not have to rack your brains to find such explanations? My friends are free to see me or not see me, think of me or not think of me, as they please! They find me when they choose to, & when they are otherwise preoccupied they don't have to assure me that they still feel an affection for me.

But I do ask something more of the man who asks to be more than my friend; & so must any woman who is proud enough to be worth loving. . . .

And if a woman asks these signs, it is not necessarily because she is "sentimental," or jealous, or wishes to dominate a man, or restrict his freedom; but because these are the ways in which the heart speaks, & because, when two people are separated, there are no other ways available. . . .

Thursday
[mid April, 1910]

Don't think I am "fâchée," as you said yesterday; but I am sad & bewildered beyond words, & with all my other cares & bewilderments, I can't go on like this!

When I went away I thought I shd perhaps hear once from you. But you wrote me every day—you wrote me as you used to *three years ago*! And you provoked me to answer in the same way, because I could not see for what other purpose you were writing. I thought you wanted me to write what was in my heart!

(Continued on page 312)

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L.L. Bean's stone-washed denim field coat . . . anything but basic. The secret? A little bareness, an unexpected mix of color and pattern. L.L. Bean cotton field coat, about $59. Calloghan striped cotton midriff top, about $200. Echo batik cotton sarong, about $55. . . . Beauty Note: Subtle difference—Avon's Mystic Mauve lips. These [illegible] hair, Frederic [illegible] at Monsieur Marc; makeup, Lydia Snyder. Details, see last pages of this issue.

easy style

the right stuff!

Start with familiar catalogue classics—the "stuff" everyone likes best. Then add a few surprises. Result? Roughwear with real appeal. Easy dressing with real style.

Classic twist, *left:* Tweeds' grey-lined, currant-colored hooded cotton sweatshirt—spiced with layers of strong color, about $34. Over Michael Katz's "frog-print" silk chiffon sarong skirt (about $330) and Calvin Klein's bright-orange sweater.... Another example of uncommon color plays, *right:* From The Cockpit, the "regulation" cotton drawstring camouflage jacket (about $130) over Calvin Klein's orange tank dress. Details, stores, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

A suit alternative with real swagger, *left:* Orvis' gutsy oilcloth rain jacket paired with a white silk shirt and floral-print skirt. Jacket, about $199. Katharine Hamnett shirt, about $270. Cathy Hardwick skirt, about $86. . . . Balancing act, *this page:* Paul Smith's witty fringed denim hat; Revlon's warm Copper Frost lips. Details, stores, last pages.

Wayne Maser

From The Cockpit, *left*: a roomy denim jacket. Special effects: a pale-pink cashmere sweater set studded with whimsical pins. Jacket, about $95. Cashmere & Co. pullover, about $195, and cardigan, about $290. Joan Vass USA tube skirt, about $118. . . . Cool contrasts in color and scale, *right*: Banana Republic's man-size coffee "Windbuffer" jacket paired with a body-conscious coral cardigan and tiny tank top. Cotton jacket, about $89. Calvin Klein sweater. Joan Vass USA top, about $54. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

Putting color into play—in a big way, *left*: Tweeds' moss-green washed silk baseball jacket over a red-hot red cotton T-shirt and orange mini, all wrapped in a big Paisley shawl. Jacket, about $125. Michael Kors cotton/Lycra skirt, about $160. Pour Toi T-shirt, about $115. Antique Paisley shawl from F.D.R. Drive Men. About $350. . . . *Right*: Double whammy—Banana Republic's go-anywhere, top-anything nylon trench coat and rugged (racy) cotton bush vest. Coat, about $89; vest, about $39. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Wayne Maser

Proof that rugged stuff can work just about any- [illegible] page): From the cockpit, an orange-lined padded flight jacket—the unexpected attention-getting topper for a short, sexy skirt. Jacket, about $69. Michael Katz skirt, about $255. . . . *Beauty Note:* Sun-kissed colors, *this page:* From Max Factor, Satin blush in Goldswept Coral and Lasting Color lipstick in Sun Bronze. For details, stores, see last pages.

easy style

a few good MEN...

Times have changed for men. Tough guys needing their daily fix of meat and potatoes have given way to a born-again breed of men who care about their hearts, their health . . .and eating more vegetables. Here, men on: their bodies, their vanities, what they've learned from women (and vice versa) about diet and exercise . . . plus the last taboo—a man's "beauty." Here, what separates the few from the many . . .

tomba la bomba!

***"Sono una bèstia"* (I am a beast) is his battle cry; and anyone who watched Alberto Tomba barrel down Mount Allan during the Winter Olympics would be inclined to agree. Less than a year ago, twenty-one-year-old Tomba was a policeman in a suburb of Bologna, Italy (and a little-known skier), but nine World Cup victories and two Olympic gold medals have catapulted the burly Italian slalom racer into international renown. Bursting with confidence and good humor, the self-proclaimed "messiah of skiing" charms the media and the public with his Latin good looks and easy spirit.**

Gerry Cooke/Sports Illustrated

CARRERA

a few good men... and some others

A completely superficial guide to the men who knock our socks off, a few secret fantasies, and various species of rats

AGING WELL

Harrison Ford
Robert Redford
Roger Daltrey
Kris Kristofferson
Jack Nicholson
Clint Eastwood
George Harrison

AGING SUSPICIOUSLY WELL

Paul Newman

AGE-RESISTANT BOY/MAN

Michael J. Fox

blond ambition

Corbin Bernsen is the right man at the right time. As *L.A. Law*'s Arnie Becker, he's the personification of the 'eighties: fresh off the Nautilus circuit, all image, with all the right props. Arnie is charming, sensitive, successful; he also pursues all seven Deadly Sins, and whines a lot. But Bernsen is so attractive, and puts so much vulnerability into Arnie, so many childlike qualities—the pout, the whimper—that you like him in spite of yourself. Which is why, ten years from now, we'll all watch Bernsen's Arnie on late-night reruns, laugh at who we once were, and long for the 'eighties.

Matthew Rolston

Man As Puppy **At twenty-five, Christopher Rydell—featured in this summer's *Under the Boardwalk*—seems to be waiting to grow into his body: tall, lanky, all boyish charm, with utterly hypnotic liquid brown eyes. Trust us.**

BOYS YOU WISHED LIVED NEXT DOOR

Bruce Springsteen
Tim Hutton
Matthew Broderick
Garrison Keillor

ALIENS

Dennis Hopper
Michael Jackson
Mick Jagger
Marlon Brando

MEN YOU'D HAVE WANTED TO SIT OUT THE BLITZ WITH

Ben Cross
Charles Dance
Timothy Dalton

MEN YOU'D WANT TO SIT NEXT TO AT A DINNER PARTY

Gore Vidal
P.J. O'Rourke
Jonathan Demme
Philip Roth
William F. Buckley, Jr.

MEN WHO COMMUNICATE TOO MUCH

Geraldo Rivera
Spalding Gray
Michael Korda
Ed Koch
Phil Donahue
Willard Scott
Andy Rooney

ALMOST TOO PRETTY

Aidan Quinn
Harry Hamlin
Denzel Washington
Eric Stoltz
Rob Lowe

PRE-VERBAL MEN WITH STUBBLE

Don Johnson
Matt Dillon
Sean Penn
Bruce Willis

MEN WHO SHOULD ALWAYS WEAR GLASSES

Yves Saint-Laurent
Swifty Lazar
William Hurt
Warren Beatty
Sting

THE CASE FOR PONYTAILS

John Malkovich (in *Burn This*)
Robert Longo
Bruno Ganz
Steven Seagal

THE CASE FOR BALDNESS

John Malkovich
(all other times)
Sean Connery
Louis Gossett, Jr.
James Taylor

SIZE IS IRRELEVANT

Paul Simon
Wallace Shawn

DISEMBODIED VOICES

Michael Crawford's
Phantom
Ron Perelman's Beast

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE: A BRIEF HISTORY OF ANDROGYNY

Rudolph Valentino
Montgomery Clift
James Dean
Rudolf Nureyev
Jim Morrison
Christopher Walken
Roland Gift
Terence Trent d'Arby

LATIN AND COOL

Chick Vennera
Esai Morales

ANGLO-SAXON AND HOT

Liam Neeson

MEN WITH THE WRONG HAIR

Donald Trump
Ted Koppel
Rev. Al Sharpton
Jackie Mason
Andrew Lloyd Webber

MEN WITH THE WRONG VOICE

George Bush
Tom Selleck

MEN WHO DON'T TAKE THEMSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY

Dennis Quaid
Steve Martin
Harrison Ford
Jack Nicholson
Chevy Chase

MEN WHO ARE EARNEST

Michael Dukakis
Prince Charles

SO EARNEST, THEY'RE SCARY

Oliver North
Martin Sheen

THE NEW ALAN ALDA

John Shea

THE NEW BROWN SHIRTS

Morton Downey, Jr.
Allan Bloom

IS ANYBODY HOME?

Kevin Costner
Jeff Daniels

MEN WHO CAN'T VOTE YET

River Phoenix
Sean Lennon

NASTY

James Woods
Willem Dafoe
Klaus Maria Brandauer

NAUGHTY

Kiefer Sutherland

ACQUIRED TASTES

Nicolas Cage
Mandy Patinkin
Patrick Swayze
Mickey Rourke

EVERY WOMAN HAS A SECRET FANTASY

Walter Matthau
John Updike
Prince
Marcello Mastroianni
John F. Kennedy, Jr.

gut reactions

By HOLLAND SWEET

The average man's fitness/figure concern, in addition to being overweight: a "pot" belly. Heredity is the primary reason men tend to have more body fat at the abdomen; diet and inactivity are also contributors. (Women, on the other hand, tend to "pattern" body fat around the lower body—hips, thighs, buttocks.) "This pattern of 'central' obesity places a man at increased risk for coronary artery disease, hypertension, diabetes, and metabolic disorders," says exercise physiologist Jack Wilmore, Ph.D., University of Texas, Austin.

To correct this problem, a program of diet *and* exercise is important. Sit-ups alone won't do it because one needs to lose weight and body fat—not just tone muscle. "So-called 'spot reducing' is ineffective," says personal trainer Dan Isaacson. "And if a man's overweight or out of condition, sit-ups may strain, even injure, the back." The proper start: During the first two to four weeks, concentrate on eating a low-fat diet *(Continued on page 313)*

putting on a new face

Now, men who jog, exercise, weight-lift their bodies into shape are beginning to want their faces to match up. By SHIRLEY LORD

Skin care for men? Today's modern man, say skin experts, has to think about combating ultraviolet rays, the effect of urban pollution on hair, and post-adolescent acne—just as women do. The fitness era has also attracted men to new skin-care regimes—with well-equipped gym/fitness center shower rooms now stocking sophisticated skin- and hair-care products.

In an interview in the *Washington Post*, a U.S. Army soldier said of men in his barracks: "The majority of guys wash with at least an astringent or moisturizing soap. If they have a particular problem, they might use medicated cream or a scrub. If we're drilling outside, some of the fair-skinned might even put on a sunscreen . . .". Images have changed; and men's products, too, are changing.

It's taken awhile, but at last men's products do take into account the differences between a man's and a woman's skin. "A man's skin is thicker, usually oilier, has more collagen and elastin—which give skin its elasticity and resilience," says Daniel Maes, Ph.D., director of biological research at Aramis. "A man has bigger pore openings, which dirt and oil can clog . . . but the major difference is that a man's skin is stressed from daily shaving. Add to this the natural aging process and damage from the environment, and you can see why his skin's defenses break down."

"Hormones play a big role," says George Deckner, director of exploratory formulations at Bain de Soleil. "Men's higher testosterone levels and the constant irritation of shaving make their epidermis thicker; when shaving, they should look for products that are non-comedogenic. Also those extra male hormones can produce greater sweating. After menopause, women's skin thins out and skin's collagen content is less, which can make a man's skin *appear* younger than a woman's of the same age.

"Men have to be just as cautious as women do in the sun. More body hair makes it difficult to apply sunscreen, so men should look for screens/blocks that go on easily and, since they sweat more, use waterproof products."

SHAVING: SHOCKS AND BONDS

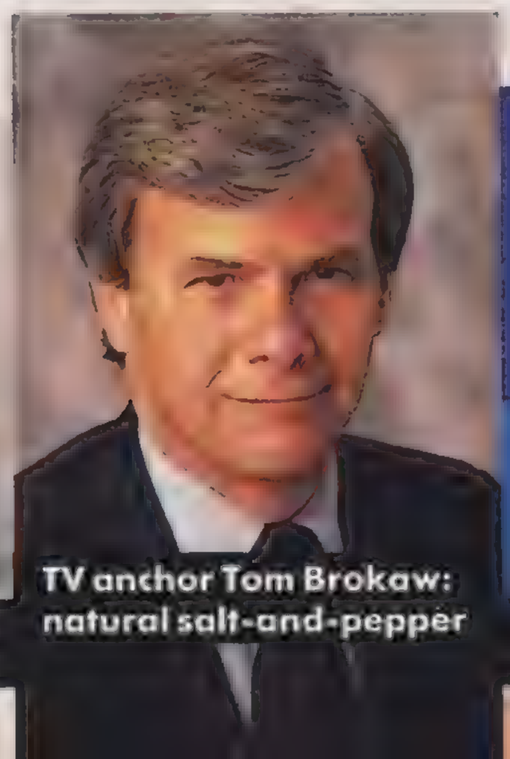
A man today isn't necessarily averse to botanical balms with overtones of night-blooming jasmine; he simply doesn't want to add *anything* that smarts to skin that has to put up with a lifetime of after-shave sting. That's why men much prefer to pour on products than to spray. A gingerly approach—a drop or two in the palm, a dab or two on the face—is safer than a sudden shock from an atomizer.

With new technology, a barrage of men's shaving *(Continued on page 312)*

hair with flair

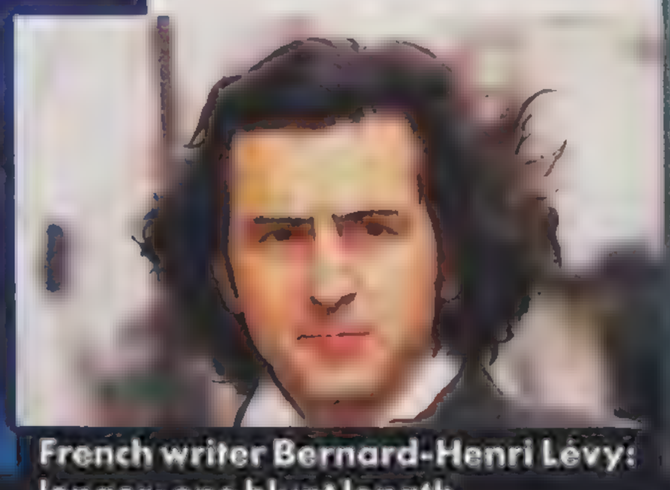
Men's hair is getting longer again, cuts less traditional. With these changes come a new freedom, a more personal style... a look that allows for more individuality. A few examples...

Prince Andrew: longish in back



TV anchor Tom Brokaw: natural salt-and-pepper

Actor Charlie Sheen: new-wave spike



French writer Bernard-Henri Lévy: longer; one blunt length

Actor William Hurt: thinning, but fuller

. . . in fitness and health

If you've lost weight, exercise more, you probably can thank your mate.

By PERRI KLASS, M.D.

Men and women once behaved very differently when it came to health, diet, and exercise. Men were the ones eating rare steaks at lunch and carrying out sweaty male-bonding rituals on the playing field. They were without small vanities, letting their hair fall where it might, wearing their wrinkles proudly. They smoked, they drank; sometimes they had heart attacks. Women dieted on salads and cottage cheese; if they exercised, it was nothing too strenuous.

Times have changed. Habit changes Americans, both male and female, have made in recent years have stemmed from a desire to avoid coronary artery disease, a disease that usually has attacked men at an earlier age than women. "Women lag roughly fifteen to twenty years behind men in their incidence of coronary disease, and with the exception of strokes in people age sixty-five and over, all cardiovascular disease is higher in men," says Daniel Levy, M.D., director of the Cardiology Laboratory at the Framingham Heart Study.

This is not true, however, when it comes to smoking. New statistics show that the death rate from lung cancer among women in certain states now exceeds the death rate from breast cancer—previously the number-one cause of cancer deaths in women.

Yet women—more readily than men—have adapted their diets as news about cholesterol has made headlines . . . perhaps because women are more accustomed to dieting, for the sake of their figures if not for their health. Red meat, a macho food, may simply have been harder for men to relinquish.

Men are learning. The successful businessman's lunch of ten years ago: "Shrimp cocktail, sirloin steak, a baked potato, dessert, a cocktail before lunch, a bottle of wine with the meal, brandy on special occasions," recalls Alex von Bidder, general manager of New York City's Four Seasons Restaurant. These days, the restaurant is having tremendous success with "Spa Cuisine"—designed not so much to be dietetic as to be healthful. Today that same successful businessman might eat "a tiny portion of pasta, some fish, maybe a bean salad, strawberries for dessert; and a glass of white wine or mineral water."

Women traditionally have been the dieters; statistics show that a large proportion of American women are still trying to lose weight at any given moment. But it is men, in general, who often seem to lose weight more dramatically than women, comments Richard S. Rivlin, M.D., chief, nutrition, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, chief of the nutrition division and professor of medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Weight-loss or lipid-management programs for either sex, Dr. Rivlin adds, work best when the whole family participates and one spouse supports the other.

SEX AND SMOKE-OUT

Some experts think that men have the edge when it comes to quitting smoking. Perhaps the reason is that men have been more thoroughly terrified by the data about smoking and heart disease, as early studies were done on men. *(Continued on page 312)*

Details, last pages.

Actors Corbin Bernsen and Amanda Pays (*right*): Do men and women who keep house together also keep fit together? "I exercise by running," says Bernsen. "Amanda likes to work out in a gym. Sometimes we run together; but basically, she does her thing, I do mine."

Matthew Rolston

who's healthier?

How do men and women measure up when it comes to keeping their bodies fit? One factor may be marital status . . .

	Men(%)	Women (%)
Overweight		
Total	25.9	22.3
Married	30.1	22.1
Formerly married	21.3	28.0
Never married	15.2	15.2
Exercises regularly		
Total	42.7	37.6
Married	37.6	37.6
Formerly married	40.0	30.9
Never married	59.4	46.8
Smokes		
Total	32.6	27.9
Married	32.0	27.5
Formerly married	43.7	30.2
Never married	29.8	26.0

Source: National Center for Health Statistics (1985 figures)

executive exercise

Men have never been more body-conscious. The proof: the increasing number of men heading to spas. At the Golden Door, men's weeks are booked six months in advance. At the Canyon Ranch, the percentage of men has grown to nearly 40 percent. What else do busy men do?

"After a tough day at the office," says Daniel J. Moriarty, senior vice president/public relations, Revlon, "I head for the gym instead of having a drink." Moriarty, forty-eight, does weight training, aerobics and takes an abdominals class. Richard Rivlin, M.D., Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center's nutrition chief, jogs because he does a lot of traveling.

"I'm not on a youth quest," says shoe-designer Manolo Blahnik, an inveterate walker. Which sums up the male attitude toward fitness: vitality and health are the goals now.

Details, last pages

a tan for all seasons

The world thinks of George Hamilton as a man who lives to tan. George Hamilton thinks of himself as a man who tans to live. Born too late to hear Caruso sing or to see Nijinsky dance, E. GRAYDON CARTER *has the thrill of a lifetime when he shares a place in the sun with the ultimate ladies' man, man's man, and last Hollywood gentleman*

Helmut Newton

Like all idle souls, George Hamilton is a busy man. Such is the fullness of his schedule that he must wonder where he ever found the time to make movies. Up at 6:15 A.M. Exercise (trampoline workout, sit-ups, push-ups); shower; shave; get dressed; breakfast (seven-grain cereal, juice); consume an awesome forty mega-vitamins (which he has been doing three times a day since 1975); read the trades (*The Hollywood Reporter, Daily Variety);* hour of telephone calls; game of tennis; attend to investment matters. And then comes that very special, very solemn part of the day, that moment when everything else stops, when the whole planet appears to fall still, that moment when George Hamilton pads out into the sun, to do what he was born to do—what he does better than anyone else in the English-speaking world.

He tans.

To be able to share that very personal experience with George Hamilton, as I did not long ago, was, it goes without saying, a near religious experience. Born too late to have heard Caruso sing live or to have seen Nijinsky dance—well, it just doesn't seem to matter anymore. For what George Stevens Hamilton doesn't know about tanning simply doesn't exist. Years ago, Garry Trudeau assured Hamilton's stature in the highly competitive tanning world when he created in "Doonesbury," "The George Hamilton Cocoa Butter Open." (Hamilton was so moved by this honor that he periodically sends the cartoonist signed sun reflectors and containers of Coppertone.)

A lone, private American citizen giving his all that we might stay ahead of the French, the Italians, the Brazilians, Hamilton pushes himself—some would say too hard—to stay at the very forefront of advanced tanning technology. On those rare occasions when Hamilton *is* working, his contracts stipulate that once a month he must be flown off to some warmer climate for emergency tanning. He can tell you about actinic rays and angstroms, about UVA and UVB, melanocytes and keratoses, melanoma, squamous cells and basal cell carcinomas. He'll tell you that his ex-wife, Alana, used to complain that during a conversation he would stick his head out the window to get a moment or two of sun. He recalls a time he was in London, staying at the Grosvenor House Hotel. It was June and the weather had been typically poor. "And all of a *(Continued on page 278)*

E. Graydon Carter *is co-editor of the New York satirical monthly "Spy."*

(Continued from page 277) sudden the sun came out." Hamilton says. "And it was hitting a spot on the wall outside my room. So I climbed out onto the ledge and positioned myself for maybe half an hour to get some sun. And a lady down below says, 'Look at 'im. 'E's gonna jump!' Soon there were twenty people gathered below thinking I'm trying to commit suicide. All I wanted was a little sun." Such is the man's dedication to his craft.

The world thinks of George Hamilton as a man who *lives to tan*. George Hamilton thinks of himself as a man who *tans to live*. "For me," he says, sounding extremely Californian, "it's direct energy. It's like plugging my battery in. It isn't just the vanity of it. It's the actual feeling I get. I have been now thirtysome years being in the sun almost every day. And if anybody should be a piece of parchment, it's me. My skin, though, is as smooth as anybody's who hasn't been in the sun." (Hamilton uses his own secret blend of suntan balm. Ingredients: aloe, vitamin E, germicide, PABA with a #4 SPF, and resin from some variety of Egyptian reed. He also visits a rejuvenation clinic in Tijuana where he has his blood "washed.") Asked if the surgeon's knife had anything to do with his youthful glow, Hamilton replies with a straight, albeit slightly tight-skinned face: "Never. Nothing. No. Never." *Nada. Nyet. No way. Uh, Uh. Ix-nay.*

First impressions of Hamilton would indicate a man with too much energy, too much easy charm, too winning a way with the ladies. Too vain. Too jaunty a smile. Languorously arranged in the back seat of a white stretch Cadillac limousine as he darts about Los Angeles attending to errands, he crosses his legs so that the calf of the top leg hangs parallel to the calf of the supporting leg. His wrists seem a bit thin. Stomach a little *too* flat. Despite all this, at forty-eight, Hamilton is one of the best-looking men you've ever seen.

So much for surface impressions. He is a Southerner and a gentleman—and the charm and grace are genuine and most compelling. He is remarkably free of artifice, knows exactly what the world thinks of him, is the possessor of a delightful sense of humor, and when he's gone, you miss him—something you just can't say about most well-known movie people. Very much a man's man, he plays tennis every day and skis almost every weekend. (He has given up polo, a sport in which wealthy players spend vast amounts of money to rent trained horses and professional teammates—all in an effort to make themselves look good. "The whole point of a team" he says, "is that you get yourself a couple of real pros, then they tap the ball up to you so that you get to kick it in the goal. Actually, the horse can almost do it himself.") Hamilton also enjoys studiously manly pursuits like hunting and investing. He has done well in real estate over the years, a sideline that has allowed him a life style outsized in comparison to his movie income. His first purchase was the main house at Pickfair, the thirty-nine-room estate Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford built for themselves. He was twenty-one and paid $135,000 for it. More recently, he sold the house constructed in 1922 for Charlie Chaplin to Adnan Khashoggi, for a rumored $5 million.

In the course of one lunch we have, any number of male friends come over to his table for a show of hale-fellow, well-met heartiness, including Lester Persky, the film producer and former Warholian, and Elton Rule, the smooth former president of ABC.

"Did you make some money on your stock today?" Rule asks him.

"I sure did." Hamilton replies. "I sold out yesterday. I had options at 8¾. The upside to me was 20. The downside was 10. And when Marvin Davis came in yesterday and said 17 with contingencies, it meant to me that was kind of self-serving. I thought, 'If it's really only worth 17 to 20, I'll get out.' So I sold it at 15¾."

"Spend it well." Rule smiles and glides back across the room to join his luncheon companions.

Knowing that Marvin Davis, the overfed Denver oil man who used to own Twentieth-Century Fox, was then in the process of accumulating Orion stock, I ask Hamilton if that was what he had sold. The first words out of his mouth: *"But I wasn't acting on inside information."*

During another lunch, at the St. James's Club on Sunset, he manages to wave to, buss, or say hello to almost every woman in the restaurant. Working the room in the course of a busy exit, he swoops down upon a table of lunching women, some with vast amounts of breast showing—this is lunch, remember—and all of whom look like Bond girls. He is kissing them. He is telling them how great they look. He compliments one on the twelve pounds she has lost on a fast of his own recommendation. And as he moves from one woman to the next, the eyes of the ones he has just left follow him. At the head of the table, and the one making the greatest fuss *(Continued on page 310)*

alec baldwin

"I don't think I've ever been cast in a part where extreme good looks were what they were after." Modesty is getting Alec Baldwin (*right*) everywhere. There's a powerful hot/cold dynamic at work in this thirty-year-old actor: fluorescent blue eyes and chest hair like a Van Gogh wheatfield; a jaw that's strong and a chin that's rounded; an aura that changes from leading man to boy-next-door with a shift of the head.

"Pretty pimpy," Baldwin calls his first roles in soaps and TV movies; but those who could keep their eyes off his chest in *Dress Gray* saw a performance both sensitive and tough. Two years ago, he walked off with a Theater World Award for his Broadway debut in Joe Orton's *Loot*. A half dozen films followed; right now he can be seen in Jonathan Demme's *Married to the Mob*.

The son of a high-school civics teacher, Baldwin once thought of entering politics. His idea of fun in L.A. is manning the phones for Tom Hayden; a New York night on the town might include a political-science seminar at The New School with brother Billy, twenty-five, a Ford model and "the family's really good-looking one." A girlfriend complains that what Alec really wants is "Ted Koppel in a dress."

After acting and politics, what excites Baldwin most is shoes. "I'm obsessed," he says. "I'd love to flip out and buy . . ."—he waves his hands in the air—"I could spend thirty thousand dollars . . ." The prospect alarms him, so he doesn't shop much. Besides, he says, "Who has the time?" —STEPHEN RAE

Helmut Newton

What gives here? A little surrealist role-playing: Artist Edward Ruscha as model, Model Tatjana as observer. The rest is all real: Helmut Newton in his director/photographer role. Ruscha's studio and his work in progress. Even Tatjana's cast and crutches (needed when these photos were taken). And the swimsuits, of course: Covered shapes. Rich textures. Strong black or white....All covered but all body, opposite: Donna Karan New York's cotton/Lycra maillot. About $100. Bergdorf Goodman....Two fabrics, two textures, *this page:* Norma Kamali's lycra jersey bikini and top (about $86) with its own sheer jersey shirt (about $60). OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Rings, Tiffany & Co. For details, see next to last pages.

Helmut Newton

new

waves

new waves

Transference: Calvin Klein adapts the look of his high-waisted skirts and slip-strapped tops, *this page*, to a sophisticated nylon/Lycra swimsuit. About $70. Barneys New York; Nan Duskin.... The lingerie/lace influence, *opposite*, in Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's suit of stretch lace. With an opaque tank maillot (not shown), about $440. Barneys New York; Knit Wit, Philadelphia.... *Beauty Note:* To promote sunless tanning, Giorgio Beverly Hills Self-Tanning lotion....Part of the picture: Ruscha at work. He says, "Words are my favorite subjects. I paint words as other people paint flowers." These four pages: makeup, Paul Gobel. For more details, see last pages of this issue.

Helmut Newton

Coming attractions

Signs of things to come for fall—and elements to go for right now—on these ten pages. They're not necessarily "total looks" but, often, the one strong element that turns a look. What does it? A standout accessory, new-shape sweater or pants...color!

Patrick Demarchelier

uncommon jewelry: *opposite*, 18k-gold amulets. At the Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman... **new-shape pants,** such as Calvin Klein's wool, *this page*. About $490 each. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Calvin Klein Footwear.... *Beauty Note:* On lips, Lancôme's Capucine. Hair, these ten pages, Suga/Suga salon, NYC. Makeup, *left*, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages.

current attractions

easy dressing with racier style, any-season appeal from Ronaldus Shamask. *Left:* a drawstring jacket (about $615) and new-shape pants (about $330) in wool gabardine. Bloomingdale's. . . . **washed silk**—one key to this dressing. *Right,* Shamask's way—short jacket (about $680) and matching trousers (about $440). Bloomingdale's. Makeup, *left,* by Lydia Snyder; *right,* by Kevyn Aucoin. Details, see last pages.

knitting attractions

Patrick Demarchelier

a new edge... to knitting...the story on these six pages. Differences: new light weights, small shapes, and color—giving everything yet another turn. Plus—on these two pages —neckline changes for interesting new sweater effects... One of "the best and the brightest"? The top from Oscar de la Renta Cashmere, *left*. About $520. The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour and Boca Raton FL; Balliet's; Bullocks Wilshire. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, J.P. Tod's....The new **neckline twist** at Romeo Gigli, *right*: his cashmere dress and top in singular Gigli style. Tank, about $378; dress, about $1083. Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Pancaldi....

Beauty Note: The soft color on lips, *left*—Aziza's Plumrose lipgloss. Makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Details, stores, see last pages.

knitting attractions

knitting as a starting point, color as the turning point. Perfect—colorful—examples: the wool body suits here. *This page*, from Genny, about $375. Late July at Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC; Bacci's, British Columbia, Canada. *Opposite*, by Giorgio Sant'Angelo Knits, about $88....

big mufflers in sharp brights to wrap and wrap, *opposite*. Giorgio Sant'Angelo Knits' lambswool/angora scarves (each, about $88) and lambswool body suit. Late June at Henri Bendel....

Beauty Note: *Opposite*, Almay's Honey Spice lipstick. Makeup, *this page*, Kevyn Aucoin; *opposite*, Andrea Paoletti. Details, see last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

knits that wrap...
This page, the new-age sweater set in lambswool/angora. Giorgio Sant'Angelo Knits tank, about $42; wrap, about $116. Henri Bendel. ...An interesting **color mix** sparks basics. *Opposite,* Sprouse by Stephen Sprouse's polo sweater (about $150) ties over mocha and chartreuse. Sweater, Saks Fifth Avenue. ...*Beauty Note:* *This page,* Clinique's Peach Superlipstick. Makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

knitting attractions

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

When hemlines are up and down, above-the-knee, in-between, or nipping at ankles: the tricks, the dressing differences—between what works and what doesn't . . .

Hemlines these days are much like the Dow Jones: up and down, bouncing around, seemingly all over the place when you look at a diversity of items. Each skirt length in this issue, though, has a particular character of its own. What makes a length "work," in most cases, starts with a garment's specific shape. What makes the difference when you wear it is the look of stockings, shoes.

The easiest route—and one many designers are taking on fall runways: matte black stockings, black shoes—for just about any and every length around. Heel heights start at very flat, then go up from there. Generally, lower heels look newer, seem to work best. And for most women, probably the best part of this: high stiletto heels, noticeably, aren't the news of the season.

By day, with tailored clothes, this picture (1) says it all: "all" in the sense of different choices, different women. Cathy Hardwick's yellow corduroy skirt (*right*) stops short—a number of inches above the knee; shoes and stockings give a long, uninterrupted line of black; heels are flat. For a skirt with more length (*left*), shoes have a bit more heel; at another time, perhaps, a stacked heel that's even somewhat higher. Just-above-knee lengths this season are probably where you'll opt for heels with the greatest height. But even those higher heels, you'll find, now come with a certain width; they're stacked, angled, or have a somehow sculpted shape. **The best heels are sleek but not delicate; a few inches high.**

Another option to a flat shoe? An ankle boot: equally flat, decidedly fitted. On the runway, Karl Lagerfeld (3) put short boots with lean, long—inches-below-knee—Chanel skirts: what makes them work is the boots' "dressed" look (this season's come in paper-thin suede; in soft, satiny textured leather) and the boots' inherent trimness. What works equally well with longer, narrow skirts are new pumps with "Louis" heels—heels that are low, curvy, charming enough for the Sun King. The trick: with either one, stockings stay dark, matte, matched to the shoe for a long, unbroken line.

And that pump with a low, curvy heel is probably the most versatile shoe that you'll find now: to give the right amount of lift to this season's softer, wide-legged pants (5) or a long, sweeping length (2) like the romantic skirts of Claude Montana. Hands-down winners: shoes and boots in suede—blacks, greys, softened browns, a new color that's deep plum or Dubonnet. The newest neutral? Deeply dark green suede—to wear with navy, black, new foresty colors; to put with a black or green bag of another matte texture. As with any of this season's dark suede shoes, stockings stay dark—in black or matched to the shoe. **Matte finished or with the least bit of sheen, stockings now are densely colored, not visibly "textured."**

Where more color comes in? When you come to dressing in pants (5): particularly when those pants are tailored, wide-legged, cropped to a new length that shows shoe and ankle. "Color" in this case might mean purple silk socks in a man's "dress" weight or low-heeled pumps of fuchsia suede . . . or a bit of orange stocking showing out above a bootie.

Even new over-the-knee boots, this season, come neatly sleek, in suede, something for an above-knee (4) skirt with a bit of swing . . . or to pull up and over pants that are narrow. What you'll notice: hemlines, at this moment, may be up and down. The look of stockings, boots, and shoes, though, is remarkably consistent.

SALON SECRETS
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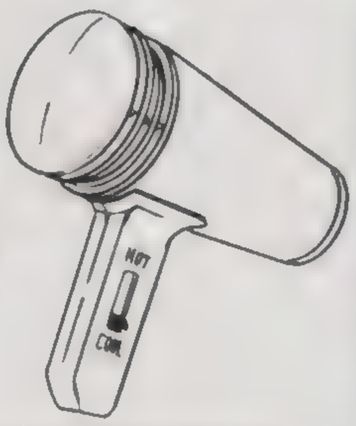
CONDITION ALL OVER

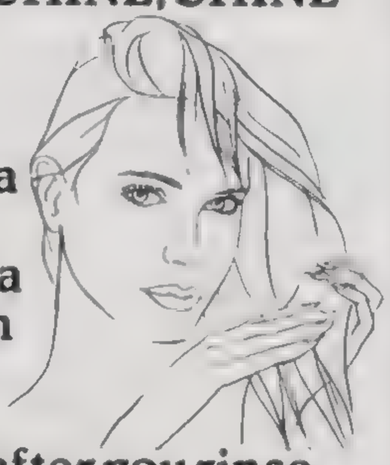
Make sure you comb conditioner through your hair before you rinse. Dried-out hair needs moisture everywhere.

STYLING FOR SOFTNESS



For softer, silkier hair always set your dryer on cool and style with a vent brush or your fingers to prevent overdrying and damage.

SHINE, SHINE, SHINE



To give dry hair some extra shine, apply just a light touch of conditioner to your hair after you rinse. Then, style as usual.

And for hold *plus* softness, try Jhirmack's E.F.A. mousse created especially for dried-out hair. You'll love the look, the feel and the shine it gives to your hair.

You color and perm for the look of it, now use Jhirmack E.F.A. for the touch of it. Your hair will feel as beautiful as it looks.

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Jhirmack®

health style

Fake fat...storing blood...intimacy needs...
allergy hype...swimming and bones...genetic bias?

"Born" liberal?

Most of us like to believe that our views on politics, society, and art reflect the sum of our unique life experiences; but behavioral geneticists are finding that social attitudes—along with many aspects of personality—seem, at least in part, to be inherited.

Researchers studying family similarities for social attitudes use questionnaires that test liberal-versus-conservative tendencies by asking people how they feel about a wide range of issues. "When these questionnaires were given to several thousand twins, *identical* twins tended to be much more alike in their attitudes than *nonidentical* twins," says Lindon Eaves, Ph.D., distinguished professor of human genetics, Medical College of Virginia. Comparing identical and fraternal twins is the classic method for sorting out the relative influences of environment and heredity, as identical twins carry the same genes, nonidentical twins do not; both kinds share the same environment. Although the research is inconclusive, it raises important questions about how our attitudes are formed.

Despite "generation gap" clichés, liberalism or conservatism seems to run in families. One explanation, says Dr. Eaves, is that social attitudes play a crucial role in mate selection. "Husbands and wives can be as alike in their attitudes as identical twins. If ultra-conservative marries ultra-conservative, there's a good chance their child will turn out the same."

THE NEW BLOOD BANKERS

This year, up to 460 people in the United States may contract the AIDS virus by receiving a blood transfusion, predict experts at the Centers for Disease Control. The reason: the time period (about one to four months) between when a person first contracts the disease and when the antibodies are detectable in the blood through standard tests.

Although experts at the American Red Cross emphasize the vital need for a safe community blood pool, many individuals are considering storing their own blood as a kind of "health insurance" against contracting any infectious disease through a transfusion in the future. The practice is stirring debate among experts. The FDA says blood can be stored in liquid form from three to six weeks, depending on the way the blood is preserved, and for up to ten years if it's frozen. Is blood storing a practical option?

"The answer varies depending on one's situation," says Gerald Sandler, M.D., associate vice president for blood services, American Red Cross. "If a healthy woman is facing elective surgery, she may want to donate blood for her own use in the weeks before surgery to be stored in liquid form. This procedure should not present a health risk, as long as she's not anemic."

What about frozen blood storage, offered primarily by private organizations? "The Red Cross does not encourage this without a medical need," says Dr. Sandler. "In most cases patients will end up not using the blood because it can't be retrieved quickly in an emergency."

Others disagree. Joseph Feldschuh, M.D., clinical assistant professor of medicine at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and president of Daxor Corporation, which offers frozen blood storage, says, "Most blood transfusions are given more than two hours after a patient arrives at a hospital. That's more than enough time to prepare frozen blood for transfusion and to deliver it to the patient in the hospital."

Perhaps the strongest objection to self-blood storage is an ethical one: "The Red Cross believes that people who are healthy and capable of donating blood should make the blood available to the community; the goal should be a community blood supply that's perfectly safe," says Dr. Sandler.

NEIL KIRK Hair Daniel Philips, makeup, Moyra Mulholland Fashion details, last pages

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GLIDE

health style

A new survey finds that many people buy toothbrushes less than once a year. In fact, toothbrushes should be replaced as often as every three to four months, according to the American Dental Association.

ALLERGY SCAMS

The American Academy of Allergy's latest warning: doctors are increasingly offering controversial—and often costly—diagnosis and treatment methods as if they were proven techniques. Two examples: "cytotoxicity" testing, in which blood cells are submitted to multiple laboratory examinations to determine if they are "susceptible" to allergens; and "provocation and neutralization," in which an allergenic substance is injected to provoke symptoms, then given in progressively smaller doses, supposedly to "neutralize" the allergic reaction.

Even skin testing—while an important tool in the hands of a trained allergist—can be abused. Some doctors test for substances that don't cause allergies, such as tobacco smoke; or test for a long list of substances and offer treatment against allergens that aren't causing symptoms. Says Howard Druce, M.D., assistant professor of internal medicine, St. Louis University School of Medicine, "A positive skin test, by itself, is not proof of an allergy. It should be used only to confirm an allergy that is suspected because exposure causes allergic symptoms."

Does swimming help to build bone mass, prevent osteoporosis later in life? The question has been debated among experts who emphasize that for bone density to increase, the gravitational stress of weight has to be put on bones during exercise; swimming places the body in a semi-weightless environment, and therefore has been thought not to increase bone mass. Recent studies, however, suggest swimming might do so, but not nearly as effectively as weight-bearing exercises such as jogging, biking, or tennis.

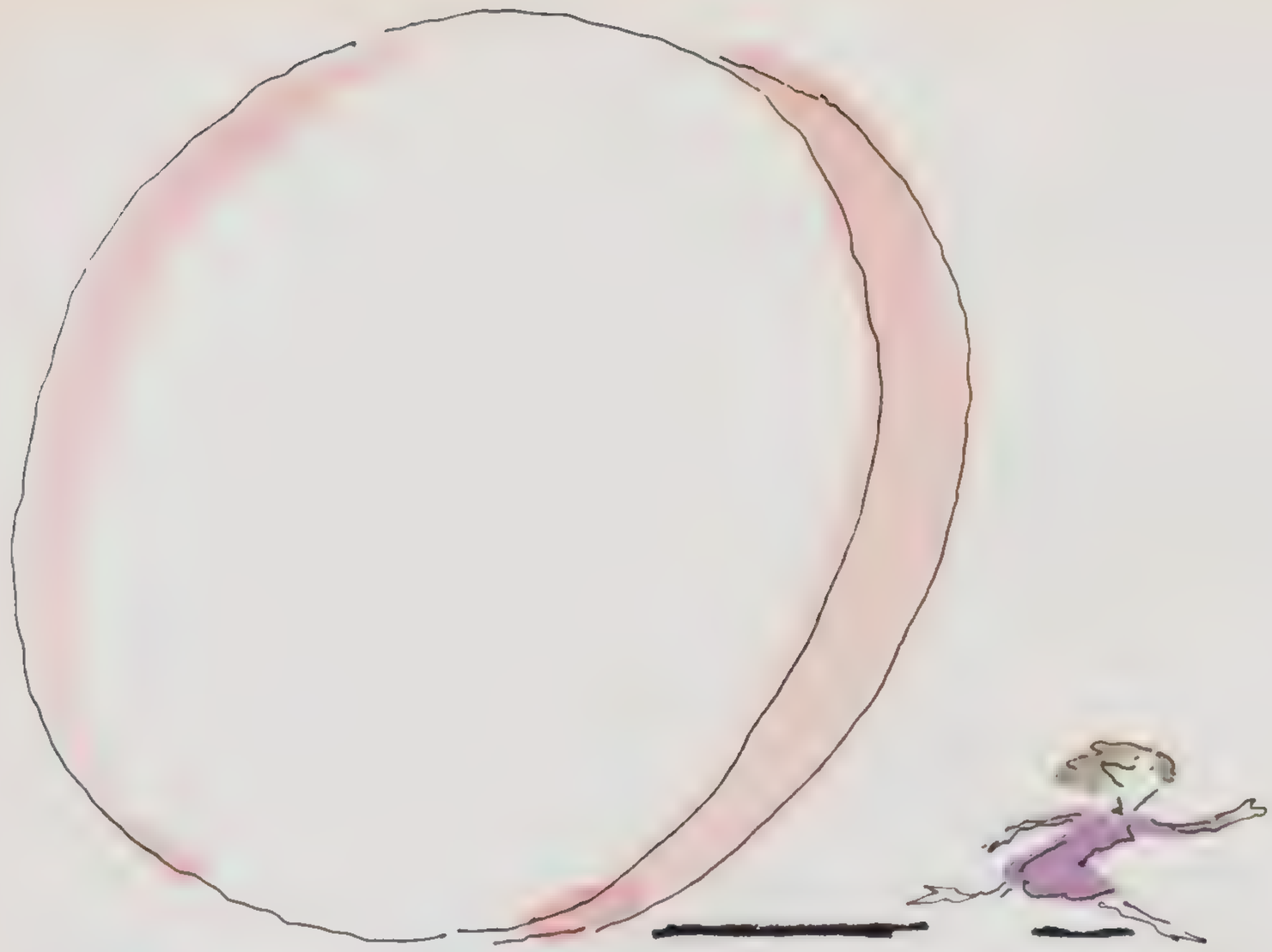
One study, conducted at the University of North Carolina, compared the bone density of women on the college swim team, tennis team, and those who did not exercise regularly. Results? Spinal bone density of swimmers was significantly less than that of tennis players, and only slightly better than that of non-team members. "Swimming is an excellent exercise for cardiovascular benefits and for building strong muscles," says Walter B. Beaver, M.D., chief orthopedic resident, Hospital for Special Surgery, NYC, who conducted the study. "But if a woman wants to maximize her bone mass, it may be best to combine swimming with weight-bearing exercises." One idea, suggests orthopedic surgeon Joseph Lane, M.D.: "After swimming laps, stand in the shallow end of the pool; stretch up on toes, down on heels. Work up to fifty repetitions."

lyme disease alert

Lyme disease—which peaks in June and July—is spreading: cases have now been reported in thirty-two states. Bites by the tiny animal-borne tick that carries Lyme disease are rarely noticed; and only half of all people infected by a tick will develop classic symptoms: a flu-like illness usually accompanied by a red rash spreading from the site of the bite. Other victims may notice no symptoms at all or find that they feel slightly unwell for a few weeks, after which time they recover until the disease resurfaces, months later.

The first symptoms may be arthritic pain and swelling in knees or elbows. "In other people, the first sign may be neurologic: weakness in facial muscles, lower back discomfort without a prior injury or other cause, or a meningitis-like illness," says John Halperin, M.D., assistant professor of neurology, State University of New York at Stony Brook. A simple blood test can identify Lyme disease infection; penicillin is curative in early stages, newer antibiotics in later stages.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER [illegible]



IS IT TIME TO GET AWAY FROM THE PILL?

For lots of women, there's nothing like the Pill. After all, it's effective. It's nice and neat. And it provides all the spontaneity you could ask for.

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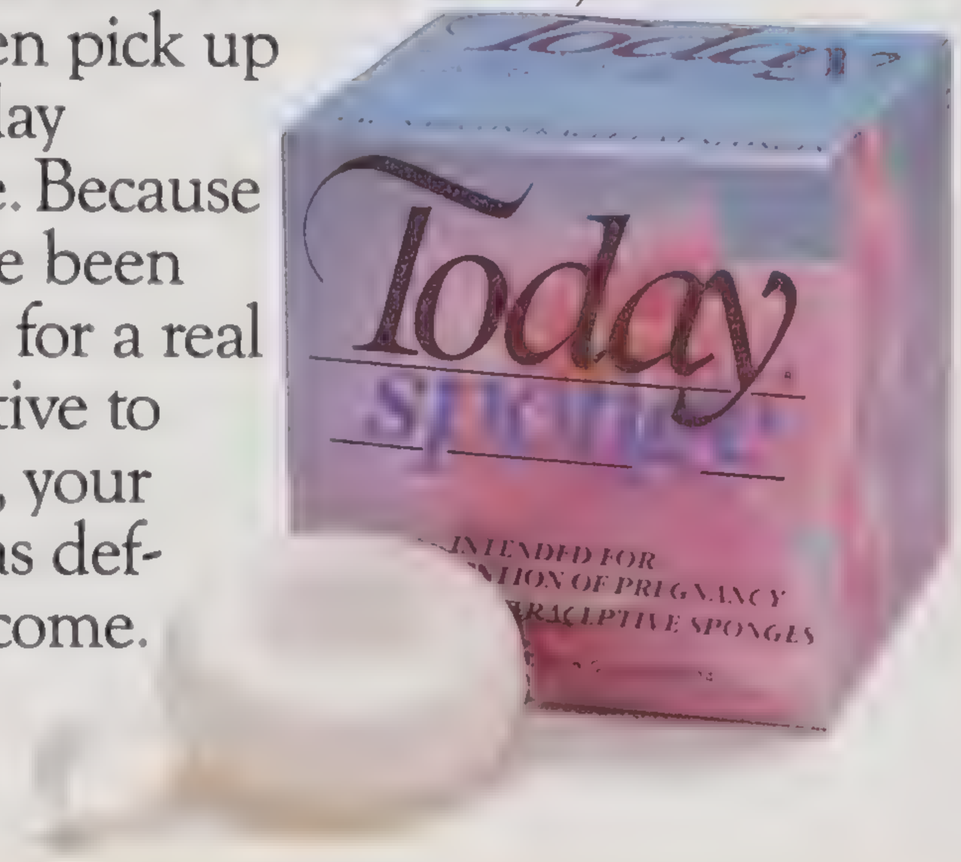
Then pick up the Today Sponge. Because if you've been waiting for a real alternative to the Pill, your time has definitely come.



*Women can expect an annual effectiveness rate of 89-91% if they use the Today Sponge consistently and according to label instructions. In clinical trials including women who did not use the Today Sponge consistently and properly, the effectiveness was 84-87%. Use as directed

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health style

Your diet: fake fat

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

Is America on the brink of a fake food trend? Maybe. Years ago, evidence that Americans were consuming too much sugar led to sugar substitutes that are now integral to the American diet. Recent concerns about Americans' overconsumption of fat have spurred the food industry to come up with fake fat—a solution that preserves the taste of fat but eliminates its possible health risks. Earlier this year, NutraSweet Company announced the development of its low-calorie/cholesterol-free fat substitute "Simplesse." Previously, Procter & Gamble had applied for approval from the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) for its no-calorie fat substitute "Olestra." Both products could be incorporated in foods as early as next year—which would substantially change the way Americans eat.

Fat substitutes: safe?

Proponents of the new artificial fats note that low- or no-fat food options could mean a decrease in heart disease, obesity, breast and colon cancers, and other diseases linked to high-fat diets. Other experts are concerned about the effects that too much "fake" food could have on the nation's health and question whether artificial fats will prove to be safe or effective in weight control.

Artificial fats: Dieter's dream? Or nutritional risk?

Everyone needs to consume some fats, which are necessary for absorption of fat-soluble vitamins A,D,E, and K, as well as essential fatty acids (needed for healthy skin and proper metabolism). But American women consume, on average, about 7 percent over the 30 percent of total calories recommended by the American Heart Association. At 9 calories per gram (compared to only 4 calories per gram for carbohydrates and protein), fats are the most calorie-dense foods; and cutting back on fats is essential to any weight-loss program. In some ways, our tendency to enjoy high-fat foods is easy to understand: fats supply aromas, flavors, and textures to foods. Because they take longer to metabolize than other types of food, fats make you feel fuller longer after a meal. Chances are, you're already consuming some foods that contain a fat substitute. In low-calorie salad dressings, for example, some of the oil is replaced with gums. Some frozen desserts contain a processed starch that feels and tastes like fat.

Fake fat: natural vs. artificial

The difference between the "new" fat substitutes and those fat alternatives is that Simplesse and Olestra are attempts to replicate more natural-fat qualities—taste, texture, and cooking properties. Manufacturers have taken completely new approaches.

Simplesse is made of protein from milk or egg white that has been heated and shaped into tiny, round flavorless particles—more than 50 million per teaspoon. Added to salad dressings and dairy products (such as imitation ice cream), these particles give foods the smoothness and creaminess associated with fat—without the calories (only 1⅓ calories per gram). One half tablespoon of butter substitute made with Simplesse would have about 12 calories compared to butter's 50. One drawback: Simplesse cannot be used for frying because its particles coagulate with heat. The body appears to digest Simplesse in much the same way it does any protein—one reason that people allergic to milk and eggs will probably also react adversely to Simplesse. NutraSweet claims that because Simplesse is made only with natural ingredients, and that the changes are physical—not chemical—alterations, FDA approval is not needed to manufacture it. Still, at the urging of the FDA, NutraSweet plans to submit data to qualify for the FDA's GRAS ("Generally Recognized As Safe") list. Meanwhile, the company is testing products that will contain Simplesse—and that could be on the market within a year.

Procter & Gamble's "Olestra," on the other hand, is a synthetic calorie-free fat substitute made up of sucrose polyesters, which are combinations of sugar and fatty acids. Preliminary studies have indicated that Olestra can lower blood cholesterol levels by inhibiting the absorption of cholesterol from foods. Unlike Simplesse and existing fat substitutes, Olestra can be used for frying (reducing the calories in 2½ ounces of fried onion rings, for example, from 270 to 160), as well as in margarine, chocolate, ice cream, and other desserts.

It took Procter & Gamble more than fifteen years to develop Olestra and to submit it to the FDA for approval. One reason is that Olestra may cause diarrhea if eaten in large amounts. However, this is unlikely to be a problem, because Procter & Gamble has requested approval to replace only 35 to 75 percent of fat in foods. Though some experts claim Olestra inhibits the absorption of fat-soluble vitamins from other foods, clinical trials indicate that only Vitamin E—which Olestra is enriched with—is likely to be significantly affected. The Center for Science in the Public Interest says that, in early research, Olestra caused leukemia, tumors, and liver problems in laboratory animals and that more research is needed. According to Procter & Gamble, other studies don't show evidence of these changes.

The experts' view

Nutritionists view the future of fake fats with mixed emotions. Although these products might help people at risk for heart disease to lower their fat intake and cholesterol levels, some people are likely to turn to fat substitutes as a cure for obesity. This is unlikely to be successful. Studies show that people who consume sugar substitutes tend to compensate for the reduction in calories by increasing caloric intake from other foods. Such is likely to be the case with fat substitutes. People who successfully maintain reduced weight do so by making permanent life-style changes; consuming foods with fat substitutes will probably not contribute to these changes. In fact, fat substitutes may make dieters less likely to learn how to eat sensibly because they will rely, instead, on "quick-fix" dieting approaches provided by artificial-fat foods. Also, as fat substitutes become more integral to the American diet, we may unknowingly consume foods that contain fat substitutes—which could interfere with the balance of nutrients in our diets. Fat substitutes, in the long run, could give consumers just one more potentially harmful ingredient to look out for and require Americans—more than ever—to become a nation of careful label-readers.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition, University of California, Davis.*

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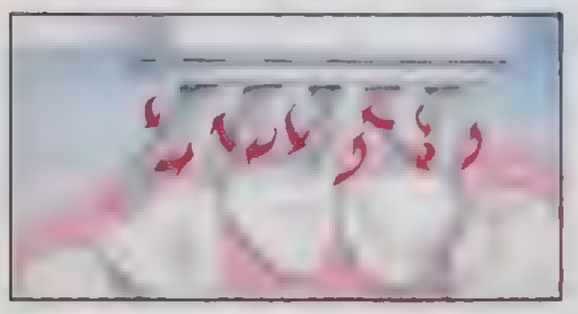

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The plaque your toothbrush leaves behind can lead to serious tooth and gum diseases. In fact, the American Academy of Periodontology says 100 million Americans now have periodontal (gum) disease—nearly a third in an advanced stage.

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Studies at Loyola University found Interplak left tooth surfaces 98.2% plaque-free—twice as effective as manual brushing. A University of Missouri study concluded, "Interplak . . . is superior to the manual brush in subgingival [below gum] and interproximal [between teeth] cleaning." Another clinical study of patients with orthodontic appliances found Interplak was also more effective in safely removing plaque and trapped food particles. (For a copy of the published results of eight clinical studies, call 800 344-5555.)

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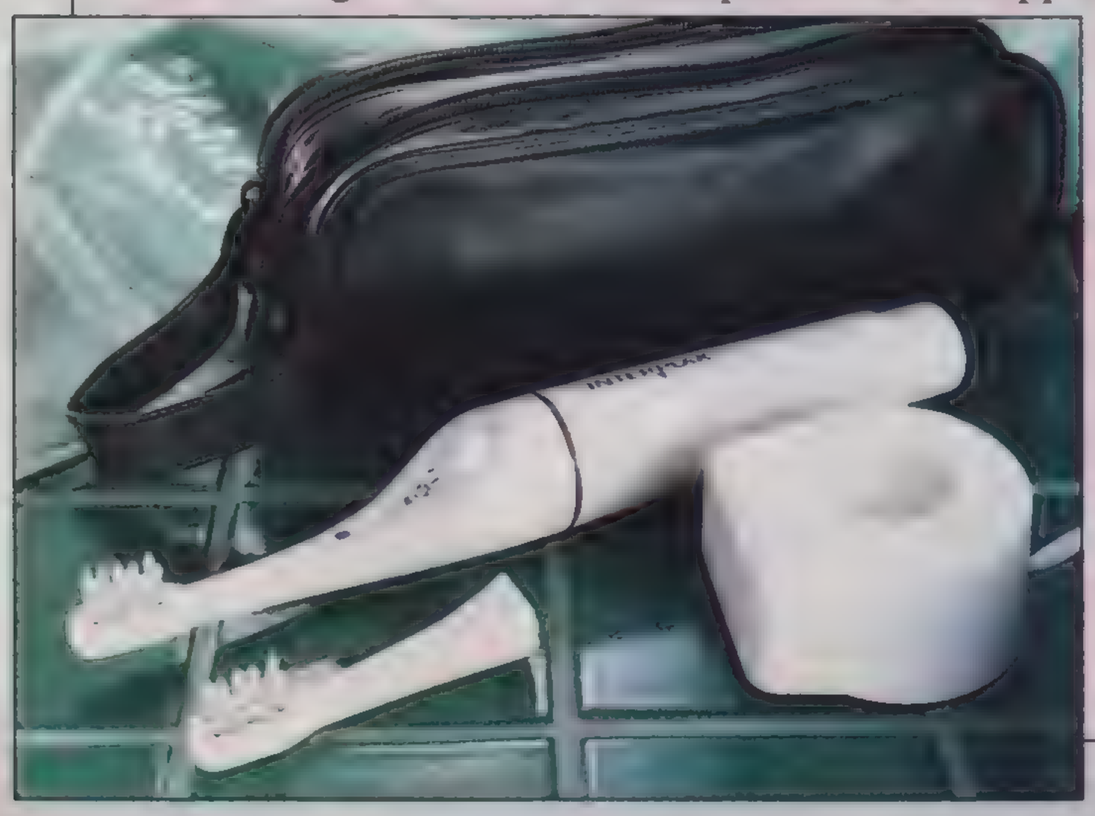

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health style

Your well-being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

People, today, are more aware of the importance of intimacy for achieving happiness and satisfaction with life. "A decade ago, the big issue was self-fulfillment; now it's bonding," psychiatrist Harold Lief, M.D., professor emeritus of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, was quoted as saying recently. "What we hear now is this cry for intimacy, a real anguish about not achieving [a] sense of closeness. . . ."

However sidetracked we become, intimacy remains a fundamental human need. It is how we experience our common humanity, share our happiness, and ease our sorrow. It is how we get to know one another and ourselves. When people are lonely, it's seldom because they lack friends but because they lack intimacy and are estranged not just from others but from themselves.

Intimate needs: bonding has replaced self-fulfillment

To psychologists, the ability to have an intimate relationship—which means being able to trust yourself and another person—is a sign of, and a requirement for, mental health. "Although men have been perceived as having less need or aptitude for intimacy than women, the difference between the sexes is slight, though consistent," says Dan P. McAdams, Ph.D., associate professor of psychology at Loyola University in Chicago, whose studies on intimacy will be included in a forthcoming book, *The Intimacy Motive* (Doubleday). It is the *effect* intimacy has on men and women, Dr. McAdams points out, that is quite different. "Women seem to feel happy as a direct result of experiencing intimacy and closeness; men gain a sense of confidence and emotional security that allows them to feel less stress about going out in the world."

Perhaps the best-known difference between the sexes: women are more comfortable than men about verbalizing feelings; men often gain a sense of intimacy from sharing nonverbal activities such as taking a walk, reading together, or touching.

Learning to better understand and to appreciate each other's "language" of intimacy is important; but what most often stops people from becoming intimate is fear—fear of feeling vulnerable or getting hurt, of being abandoned, of losing identity or control. Individuals who can take small, justifiable risks often learn they have greater strength and "survivability" than they realized. But many people protect themselves from intimacy with defenses that run the gamut from picking a fight to changing the subject, withdrawing, yawning, spilling something, or discovering "It's cold in here!" and jumping up to shut the window.

"Some individuals are skillful at handling another's defenses sensitively and graciously, reassuring the other person so the flow can go on," says Louis R. Ormont, Ph.D., clinical professor of psychology at the Gordon F. Derner Institute of Advanced Psychological Studies, Adelphi University, Garden City, NY, and a specialist in group analysis. He suggests taking responsibility when you realize someone is being defensive: "Oh, did I say something? I'm sorry, I must have touched a chord." The other may say, "Yes, I get a little edgy talking about it." "I feel the same way sometimes," you might add. "I wonder why." Such a comment opens the way for an intimate moment. "Intimacy is reciprocity between two people," says Dr. Ormont. "It's a moment in which two people retain their individuality yet are united emotionally, intellectually, spiritually, even physically."

To better understand one's own defenses against intimacy, Dr. Ormont suggests, "Don't work to overcome your fears. Accept all the things you are and study the hurdles you erect that interfere with intimacy. Simply by recognizing your defense mechanisms, you neutralize their effectiveness. As they fade, you'll find greater freedom to be responsive and spontaneous.

"Something new and different takes place during an intimate moment," sums up Dr. Ormont, "because two people feed into and fill up on the intimacy itself. Rather than feeding on each other, two people give to each other—and each is enriched."

Q

Contacts: sun protection? . . . summer-safe eating

Q At this time of year, I look forward to picnics. Is it true that I should avoid bringing foods that contain mayonnaise?

A Not necessarily. "Over the years, mayonnaise has gotten a reputation as being prone to spoil in warm weather, causing food poisoning," says Priscilla Levine, microbiologist with the United States Department of Agriculture's Food Safety and Inspection Service. "In fact, commercial mayonnaise is less likely than many other foods to cause food poisoning because it is made with vinegar and lemon juice and is very acidic. Food-contaminating bacteria don't grow well in an acidic environment and spread more easily in foods with a more neutral pH. Often, when a mayonnaise-containing food does spoil from lack of refrigeration, it's due to some other factor—the chicken in chicken salad, for example."

To prevent any food from spoiling, the USDA suggests that foods meant to be refrigerated should be kept at less than 40 degrees Fahrenheit. For more information, the USDA offers a free booklet "Safe Food To Go," FSIS Publications Office, Room 1165-S, USDA, Washington DC 20250.

Q I've heard that the sun can damage eyes; are risks greater for contact lens wearers?

A In recent years, doctors have concluded that frequent exposure to the sun's ultraviolet rays can increase risks of cataracts and retinal damage; "but wearing contact lenses does not make one more susceptible to ultraviolet damage," says Spencer E. Sherman, M.D., associate clinical professor of ophthalmology at Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, NYC. "Ordinary contact lenses don't protect eyes from the sun either, although some lenses now screen ultraviolet light."

Contact lenses do not protect eyelids (one of the most common sites for basal cell cancer); applying sunscreen to lids may irritate eyes, especially contact-lens wearers'. A better option: sunglasses with large lenses that offer total UV screening and cover eyes completely, as studies show a significant amount of UV radiation can penetrate eyes from the tops and sides of some sunglasses.

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PRIMAL STING

(Continued from page 250)

women and children follow. This is the keystone of Raoni's cause—the preservation of a culture, of which Aritana's village may be one of the last unadulterated examples.

After half an hour, the sun has set and the ceremony is over. A new ritual is timetabled. Some of the women spirit Trudie away, for no woman must see the ritual. Three large flutes are taken from the central hut, which is a kind of a village parliament, and we witness a primordial musical event, lit by the moon and of such hypnotic intensity that we all feel drugged. I glimpse Raoni moving to the rhythm of the music, and in that one gesture I realize who it is he reminds me of: the dignity, kingliness, and power that was Bob Marley, a man I met only once but would never forget. Here is his forest counterpart—the king of the Amazon, a champion of the oppressed, the voice of a nation. I notice Mino discreetly taping the performance on his Walkman.

We walk back in the darkness to the outpost. "I made a joke today. You smiled, J.P., but you didn't laugh."

"Really?"

"Yes, I asked if one of the cases had guns in it." J.P. smiles stiffly. "Well, did it?"

"No!"

"Then why are you reacting so strangely?"

"Well, eleven years ago, when I made the film about Raoni, I gave the Indians half of the royalties. I got them a bank account in São Paulo. It was at a time when a lot of Indians had been massacred by rubber tappers, slash-and-burn land grabbers, loggers, miners.

"Raoni said he needed my help. I said, 'Anything.' He told me he'd emptied the bank account and bought a hundred rifles and ammunition. I was shocked, but Raoni said it was the only way the Indians would survive—by defending themselves.

"He wanted me to get the guns to the Amazon for him. I said no; I could go to prison for gunrunning. He told me that a true friend of the Indians would. I had to agree, although I was terrified."

As much as I hate guns, I realize that I am in the center of a war where you're forced to take sides. J.P. has chosen his side, and the more I learn about these people, the more inclined I am to take it, too.

I dream that I am trapped in a dark house full of suffocating net curtains that I can't get through. I land with a thud, wrestling my mosquito net, the hammock swinging above me.

"Good morning, Sting."

"Er, good morning, Trudie." I hear tittering in the bushes. All of the Indians are heading toward the river with their toothbrushes, a strange sight reminiscent of *The Flintstones*.

"I want to take you to visit Tacuma this morning," J.P. announces. "He's an old friend of mine, the chief of the Kamaiura. He's the most powerful witch doctor in the area, and three days ago, he was struck by lightning. His 'number one spirit' protected him from death, but he's very weak. His village is about two hours away by bicycle. Let's get some coffee and set off."

I had not imagined this scenario—the four of us on bicycles, laughing and singing, acting as if the Amazon jungle were Hyde Park.

"Tacuma's village is by a lagoon. The Indians believe that all life started there. It's a large claim, but I suppose being isolated in the jungle can make one's myths a little egocentric. Anyway, life beginning in a lagoon isn't far from what modern science tells us, and if I were looking for the Garden of Eden, I would think that I had already found it here."

"So where is the forbidden fruit, my friend?"

"Progress, my friend. Progress."

Everyone is silent and lost in their own thoughts when suddenly, about two hundred yards in front of us, I see something startling. It is large and black and looking down the trail at us, and then it is gone, vanishing like a ghost.

"Did you see it?" asks J.P., excited. "It's the panther I heard them talking about last night. They have been hunting it for weeks."

There is a lot of confusion as to whether a black cat crossing your path is lucky or unlucky. My only thought is that if the cat happens to be a black panther, then we're either in for an awful lot of good luck or an awful lot of bad luck.

Tacuma's village is identical to Aritana's. The same majestic longhouses, the perfect circle, the village parliament in the center. His house is like a vast, dark cathedral. I am led through a series of curtains to Tacuma's chamber. A fire burns on the floor. Tacuma is in a hammock; two warriors tend the fire. It is estimated that Tacuma is in his seventies; his body is that of a young man.

> "When the trees die, the earth dies"

J.P. takes his hand and kisses it like a supplicant greeting the Pope. The strangeness of the scene has something of *Apocalypse Now* about it, when Martin Sheen meets Marlon Brando. We have stepped back in time to the Stone Age. This fire lighting the darkness has burned for a million years. I take a seat, staring into the flames. J.P. and Tacuma talk quietly. The two warriors are his sons. On learning this, I am overtaken by a wave of sadness: I miss my father. My father died of cancer but a week before. When I visited him in the hospital, I thought they had sent me to the wrong bed—I could no longer recognize him.

I remember taking his hand just as J.P. has taken Tacuma's. I searched for something to say. I told him that we had the same hands. He agreed, but said that I'd put my hands to much better use than he had. He'd never paid me a compliment before; and now he was gone, except that onstage at the Maracana, I'd felt he was with me. In front of two hundred thousand people, he was with me—a wake to end all wakes.

Tacuma looks to the flames. A roar of thunder is heard outside, and then the hiss of rain. Perhaps it's easy for witch doctors to have their words punctuated by the elements. A sense of drama or acute timing, who knows? Tacuma begins to speak with quiet intensity. J.P. translates for me: "The rain forest is being destroyed and so are the Indians. There will be great suffering, bloodshed, pestilence, anger, and shame." The flames begin to rise; the thunder roars again. "The world is in great danger. When the trees die, the earth dies. We will be orphans without a home, lost in the chaos of the storm."

Tacuma's house feels like it's afloat on a wild sea. The wind howls high above us in the rafters. We are in the hold of Noah's Ark, and the rain keeps falling.

We are back in Aritana's village. He asks me to try a bow and arrow. He demonstrates with incredible grace and strength, drawing the bowstring back to his right shoulder. The bow looks as if it is about to snap, and then the arrow is heading skyward, describing a perfect arc, landing on the ground halfway between the parliament and the longhouses.

Now it is my turn, and the whole village is watching. I haven't shot a bow and arrow since I was a kid. What if I hit somebody? Oh, God, what if I kill a child or even a dog? The arrow lands behind Aritana's house. Honor is satisfied.

By now, all the chiefs of the surviving tribes have gathered; we sit among them. Raoni is aware of our discomfort. He calms us with a touch of his hand—we are in no danger. A dance begins: four befeathered warriors and two boys with twigs tied to their arms, accompanied by a musician beating a hollow log. They perform "the dance of the river spirit."

The performance is over, and Aritana talks very seriously to J.P. "They want you to sing. They performed for you. Now it's your turn."

"Fair enough." I look at my audience. Stiff upper lip, you've faced audiences as hostile as this. My stiff upper lip wilts in the face of a row of stiff lower lips, hands massaging spears and rifle butts. "You ready, Mino?"

"Ooski."

We seek out some old pots and pans from Aritana's house.

"What shall we do, mon capitaine?" whispers Mino from the side of his mouth.

"We'll do 'Fragile.' Keep smiling."

A deep breath. I sing in Portuguese. Trigger fingers fidget. My voice wavers on the high notes. Mino misses a beat. Don't panic. This is working. Second verse, much better. Hit those notes, they can only kill you. Go out singing.

The song is over. One of the women giggles. I make my most theatrical bow and pause expectantly with my nose three inches from the ground. Do I hear appreciative noises?

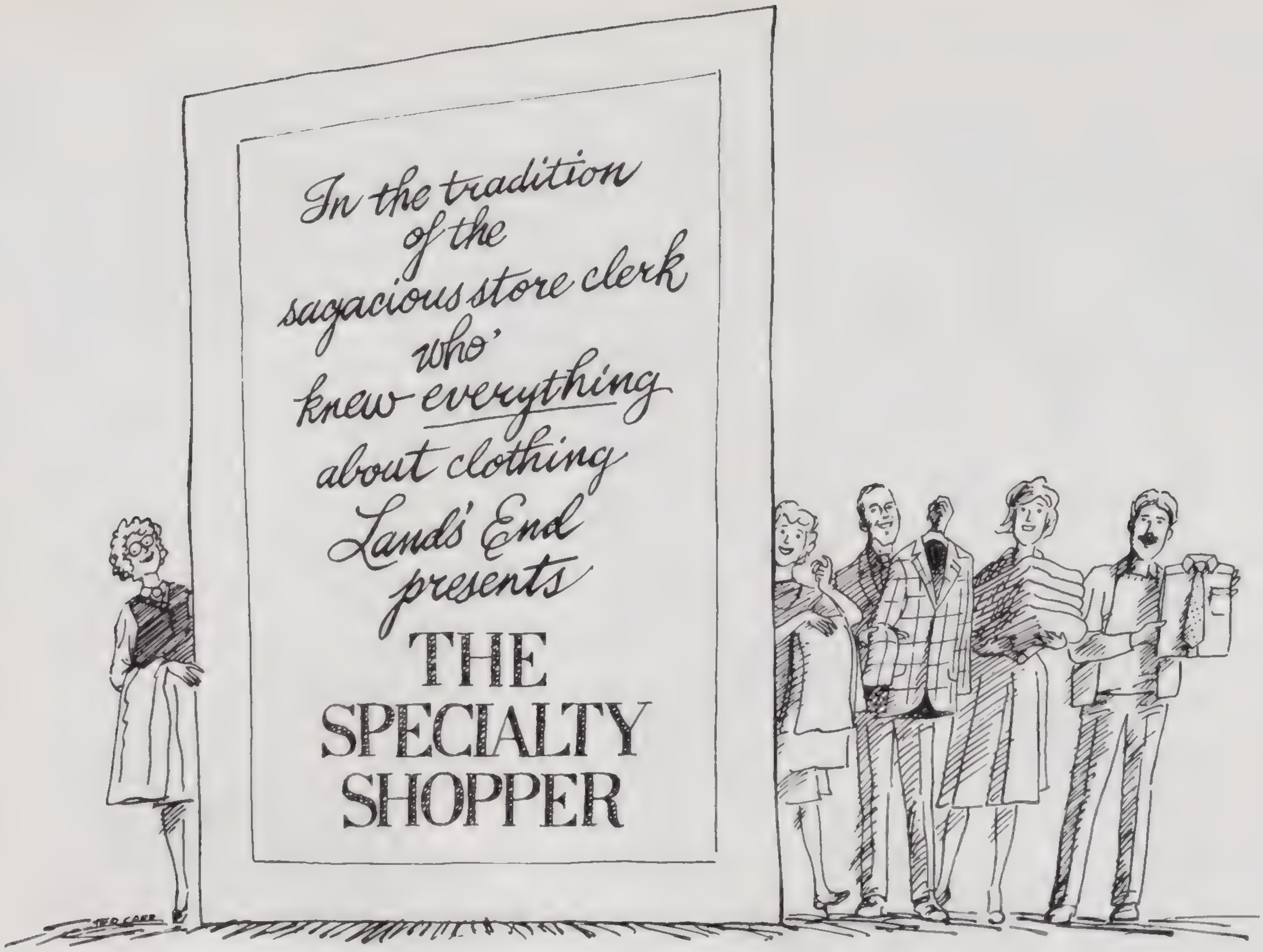
"Ooski!" whispers Mino.

"Aritana wants to paint you and Mino," says J.P.

They want to paint the snake god—their most powerful symbol—on our chests and backs. With red dye, they dab the markings of the *surucucu da jucca depico*, which I am told is the most deadly snake in South America. In English, it's known as a pit viper. Rarely seen, but like all deadly things here, respected.

"Forty-five minutes of excruciating agony before death. Its venom attacks the central nervous system," says Trudie cheerfully.

J.P. interrupts. *(Continued on page 307)*



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PRIMAL STING

(Continued from page 304)

"Raoni wants to speak to you."

We are sitting in a circle. Raoni speaks slowly, clearly, and with passion, despite the plate in his lip. "We want nothing from the white man. He has brought us only death, illness, and murder. He has stolen and destroyed our forest. He wants to destroy it all.

"We want to be left alone to live as our ancestors did. We want our children to inherit the forest. We do not want our blood mixed with that of whites. We don't want to live in your cities. We want to stay here—it is our right. Now you must tell us what you think."

"I am honored to be your guest here, and you have treated me kindly," I answer. "I believe that the forest is yours. But the white man has no real home. He is lost in a world that he doesn't understand. He has ceased to communicate with the spirits of the earth and the forest, the river and the air. So he is alone.

"Unhappy, he searches for happiness, and when he sees happiness in others, he becomes angry and wants to destroy it because inside he is empty. I am not a politician, I am only a singer, but many people listen to me. I promise you that whenever I can speak on your behalf, I will do so. I shall tell your story to whomever I can because you are the protectors of the forest; and if the forest dies, so does the earth. Even a white man can understand this."

Raoni looks content.

"J.P., have you ever been in any real danger here?"

"Oh, yes. If you ever see the movie, you'll see a scene where one of the chiefs urges the killing of whites and suggests that they start with the film crew to show their strength. There is a close-up of me looking terrified. Raoni saved us that time by pointing out how useful the film would be to their cause." At that moment, we are interrupted by an uninvited guest: a giant green tarantula is marching straight at me.

"Move very slowly. They jump."

Mino and I are still in full war paint, but the tarantula isn't even remotely impressed. J.P. slowly reaches for one of the shelves and picks up an empty Maxwell House jar. He carefully lowers the jar over the hairy beast.

"God, he's ugly. Where's the corkscrew?"

Back in our hammocks: the red dye on our bodies is apparently repugnant to mosquitoes. No net curtains tonight. I'm in a deep sleep. A gentle breeze rocks my hammock from side to side, like a cradle. A scream wrenches me violently awake.

"Sting, there's a snake. Wake up."

"Trudie, you're dreaming."

"No, I'm not. Wake up."

I reach for the flashlight. There, in front of us, is an enormous snake, its head raised and poised to strike. Our bodyguards have fallen out of their hammocks by now. They see the snake and start screaming.

"*Surucucu da jucca depico!*"

They run off into the jungle. We're alone with this thing.

"Did I hear right?"

"I think you did."

Mino is still in his hammock.

"Mino, are you awake?"

"Ooski."

"Get out of the hammock very slowly. No, not that side."

"Ooski."

The snake is motionless, trying to hypnotize us. I shudder when I realize that Mino and I are wearing his markings. We are still.

"We must move back very slowly," Trudie whispers. "These fuckers can jump."

Whack. The snake has been clubbed over the head with a long stick—our warriors have returned. Again they hit it. The snake recoils in silent agony. Again, and again.

"*Surucucu da jucca depico!*"

The snake moves again. Whack. It is dead.

J.P. and Captain Kelly have been woken by the noise. They see the snake. "My God, you are very lucky. This snake was cold. It was looking for a warm body to get next to."

The Indians are pointing to our war paint. "They say he never comes to a village. The sign on your bodies attracted him. He sacrificed himself. It will give you great power."

I feel sorry for the creature.

"I think you all owe Trudie your lives," says J.P. The noise has awakened the outpost. The dead snake is greeted with awe. Everybody begins to mark themselves with the blood of the viper.

"Powerful medicine," says Captain Kelly.

Mino and I are in the river attempting to wash off our war paint, as it's going to feel a little sticky under Western clothes in Pôrto Alegre tonight. Our snake is where we left him. Held at arm's length, he is over six feet long. Captain Kelly has removed one of its fangs to give to me.

We make our way to the airfield where there's a plane waiting for us; soon we are in the air, high above the jungle, heading for a town called Bangy-Bangy, where we will catch another small plane to Brasília.

"Well?" asks J.P.

"Okay, it was an unbelievable trip."

"Is that all? What are you going to do?"

"I'll speak to Amnesty International next week at the conference in São Paulo."

"As long it's not some idealistic tripe about the noble savage."

"No. They are just people with human rights. It's not the noble savage I have a sense of, but the nobility of the species. In some ways, Western man is in reverse evolution. The Xingu Indians can remind us who we really are. They must survive."

"Here's to Raoni!"

"And the *surucucu da jucca depico* . . ."

"And the tarantula . . ."

"And the panther . . ."

"And the rain forest . . ."

"And the rain forest . . ."

"Ooski!" ▽

FASHION

(Continued from page 237)

Grace Mirabella: *I would agree with Calvin, if that's what it takes to make things look better at different price levels.*

Ronaldus Shamask: I would agree with Geoffrey. When I first started nine years ago, my clothes had more to do with rethinking structure and engineering than they had to do with fashion. However, certain people did think they were fashion. And I would do something like a spiral coat with winding seams and it would take me forever. Then somebody would make hundreds, which means that a person who bought my coat paid a fortune for it and saw all the cheaper coats everywhere.

Calvin Klein: If you want to be the inventor, then you have to keep inventing new things. We live in a free sociey. There are no copyrights on our designs. People can interpret them. I don't mind it. The real challenge we have is to keep coming up with something new.

Grace Mirabella: *You can't have a fashion conversation today without talking about hemlines, about length.*

Calvin Klein: I've never gotten more phone calls—from *The Wall Street Journal*, from everywhere—than I did when skirts got short. I think the confusion came from the press—resenting short hemlines, thinking we just wanted to make clothes obsolete and that we weren't interested in the modern woman. Women were looking for something new. They were ready for it.

Grace Mirabella: *What made them ready?*

Calvin Klein: A lot of young women didn't experience the 'sixties and minis. And these younger women were wearing the longest skirts in the 'eighties.

Geoffrey Beene: To me that long skirt should go right back on if it's a cold day. It's practical.

Calvin Klein: There are options on a cold day. The obvious one is pants.

Geoffrey Beene: Why not the other? If a girl feels great in a long, full skirt, let her wear it. Options are wonderful, and I don't think women realize that.

Ellin Saltzman: I was thinking about the night that Grace received an award from the National Organization for Women and the final question asked was about hemlines. I found that horrifying. It set back everything forty years.

Geoffrey Beene: I did too.

Calvin Klein: But can't a modern woman feel safe and secure enough to say, "Well, what *is* really happening with hemlines?"

Robin Chandler Duke: Women need the creative skills of designers to give them guidelines. This is a very special area. Women don't want to give up that aspect of their lives, and I don't think it in any way depreciates their energy and their efforts to make statements as women. Women take a personal interest in fashion. It does us a lot of good to get up in the morning, and put on something we like and feel good in. It does us a lot of good to have attractive clothes. ▽

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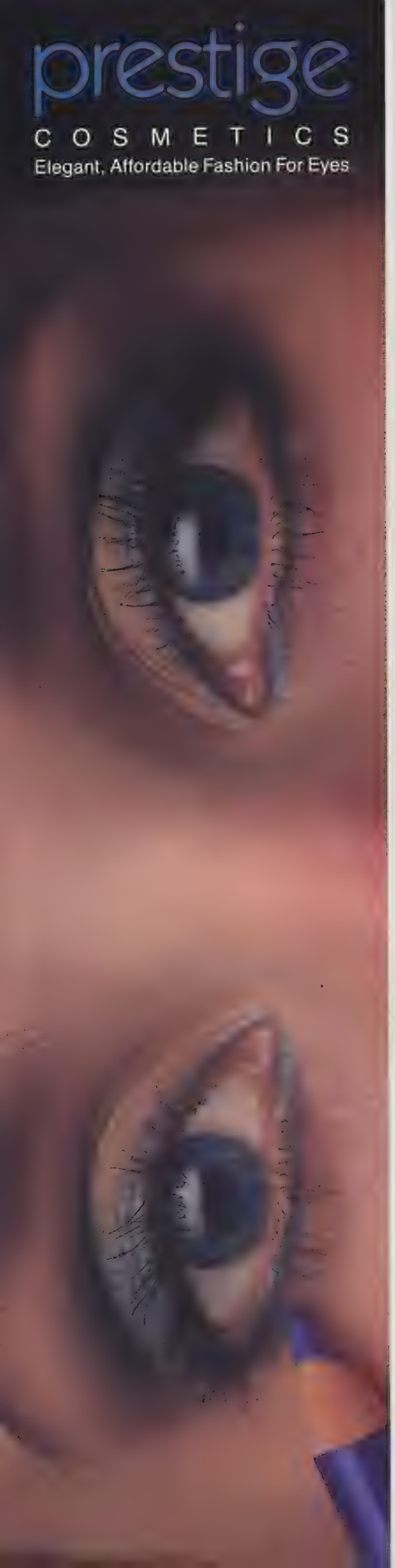


(Continued from page 243)

and heart disease. The question is: why is our society so stressful? I think it's because the media promulgate a lot of false values—you must be beautiful, rich, have a country house.

Grace Mirabella: *But haven't we always wanted to look good?*

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: Yes, but if it costs a great deal to look "attractive," if it takes two hours a day and thousands of dollars, I don't know if it's better. I see women having trouble walking because of the shoes on their feet.

Lisa Sliwa: Talk about empowerment! You see women in high heels struggling just to walk down the street; yet they feel powerful and attractive—they're trading one kind of power for another. Stress comes from feeling powerless.

Grace Mirabella: *Diet was the trend of the '70s. Health and fitness are the trends of the '80s. Are we going through a series of fads, or will diet and exercise become a way of life?*

Eileen Ford: I think diet and exercise will work themselves into everyday life.

Grace Mirabella: *But right now very few people are eating properly.*

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: That's true. People are eating low-cal, low-fat entrees, with fattening desserts. People are aware of how they should be eating, but they aren't eating better.

Grace Mirabella: *The irony is that we're going through a so-called fitness craze, but few people seem to be involved.*

Eileen Ford: New habits aren't learned overnight; changes are gradual.

Lisa Sliwa: We get an immediate return by eating certain fattening foods; yet we choose a different route if we want a long-term benefit.

V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: This is an important subject, especially if you look at it from a different point of view. The big question in my mind is why we want to be fit. Each of us gets the message that we should have a bigger slice of life. We should look better and stay healthy. But for what? So we can make more money?

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: I think a problem arises when the emphasis is on looking better rather than feeling better. People want to exercise to look better, not necessarily to feel better; but that's backwards. You have adopted somebody else's values for yourself. When you go on a particular diet, what you're saying is that the expert knows how you should be eating, rather than saying to yourself that you're willing to go through trial and error to figure out what diet/exercise formula is best for you.

Lisa Sliwa: If you're very overweight, a diet is not a cosmetic goal but a health matter.

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: But it is a cosmetic goal. The reality is that people go on diets to look good, not because of their health.

Grace Mirabella: *What about health?*

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: My clients want to be more fit, although what they really want is to look better. They don't want to play tennis better or improve their hearts. Mostly, they want to lose weight and fat; but the reality is that diets actually make people fat.

Grace Mirabella: *What do you mean?*

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: People diet so they don't have to accept responsibility for their eating and exercise habits. They want a formula. They want a temporary solution so they don't have to change their habits. Inevitably, the diet fails them and weight returns. I am never interested in how fast weight comes off—or even how *much* weight comes off. I am only interested in how *long* it stays off and the habits that remain part of one's life. I don't believe in rules such as "I am never going to drink or eat white sugar." They only set you up for failure.

Lisa Sliwa: The goal should be to enjoy eating broccoli and not to feel deprived because you're not eating cheesecake.

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: Fun is essential to any kind of fitness program; because people are likely to include it in a lifelong program.

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: Some of the most important things I teach people are the minimums they need to make progress. That's all I am interested in. If you give me an hour and a half of your time each week, I can teach you how to be fitter aerobically, and you are going to feel a difference. If I can get you to drink one and a half glasses of wine for dinner instead of three, you will lose a quarter pound of body fat a week. That is going to make a difference in weight a year down the road.

Brooke Shields: You don't have to deny yourself anything you enjoy. That's unrealistic. Just don't overindulge.

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: We also suggest the minimum in terms of exercise. For most of us, our school memories of exercise are competitive and painful. That may be good if you are a competitive athlete; but just to be fit, to have lower blood pressure, low cholesterol, and a low resting heart rate, you don't have to exercise that intensely.

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: You also don't have to have a perfect body to be able to say, "I like how I look."

Grace Mirabella: *What will the important health issues be in the next century?*

Nancy Brinker: Breathing clean air. The recent studies we've seen at the Cancer Institute are all related to the chemicals and pollutants escaping into our environment. On the positive side, we are learning, through gene manipulation and cancer research, how the human cell reacts. Eventually, we will conquer cancer.

V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: I think *the* health issue is AIDS because it kills everybody who contracts it. I still believe transmission in this country is basically limited to homosexuals and drug users; but it is moving slowly into the general population. And it is frightening.

Grace Mirabella: *How will women think about themselves in the next century?*

Lisa Sliwa: Women will realize they have to learn how to defend themselves in a society that targets women as victims. If you look at crime statistics, you can see why women feel so vulnerable. I believe that if a woman has exercised and feels good about herself, she ought to be able to handle a difficult situation. There are experts who disagree with me. Personal safety is not just an issue for inner-city women living in ghettos. Rape and physical violence against women happens in the nicest neighbor-

hoods. Learning to defend oneself is not unfeminine or unsafe.

Rita Freedman, Ph.D.: I would like to fantasize about what I see down the road that may affect women dramatically. One: technology that allows one to determine the sex of one's children. We are going to see all kinds of changes in the social system because of that. Studies indicate that people still prefer male children, and they certainly prefer a male as their first child. If the number of males to females is disproportionate, it changes the marital and sexual system; it changes the power people are going to have. If there are fewer women in the culture, reproductive power becomes extremely important. And we are going to see men compete tremendously for those few women who can have children.

Another thing that we will see is some real understanding of the problems of weight control. We still do not completely understand the physiology of weight. We know there are brain centers that turn appetite on and off; and I am hoping that in the next fifteen years we will see some dramatic success against overweight.

The use of words is also important, and it affects how we think about ourselves. We need to have new terms for older women. The label "little old lady" no longer fits the vast number of active older women in our culture.

V. Michael Hogan, M.D.: But when does "older" begin? It gets older and older as time goes on. Middle age keeps extending itself. It used to end at fifty, now it ends at sixty; in a few more years it will end at seventy.

Julie K. Anthony, Ph.D.: There are real psychological and physical changes that explain why athletes today are reaching their prime at an older age and why we see their careers extending into their late thirties, even forties. One reason is that we are taking better care of ourselves. Twenty or thirty years ago, a tennis player would be finished at thirty-five. Martina Navratilova is thirty-one now, but she won't be at the end of her career for at least ten years. It proves the positive results of diet and exercise. We are extending middle age; we are all performing better—and for a longer time. ▽

MONEY

(Continued from page 239)

quality. There's no doubt the Japanese have made it a cult, and their reputation for quality has wiped American manufacturers out of category after category. They've proved that a veneration of quality will bring its own audience in mass numbers. What we're seeing is a sense among college-educated people that quality is something we have allowed to slip out of our lives, and that it's something that should be given very high value. As it is, you have two choices: you buy something that's disposable, or you buy the top of the line.

Harriet M. Michel: I don't deal in products; I deal in social service and social welfare. I think we are delivering better quality, but at the same time there's a basic frustration because we can't keep up with the demand. And so the quality of life of the people we serve has gone down. We're better, but the people we're helping are generally not.

Edward Meyer: Talking for my field, I think advertising has become much cleverer, much easier to look at, much more sprightly. There's a greater element of surprise and delight. And people respond to it on that level. I'm fearful these days of creating advertising that shoots too low or is too broad.

Joan Juliet Buck: Then how do you explain the level of illiteracy in this country?

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: But there is another trend, too. By the year 2000, 40 percent of our adults will have attended college.

Joan Juliet Buck: And the rest won't be able to read.

Harriet M. Michel: I think, as we move to the end of the century, we're going to see a greater class division. And what appeals to the upper end is going to have little or no meaning for poor people, though maybe that won't matter because poor people have no disposable income anyway. As we talk about money and how money affects a society, we are not, I think, paying enough attention to this great separation of classes in the United States that is going to come back to bite us and haunt us.

No matter how elegantly we live and how refined our tastes become, we still have to pay for those great masses who cannot support themselves. If you can't appeal to people's higher moral standards, then you've got to talk about the cost. And it's enormous.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., said that taxes are the price we pay for civilization. The problem is that we have not been willing to pay those taxes.

Grace Mirabella: *Did anything change in your lives as of October 19th?*

Edward Meyer: I'm clearly thinking much more deeply about the economy of the country, how it's going to affect consumers. I now look back and realize that I was living with a false sense of euphoria. I was under the impression that things would be glorious—at least for the rest of my natural life.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: Except for an area like the Midwest, which is on the comeback, the level of confidence has sunk since October 19th. Some people are directly affected because they have lost money in the market, but it affects everybody in terms of confidence. I don't feel I'm smart enough to predict what's going to happen, so I have become much more cautious, and I assume a lot of other people have become a lot more cautious, too.

Grace Mirabella: *The other side of real life is fantasy. Perhaps everyone is going to be looking for a little more fantasy.*

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: I don't think so. An educated population is used to thinking things through.

Harriet M. Michel: But people *have* been looking for something—because everything else seems out of control. Think of the return to religion and the occult and astrology.

Mortimer B. Zuckerman: You call it astrology; we call it economic forecasting. ▽

THE ARTS

(Continued from page 241)

they have more drawings than they have buildings.

John Guare: I had a student once who was doing some improvs, and I said, I would rather you bring some words to it, you know, like Shakespearean sonnets. And she said, "Oh, I don't do reading."

During the 'fifties and the 'sixties, one actually had dreams of a way to do something—that a play would open in a certain way and you would get to Broadway. What is wonderful today is that nobody has those dreams anymore. Now you are completely on your own.

Grace Mirabella: *You know, the word "pleasure" hasn't been brought up.*

John Guare: One's work is one's pleasure. That is one word you don't have to bring up.

Robert Miller: The concept of pleasure is a significant one. Pleasure doesn't have to be negative or indulgent. We all know that Matisse's theme was that he wanted to make works of art that the businessman sitting in an easy chair could look at and enjoy. And we can still look at a Matisse and have that pleasure.

Michael Graves: But Matisse had another audience besides that man in an easy chair—people who knew how to read the pictures.

Robert Miller: Significant art has always transcended audiences. It's simple: if bad art is bad for us, then good art is good for us.

Karole Armitage: This is an interesting time: in the 'twenties and 'thirties, America created three great cultural institutions—the Museum of Modern Art, the New York City Ballet, and Hollywood. They are all going way downhill, and nothing is taking their places. No one even knows what to do with them.

John Guare: Let's talk about the opera world. There are remarkable singers around, say Jessye Norman and Frederica von Stade. Thirty or forty years ago, they would have been great, great divas, the equals of Tebaldi and Callas. But today there is no interest in that.

Fran Lebowitz: There used to be only a few ways someone might be famous—like for being an opera singer. You noticed it. Now you don't notice it because there are a hundred million celebrities.

John Guare: But, you know, New York City will rescue itself. If you want to work in the theater, if you want to be an actor, a director, ultimately you have to work in New York. I mean, kids go to Chicago, and they go, "Aha, Steppenwolf." But Steppenwolf played in Chicago for nine years and never played to a full house in a two-hundred-seat theater until they had a success in New York. The city shouldn't have to answer everything right now: there are roughly two hundred fifty regional theaters around the country that should band together and do the work.

Michael Graves: It would be nice, though, to try to get one building built in New York City. I've been through seven agencies and six and a half years trying to get an addition to the Whitney Museum started. By the time we get there, we won't be allowed there. People complain about the size of the Whitney. Do you know how big the Metropolitan Museum is? A million and a half square feet.

Fran Lebowitz: It should go co-op. ▽

GEORGE HAMILTON

(Continued from page 278)

over him, is Jackie Collins, sister of the latest woman in this woman's man's life, Joan Collins. The model of discretion, Hamilton says only that he and Joan are great old friends.

I daresay the average reader can name more dates of Hamilton's than they can his twenty-five movies. How can *All the Fine Young Cannibals, Viva Maria!, Light in the Piazza*, and *The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington* compare in curiosity value with Elizabeth Taylor, Vanessa Redgrave, Charlotte Ford, Wendy Vanderbilt, Jeanne Moreau, Britt Ekland, Catherine Oxenberg, and Lynda Bird Johnson? His one marriage, to Alana Hamilton (later Stewart), began strangely (a Las Vegas pit boss and Col. Tom Parker served as his best men; Alana's dog, Georgie, gave her away), and before it ended four years later, produced a male heir, Ashley, now thirteen.

Hamilton is also relatively famous for his habit of befriending tin-pot dictators like ex-Philippine despot Ferdinand Marcos and his manly wife, Imelda. When they visited him at his Beverly Hills home, he would escort her on her legendary shopping sprees. He talks fondly of an evening spent in the company of the Shah of Iran after he was deposed, and claims to have been staying at the Hotel Nacional the day Fidel Castro's brigade marched into Havana.

Man's man. Woman's man. Hamilton is also a mama's boy. Unabashedly so. Mama is Ann "Teeny" Lucille Stevens Potter Hamilton Hunt Spaulding, now seventy-seven, a Southern belle, he says, who fell in love with Spike Hamilton, a rakish Dartmouth graduate who played the violin left-handed and headed a society orchestra that used to play the old Central Park Casino in the 'thirties. Eddie Duchin would be playing in one room, Spike Hamilton in the other. When Ann caught him making romantic advances to the band's singer, she took her three sons and walked. From then on, Hamilton says, it was a life cut from *Auntie Mame*. "From private school to public school," he says. "From polo to stickball. We were never poor, though. We were broke. And there's a lot of difference. Broke is just a temporary situation. Poor is a state of mind."

A husband later, Hamilton's mother moved the family to 1 Beekman Place, then the very toniest of Manhattan's Upper East Side addresses. One day, he came home and she announced that they were broke. But she had a plan. "I am going to go over all of the men I was in love with since the 1920s through the Second World War," his mother said. And I am going to find *the* man. *The right man.*" His mother had planned a car trip that would take them through Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, and down to Mexico. And at each stop, says Hamilton, "She would get on the phone and say, 'This is Ann Lucille Stevens Potter Hamilton Hunt.' And they would say, 'Annie! My God! We've got to get together.' And she'd pull up to their house and about twenty minutes later come out and say, 'Oh, my God, he's let himself go.' Then we'd go on to another town, and, 'Oh, he's lost his hair.' It got to the point where she'd say we had a different car than we did and for him to wait for her on a street corner, so she could drive by, and if she didn't like what she saw, she would just keep moving.

"I learned from her that it is the dignity with which you face terrible things that is really what makes the mettle in you. My mother has that." As does Hamilton himself in his own way. He has made some good movies (*Evel Knievel; Love at First Bite; Zorro, The Gay Blade*) and feels that he was pretty good in them. And he was. He doesn't dwell on the bad ones, or the plays at dinner theaters and in Shriners' auditoriums he did to stay working, or the promotional work he did for the Sole Leather Council at a particularly low point fifteen years ago. And he worries not in the least about his public standing as a full-time tanner/escort, part-time actor.

In a town with little or no style, George Hamilton has almost too much of it. When he first went to Hollywood, he convinced MGM to agree to supply him with a handmade wardrobe; then he combed the studio's own wardrobe department, found the suits that Fred Astaire and Cary Grant had worn, and had his clothes copied from theirs.

"Style," he says, "is something that is almost nonexistent nowadays. And there's nowhere to turn to find it." He gets his shirts made by a Jermyn Street shirtmaker, Turnbull and Asser. Shoes from Lobb. Hats from Lock. Hamilton has driven a Rolls-Royce since he was old enough to drive. "I used it to drive onto the lot the first day I went to negotiate my contract at MGM. In the course of the negotiations, they said, 'And we'll get you a nice Chrysler.' I said, 'Well, no. I want a Rolls-Royce.' 'A Rolls-Royce?' they said. 'You're eighteen years old.' I said: 'I always have a Rolls-Royce, and I want a new one.' I had hired a gardener to pose as a chauffeur, and he had a double-breasted uniform and puttees I had signed out from wardrobe. And I told him to stand out there on the running board below the window. They looked out the window and said, 'Jesus, look at that. Not since Gloria Swanson have we seen anything like that. That's yours?' I said: 'Mummy let me have it.' Well, they upped my contract right then, doubled my salary, and I got the new car."

Hamilton still drives a Rolls, still scoots around town in his slightly out-of-date handmade suits—all the surface trappings of Hollywood stardom that existed when he first arrived there. Hollywood changed, but Hamilton didn't, or couldn't, and that's part of his poignant charm. There is, thankfully, a place for a man who wants to be a Ronald Colman in an age of Judd Nelsons. ▽

CATHY HARDWICK

(Continued from page 231)

clothes from morning to night. They want a minimum of change.

EK: *Do you reflect your own personal style in everything you design?*
CH: I try to. I try to think of it as something I would wear, something that would meet my standards, my needs, my belief about dressing.

EK: *How did you start in business?*
CH: With two-piece bathing suits. I had bought a bikini I liked in Hawaii, and I wanted another one; but everything in San Francisco was too big. So I made my own. Many of my friends admired it, and I made some in different sizes for them. One day, on the spur of the moment, I called a store in San Francisco and asked to speak to the buyer. I told her I made a very nice bikini of silk-like twill.

She said to bring it right over and then ordered one thousand pieces. She told me she wanted them delivered "last week," and I didn't know what she meant. Somehow I made them. That's how it began.

EK: *After running your own business for a number of years, why did you give it up?*
CH: I decided it was just too much. I was working too hard, and I wanted more time for myself and my family. I liquidated the business and signed with a licensing company to do everything from dinnerware to paper patterns to sportswear and dresses.

I'm not a business person. What I like to do is design. That's what I know, and that's what makes me happy.

EK: *What are the qualities a person needs to be a good designer?*
CH: You have to have a good eye, a sense of style, and you have to like certain things consistently. All successful designers—Chanel, Rykiel, Montana, Calvin Klein—have a definite style.

EK: *What is the most important item in a business wardrobe?*
CH: A jacket. It's what people see when they walk into your office and see you at your desk.

If you can afford only one good jacket, it should be in a lightweight worsted wool, so it's seasonless. It should be solid black, navy, grey, or any dark neutral color. That means you can wear it with anything—even a lace skirt at night. It should be long enough to cover your hips.

I like skirts rather than pants. Skirts are safer. Pants are O.K. in some situations, but if you're going out for a power job or working in a male-oriented place, a straight skirt just at the knee is perfect.

EK: *What about your hemlines for fall?*
CH: There are short skirts, middle-of-the-knee short. And longer lengths—a funny new mid-calf length that looks great with a shorter jacket—along with below-calf skirts. It depends on the style. It depends on the woman. Also, there are new shapes in pants—wider-legged and high-waisted.

EK: *How do you decide on colors?*
CH: I try to have colors that are a continuation of my previous collection. I want my customer to always find something that she can add to what she has in her wardrobe.

This is easy, because I like and use a lot of neutrals—any shade of grey, black, browns, cream, white. All neutrals work together; there's no problem mixing them. In neutrals you look neat, you look very professional.

EK: *Do you prefer wearing certain fabrics?*
CH: Yes, I like wools for winter. But I love cotton next to my skin. I always wear cotton shirts or blouses. They make me feel better. I wear all-cotton underwear, and I sleep in oversize men's cotton nightshirts.

EK: *You say that by the time a woman is thirty she should know her own personal style. Did you know your own personal style at thirty?*
CH: Maybe. Maybe I knew before that. I've always loved and worn strong colors. I've always liked severely cut clothes, and I've never ever worn anything frilly.

EK: *How do you compensate for being short?*
CH: I wear narrow skirts—either just above my knee or, for evening, almost to the ankle. They are always very slim, and my pantyhose always match them exactly. Then I wear slightly fitted tops with small shoulder pads.

EK: *What about pants?*
CH: I do wear pants for day. Narrow pants, not skinny-skinny. I cut them just to the ankle, because narrow pants wrinkle at the knee when they're too long.

EK: *How do you put together your personal wardrobe?*
CH: Each season, I work out eight to ten looks using new pieces with those I already have. The looks are for both day and evening, and I wear them over and over again.

EK: *You really do believe in a minimum of clothing?*
CH: Yes. But since I'm in the business, I do have lots of clothes. I have four or five Chanel suits I've bought over the years. I think they are so modern, and the proportion is great for me. Occasionally, I wear silk blouses under them, but I also wear my own cottons. It breaks the traditional look.

EK: *Do you change your look drastically for different occasions?*
CH: No. Most days what I wear to work could easily go out to dinner—unless I'm going to a very fancy restaurant.

I usually wear a cotton shirt. For fall, I'd wear a thin sweater over it, then a jacket, and a short straight skirt. I like long jackets that come about four inches above my knee, and I sometimes wear one as I would a dress.

Sometimes, I wear a dress and put the jacket over it, or sometimes I wear pants and a sweater and put the jacket over that. Sometimes, I belt it. I can go to dinner like that, but I might add a gold scarf, a pin, or some earrings.

EK: *Do you have a basic evening wardrobe?*
CH: Yes. I have two absolutely simple long-sleeved black dresses that come below the knee and then flounce out a little. One is in velvet, and the other is in wool jersey.

EK: *What are the other things?*
CH: A few sequined pieces, and dressy black skirts. I might wear a black sequin skirt, a white T-shirt, and a black leather jacket. That's the look I like for night. It's modern and young.

EK: *Do you have a basic travel wardrobe for a business trip?*
CH: Yes. I build it around black and my neutral colors that all work together. I always wear pants on the plane, and I take an extra pair of trousers with me. I take one black skirt, one jersey dress, two cotton shirts, a light sweater and a heavy sweater and a long jacket. And my great big burgundy cashmere shawl.

EK: *What about a vacation wardrobe?*
CH: For a few days in the sun I take one daytime dress, walking shorts, one big shirt and one small shirt, three T-shirts, three bathing suits, one small short sequined tank dress, three pairs of shoes, and two pocketbooks.

EK: *You have decorated your Manhattan apartment and country home in a very English way.*
CH: Yes, it's very livable. To me, the English way of decorating means a house doesn't have to be perfect. Things can be a little worn or shabby. A dog spot here or a peach stain there really doesn't matter.

EK: *How do you entertain?*
CH: I love doing a weekend lunch at the beach or the farm—a lunch that lingers on until four o'clock. We have fresh vegetables—tomatoes with basil are our favorites. Sometimes I'll have pasta; but we always have lots of grilled fish, meat, sausages.

In the city, I like a sit-down dinner for eight. Eight fit comfortably around my dining table, and eight people make for good conversation.

EK: *Despite your busy schedule, you really enjoy entertaining.*
CH: To me, it is part of living. It's fun to get together with friends. To light the candles and arrange the flowers. To get out the crystal and the pretty dishes. I collect porcelain, silver, and crystal for the table.

I like to rotate things by the seasons and by my moods. I have two or three different types of dishes, and I love to change them around.

EK: *Has your Korean background influenced your life?*
CH: I don't think so. I was a teenager when I left there. To Americans I'm Asian, but to Asians I'm Americanized.

EK: *You have a very well-rounded life.*
CH: I'm very happy. I don't have as much work as I did when I had my own business. I don't have parents to answer to any more. I don't have to worry about my children—they're grown and successful.

I can concentrate on my life. I enjoy myself. If I want to go somewhere for a few days' vacation, I can do so. I just have to make sure everything is assigned and going well.

I feel good. It's great. I can't ask for more. ▽

EDITH WHARTON

(Continued from page 257)

Then I come back, & not a word, not a sign. . . . I don't understand.

If I could lean on *some feeling* in you—a good & loyal friendship, if there's nothing else!—then I could go on, bear things, write, & arrange my life. . .

Now, ballottée perpetually between one illusion & another by your strange confused conduct of the last six months, I can't any longer find a point de repère. I don't know what you want, or what I am! You write to me like a lover, you treat me like a casual acquaintance!

Which are you—what am I!?. . .

I have borne all these inconsistencies & incoherences as long as I could, because I love you so much, & because I am so sorry for things in your life that are difficult & wearing—. . . Only now a sense of my worth, & a sense also that I can bear no more, makes me write this to you. Write me no more such letters as you sent me in England.

It is a cruel & capricious amusement.—It was not necessary to hurt me thus!. . . I have had a difficult year—but the pain within my pain, the last turn of the screw, has been the impossibility of knowing what you wanted of me, & what you felt for me—at a time when it seemed natural that, if you had any sincere feeling for me, you should see my need of an equable friendship—I don't say love because that is not made to order!—but the kind of tried tenderness that old friends seek in each other in difficult moments of life. My life was better before I knew you. That is, for me, the sad conclusion of this sad year. And it is a bitter thing to say to the one being one has ever loved d'amour [with all self-giving love].

Hôtel de Crillon
November 16, 1930

Cher ami,

A thousand thanks for taking the trouble to tell me so many things about "Hudson River."

Grateful as I am, it is a shock to find that your avoidance of my presence has for so many years extended to my books! I had flattered myself that though you felt only indifference for the old friend, you still followed her through her books—Why have you robbed me of my few remaining illusions?

I can only hope that "Hudson River" may make you feel that you have lost an—infinitesimal—something by this total rejection of

Yr *E* ▽

. . . IN FITNESS AND HEALTH

(Continued from page 275)

But the theory that cigarettes do not increase risk of coronary heart disease in premenopausal women as they do in men has been disproved; 1987 data from the Nurses Health Study (involving 121,700 nurses) showed that, depending on the number of cigarettes smoked each day, smoking increases risk of coronary disease two-to-five times among women.

Graham Colditz, M.D., instructor in medicine at Harvard Medical School and one of the authors of the study of cigarette smoking and coronary heart disease, adds that while the number of smokers in this country has decreased, among adolescents a slightly higher percentage of females now smoke than males.

GYM AND GENDER

The fitness boom has involved both men and women in exercising—in activities ranging from Nautilus and aerobics to running marathons—but initially, at least, accepted techniques and skills were men's. It was from men that women learned the "no pain, no gain" approach to exercising, and male gym culture has been adapted to coed establishments. Among fitness-seekers now, workout differences are emerging. Michael O'Shea, Ph.D., head of NYC's Sports Training Institute, says "Originally, women worked on flexibility and men worked on strength. But as people understand more about exercise, we're seeing a crossover, with both sexes doing aerobics, strength and flexibility training."

SEX AND SICKNESS

It's all very well to work out together and to share carefully balanced fish and fiber meals, but what happens when someone gets sick? Though marriage vows say "in sickness and in health," men and women don't always react in the same way to illness. Generally, women tend to use the health-care system more, going to the doctor more frequently with new complaints. Many doctors say that male patients are brought in by women. The role of caretaker seems to come more easily to females.

Author Francine du Plessix Gray, who recently nursed her husband through coronary-artery bypass surgery, says she is both touched and disturbed by women's inclination to drop everything in order to care for an ill man. "I was very joyful not to work, another excuse not to work; then later, I went into a depression." Would a man not do the same? "I have seen few men do it that way," she says. "Men, as I have known them, would tend to be sporadic, always rushing back to work." A man, she believes, might also feel less guilt than a woman would in turning over minute-to-minute care to someone else.

The truth is we are all in this together. In an ideal world, we would all be healthy, our faces would be as clean and glowing as our coronary arteries, and we would run joyously through the fresh air together. In fact, perfect health is not so easily attained. The process can be both painful and enervating. Once men and women were reluctant to share that process, preferring to preserve the pretense that physical condition was unpremeditated and effortless. Nowadays, men and women are coming to accept not just an ideal image of better health but also that the long, hard road that leads to it is important, interesting, and even sexy. It is rather comforting to think that men and women are panting and sweating side by side in a shared commitment to becoming more fit. ▽

PUTTING ON A NEW FACE

(Continued from page 274)

products now seems to offer the same illusory luxury that shampoos do for women. Shaving creams with Teflon offer a smooth base over which a razor can glide. Non-drying agents (Lagerfeld's Moisturizing Bronzer; Antaeus Soothing Balm by Chanel; Drakkar Noir's High Performance Moisture Shave; Carrington's After Shave Balm by Charles of the Ritz; Xeryus Active Shave Treatment Cream by Givenchy) provide a moisture *shield* and what all men seek—skin "comfort." Faberge's new Cut Guard has a patent-pending formula that protects against nicks and cuts, the number-one shaving problem.

For men, the move from shaving cream to skin care hasn't been the quick jump cosmetics makers have been predicting, but baby boomers are beginning to make a difference. At least twenty-five men's skin-care lines now exist in the U.S.; some (Clinique Skin Supplies for Men) are aggressively "fragrance free." Many carry the name of a well-known fragrance: Paco Rabanne's Skin Maintenance for Men, Ralph Lauren's Polo, Christian Dior's Eau Sauvage Extréme, Lauder for Men.

Georgette Klinger, who pioneered facials for men at her salons in the early 'seventies, says today a facial is the most popular of all treatments available. Later this year, Elizabeth Arden plans to introduce "men only" sections in its salons across the country.

Today, there are twenty thousand male members of the Erno Laszlo Institute who follow Laszlo's strict skin-care Ritual. The number increases yearly. Sixty percent of patients who visit the Clinique La Prairie, in Montreux, Switzerland, for the live-cell anti-aging therapy pioneered by Dr. Paul Niehans are male. . . and frequently famous males: in the past, Bernard Baruch, Arthur Rubinstein. Today, George Hamilton, among others.

DOES HE OR DOESN'T HE?

Just as thirty or so years ago women wouldn't tell if they colored their hair (and took their business away from colorists who broke the honor code and talked), so today many men want to keep the subject of their highlights and "color maintenance" to themselves.

In New York City, Imo of the Regency Hotel Salon says, "Men are far more regular haircolor customers than women—because 'growing out' color or grey shows up more clearly in a man's hair. A woman can often disguise it with style. Men choose much earlier and much later appointments than women. They want privacy."

Who are they? Imo won't say; neither will Charles Booth of New York's La Coupe Salon.

"About 25 percent of our clients are now men. We offer a treatment that adds shine but no color—this is the first step." Then men nearly always progress to color.

On the West Coast, at the Beverly Hills Hotel, 50 percent of Bill Palmer's clientele are male—the majority in movies or television. "Men are knowledgeable and sophisticated about haircolor out here," says Palmer. "They know that haircolor is as important to hair as makeup is for the face when you're working before a camera."

Who are regulars? Ted McGinley (of *Dynasty* fame), Harry Hamlin of *LA Law*. At Menage à Trois, in Beverly Hills, Burt Lancaster goes to Setsu once a month for cut and style. Many more men are having their hair permed, not for curl but more control and body.

A CUT ABOVE...

"Men are more adventurous than they used to be," says Juan Juan on Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles. "Herb Alpert comes to the salon with his wife and daughter; I also go to their home. I keep Herb's hair long at the sides, shorter on top, longer at back. In the music business, people wear their hair longer."

It's not unusual for couples on the West Coast to go together to a salon for color and cut. With valet parking, shoe shines, and white wine spritzers, a salon visit can become a social event. Joseph Martin, on Rodeo Drive, regularly washes, cuts, and blow-drys John and Mary Lithgow's hair—one appointment for two.

Couples aren't going only to the hairstylist together. John Owsley, M.D., clinical professor of plastic surgery, University of California Medical Center in San Francisco (and the first surgeon, in 1977, to publish data on SMAS, superficial musculo aponeurotic system, a major change in face lifting), not only sees a steady increase in his male face-lift clientele—up 15 to 20 percent year after year—but also more and more husband-and-wife teams wanting the operation at the same time. "They have different concerns," he says, "but make what is, after all, an important decision together." According to the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, of the nearly sixty-seven thousand face lifts in 1986, over 10 percent were performed on men.

In Paris and London, men color lashes and brows to match haircolor; in Japan, the leading male grooming line, Shiseido's Gear for Men, has lip creams, tinted foundations. This spring, Lancôme introduced Fluide Auto-Bronzant Quick-Tanning Lotion for men, first of its kind in the U.S.; a natural, they believe, for men who loathe the idea of "makeup."

With changing attitudes toward fitness, the continuing influx of women into the nation's workforce—where they influence colleagues' grooming habits—and better products addressing needs, more and more men are losing inhibitions...and "grooming up." ▽

GUT REACTIONS

(Continued from page 274)

that corresponds to the American Heart Association's guidelines (less than 30 percent fat, 50 to 60 percent complex carbohydrates, and 10 to 20 percent protein) and on improving overall flexibility and aerobic capacity—the *only* ways to reduce body fat.

After the first month (once you begin to notice a weight change), add abdominal exercises. "Improving posture and increasing the tone and strength of the abdominal muscles will help tighten the abdomen, give it a flatter appearance," says NYC trainer Bob Beck. The best exercises for the purpose: sit-ups, leg lifts, and crunches (lie on back with spine flat against floor. Contract abdominal muscles; raise head and shoulders off the floor, lower). Start with fifty reps of each exercise three times a week; gradually build to one hundred.

"Weight-lifting exercises are also an important supplement to an abdominals program," says Beck, "because they help to strengthen lower back muscles and improve posture." "Abdominals are one of the hardest areas to maintain," adds Isaacson, "so it's essential to stick with a regular fitness program—and that includes diet *and* exercise." ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 18: Cotton terry-cloth shirt, $80. Paul Stuart, NYC. **100:** *Inset*: Sweater and shorts, Go Silk for L'Zinger. Henry Lehr stores. Shorts at Sutton's Boutique, Tucson AZ. *Large photo*: Combs, Robert Lee Morris. **108:** Sweater, Agnès B. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. For skirt info., see page 264. **202:** Giorgio Armani, *left and right*: Silk/viscose jacket and pants, $1710; silk blouse, $765. July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. *Center*: Silk/viscose suit, $1690. July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. **204:** *Inset*: Jean Paul Gaultier Junior wool cape, $150. Wool herringbone jacket, $450. Cotton pants, $150. Mid-Sept. at Bergdorf Goodman. **205:** *Left*: Gianfranco Ferre cashmere jacket, $3150. Suede pants, $1030. Available late July. Jacket at Barneys New York; Saks Jandel; Romanoff Boutiques, Bal Harbour and Coconut Grove FL. Pants at Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY. **206:** *Large photo*: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche wool broadcloth coat, $2750. Wool sweater, $450. Wool pants, $520. Late June at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset NY, Boston, Chevy Chase MD, Washington DC, Costa Mesa CA; Sakowitz, Houston. **207:** *Inset above*: Chanel wool tweed jacket, $1445. Cotton/velvet skirt, $785. Turnout, August at Saks Jandel; Nordstrom, downtown Seattle WA. Jacket at Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Beverly Hills. *Inset below*: Karl Lagerfeld jacket. Silk crepe pants at Barneys New York; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI. **208:** *Large photo*: Emanuel Ungaro Parallèle wool jacket, $1540. Wool pants, $570. Late September at Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Saks Jandel; Ungaro Boutiques, Phoenix AZ, Beverly Hills. *Inset right*: Giorgio Armani wool coat, $2155. Silk/velvet jacket, $1600. Wool skirt, $460. July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. **209:** *Large photo*: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche wool jacket, $1490. Satin/acetate blouse, $770. Cotton pants, $890. Late June at Bergdorf Goodman; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Short Hills NJ, Boston, Chevy Chase MD, Washington DC; I. Magnin. *Inset right*: Byblos cotton/modal jacket and pants. Jacket, $715; pants, $395; wool shirt, $155. Turnout, September at Bergdorf Goodman. Jacket and shirt at Marshall Field's. Jacket at Theodore, Beverly Hills. Shirt at Ruffles, Cedarhurst NY; Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Pants at Simi's, Sherman Oaks CA. **210:** *Inset left*: Krizia cap-sleeved wool/angora/acrylic/rayon top, $507; silk skirt, $1200; sash, $320. Krizia sleeveless wool/angora/acrylic/rayon top, $651; silk skirt, $750; sash, $320. Both turnouts, July at Krizia Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL, Los Angeles, Dallas (sleeveless turnout to order). *Inset far right*: Jean Paul Gaultier wool jacket, $1300. Acetate shirt, $650. Wool pants, $640. Mid-July at Bergdorf Goodman (coat and braces to order); Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Romanoff Boutiques, Coconut Grove and Bal Harbour FL; Max, Denver and Aspen CO; Maxfield, Los Angeles. **211:** Claude Montana Kashwool pullover, $470. Wool flannel skirt, $675. Turnout, mid-August at Bergdorf Goodman; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills; Diagonale, San Francisco. Skirt at Neiman-Marcus, Northbrook IL, Houston. **212-213:** Calvin Klein cashmere turtleneck, $570. Late July at Bloomingdale's. Hat, The San Francisco Hat Company. **214-215:** Sheet by Frette Fine Linens. **216:** Silk top, Go Silk for L'Zinger, $185. Henry Lehr, NYC; Go Silk Store, San Francisco. Ralph Lauren Hats. Bergdorf Goodman; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Boston, La Jolla and Beverly Hills CA. **217:** Michael Kors stretch silk dress, $590. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Saks Jandel; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Scarborough Fair, Glencoe IL; Ice, Los Angeles. Earrings, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Bonwit Teller, NYC, Bal Harbour FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. **218-219:** Polyester/satin top, Mary McFadden Couture, $835. Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings, Bradley Reese Design. La Rue Des Rêve, NYC; More Fragments, Coconut Grove and Turnberry FL. **222-223:** Pins, $100 to $175. Earrings, $80 to $130. Artwear, NYC; Body Sculpture, Boston; M Gallery, Los Angeles. Shoes, $150. Saks Fifth Avenue. Taupe and peacock belts at Bergdorf Goodman; Bonnie White, Atlanta. Peacock belt also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; I. Magnin. Taupe belt also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Cobalt belt at Charivari, NYC; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Bonnie White, Atlanta; I. Magnin. **224:** Slippers available in September at Bloomingdale's; Joseph, Chicago. Late September at Filene's. **225:** Penny loafers also at Nordstrom, Seattle. **230-231:** *Left to right*: Jacket and pants, late July at Bonwit Teller; John Wanamaker; Woodward & Lothrop. Pants at Neiman-Marcus, Chicago, Beverly Hills. Scarf, Shady Character. ...Suit at Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Woodward & Lothrop. Sweater at neck, Pringle of Scotland. Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. ...Dress, August at Saks Fifth Avenue. ...Jacket and pants at Bergdorf Goodman; John Wanamaker; Woodward & Lothrop. Sweater, Pringle of Scotland. Muffler, Christian Dior. Necklace, Majorica. All earrings, Majorica. All gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. **232-233:** *Left to right*: Jacket and pants, late July at Bergdorf Goodman; John Wanamaker; Woodward & Lothrop. Jacket at Neiman-Marcus, Chicago, Beverly Hills....Dress, August at Saks Fifth Avenue....Cotton jacket and skirt, late July at Bonwit Teller; John Wanamaker; Woodward & Lothrop. Cotton turtleneck, John Smedley for John Mendez, $85. Culwell & Son, Dallas. ...Rayon/wool gabardine jacket. Cotton corduroy pants. August at Bonwit Teller; John Wanamaker; Woodward & Lothrop. Scarf, Johnstons of Elgin for John Mendez. Family Britches, Chappaqua NY, New Canaan CT; Sims Ltd., Minneapolis MN. **251:** Blazer and top, Agnès B. Earrings, Nancy Ochoa. Untitled, NYC. Hair by Deborah Tomasino, makeup by Paul Gobel, both for Zenobia/LA. **252-253:** Excerpt from Edith Wharton letter to Morton Fullerton, Oct. 15, 1907. *Right*: Edith Wharton, c. 1908, William Royall Tyler *(Continued on page 314)*

FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 313)

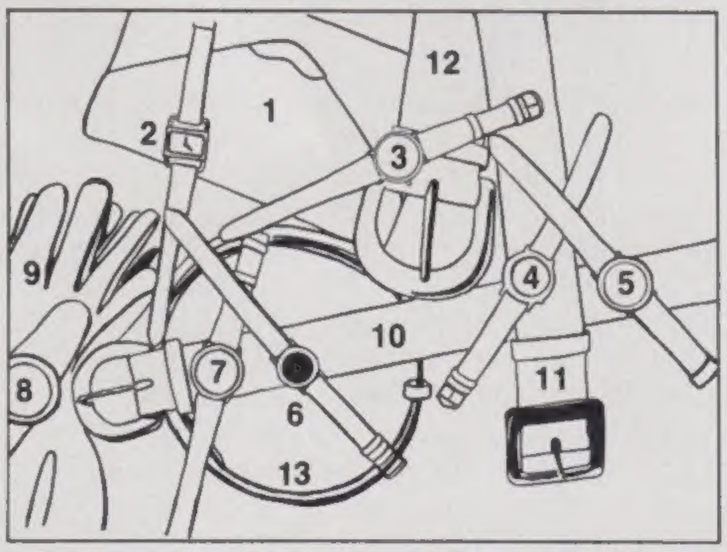
Collection. Both from Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, The University of Texas at Austin. *Left*: Morton Fullerton, c. 1908, collection of R.W.B. Lewis and Nancy Lewis (originally from Marian Mainwaring). **254:** Collection of R.W.B. Lewis and Nancy Lewis. **254-255:** Excerpt from Edith Wharton letter to Morton Fullerton, Oct. 15, 1907. **258-259:** Top at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jaynee, Jamaica Estates NY; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Coco, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Theodore, Beverly Hills; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA; Bacci's, British Columbia, Canada. Sarong at The Bermuda Shop, NYC. Belt, Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Denver, Beverly Hills. Bracelets, Dennis Higgins at Artwear, NYC. **260:** Cotton/polyester/rayon sweatshirt. For info., call 1-800-542-4722; 1-800-223-1989 in Maryland. Sarong skirt at Bergdorf Goodman; The Gazebo, Dallas; Ella Pryor, Houston; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA; Alion, Honolulu HI. Rings and necklace, Craft Caravan. Rings at Dosa, NYC. Necklace at Craft Caravan, NYC. Both at Indigo, Minneapolis MN. Belt, Joan & David Accessories. Joan & David Boutiques. Bag, Banana Republic. **261:** Jacket at The Cockpit, Soho NYC. Scarf, Norma Kamali. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Ball/claw stickpin, Gabriella Kiss. Artwear, NYC. Hand pin and cane pin, The Sentimento Collection. Bergdorf Goodman. **262:** Cotton jacket. Orvis, NYC. Shirt and cotton skirt. Charivari, NYC. First and second belts, J&M Davidson. Perkins Shearer, Denver. Last belt, Canyon Trading Post. Zona, NYC; Tail of the Yak, Berkeley CA. **263:** Hat and scarf, Paul Smith, NYC. **264:** Cotton jacket at The Cockpit, Soho NYC. Sweater set, July at Bergdorf Goodman (cardigan to order); Perlie, Hubbard Woods IL; Rita Shugart, Carmel CA. To order at Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Creeds, Ontario, Canada. Cotton/Lycra skirt at Great Stuff, Scarsdale NY, Westport CT. To order at Barneys New York. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; Ecru, Los Angeles. Pins, The Sentimento Collection. Bergdorf Goodman. **265:** Jacket at Banana Republic stores. Cotton/Lycra tank at Charivari, NYC; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Pin, Gabriella Kiss. Artwear, NYC. **266:** Wool shawl at F.D.R. Drive Men, NYC. For jacket, call 1-800-542-4722; 1-800-223-1989 in Maryland. T-shirt at Bloomingdale's; Serenella, Boston; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. Skirt at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks Jandel; The Gazebo, Dallas; I. Magnin. Belt, Johnny Farah. If, Soho NYC. **267:** Coat and vest at Banana Republic stores. Bracelets, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. **268:** Jacket, The Cockpit. See info. page 269. **269:** Nylon jacket, The Cockpit, Soho NYC. Body suit, Donna Karan New York. Silk crepe de Chine skirt. Bergdorf Goodman; Martha, Palm Beach FL; The Gazebo, Dallas; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA. Belt, Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. For stores, see info. page 259. **272:** Top, Polo by Ralph Lauren. Grooming, Grey Zisser for Bumble + Bumble. Makeup, Paul Gobel for Zenobia/LA. **273:** Top, Ronaldus Shamask. Pants, Polo by Ralph Lauren. Belt, Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Grooming, Grey Zisser for Bumble + Bumble. Makeup, Paul Gobel for Zenobia/LA. **274:** *Left to right*: Louise Gubb/Gamma-Liaison; Eddie Adams/Sygma; Dana Fineman/Sygma; S. Bassquls/Sygma; Greg Gorman/Gamma-Liaison. **275:** Glasses, Oliver Peoples, LA. Grooming, Grey Zisser for Bumble + Bumble. Makeup, Paul Gobel for Zenobia/LA. **276:** Stylist, Daryl Binder. **280:** Makeup, Paul Gobel for Zenobia/LA. **281:** Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. Makeup, Paul Gobel for Zenobia/LA. **282:** Turnout, to order at Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Shoes, Chanel. Barneys New York. Makeup, Paul Gobel for Zenobia/LA. **283:** Swimsuit also at Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Ring, Tallerico, California. Sandals, Walter Steiger, NYC. Makeup, Paul Gobel for Zenobia/LA. **284:** Amulets, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. **285:** Pants, late August. Also at Aversa, Milwaukee WI. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Shoes, mid-July at Bloomingdale's; Nordstrom, Seattle. **286:** Ronaldus Shamask cotton shirt, $190. Turnout, late July at Bloomingdale's; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Saks Jandel; Lyndon's, Wichita KS; Gordon Stuart, Oklahoma City OK; The Gazebo, Dallas; Raffles, Encino CA; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle WA. Glasses, Gianni Versace for Viva. Purdy Opticians, NYC; Au Courant Opticians, Bal Harbour and Palm Beach FL; Optical Shop of Aspen, Newport Beach CA. Earrings and bracelets, Steve Vaubel. Earrings at Henri Bendel; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Bracelets at Henri Bendel; Cameleon, Pittsburgh; Pompian, Chicago. **287:** Ronaldus Shamask cotton shirt, $198. Turnout, late July at Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus, Boston, Palo Alto CA (jacket to order); Cattlebone, Pasadena CA. Bracelet, Steve Vaubel. Mishon Mishon, NYC; Charles Sumner, Boston. Rings, Susan Reinstein for Reinstein/Ross, NYC. Bag, Prada NY. **288:** Sweater fabric, Dawson International. Cashmere sweater, mid-June. Also at Mary Jane Denzer, White Plains NY, Westport CT; Cashmere Cashmere, Chicago; Jamie, Nashville TN. To order at Daniel Foxx, Palm Desert CA. Tank top, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. Norma Kamali wool gabardine pants, $190. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Watch, Hunting World, NYC. Gloves, Portolano Products. Charivari, NYC; Glove Me Tender, Winnetka IL. Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Houston, San Francisco. Shoes at Diego Della Valle, NYC; Sum I, Pittsburgh PA. **289:** Turnout, July, also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Earrings and bracelet, Margaret Ellis. Charivari, NYC; Laise Adzer, Beverly Hills. Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Houston, San Francisco. Shoes at Neiman-Marcus, Chicago, Dallas. **290:** Body suit also at Sasha Frisson, Atlanta; Grace Jones, Salado TX; Ira Berg, Ontario, Canada. Lambswool skirt, Giorgio Sant'Angelo Knits, $50. Henri Bendel. Panty stockings, Fogal of Switzerland, NYC, Houston, San Francisco. Boots, Andrea Pfister. **291:** Lambswool/angora/nylon scarves. Glasses, Gianni Versace for Viva. For stores, see info. page 286. **292:** Lambswool/angora/nylon tank and sweater, late June. Lambsuede pants, Ralph Lauren Roughwear. Jewelry, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. Belt, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. **293:** Lambswool/cashmere sweater, late July. Silk jersey top, Go Silk for L'Zinger, $82. Bergdorf Goodman. Wool gabardine pants, Ronaldus Shamask, $350. August at Lord & Taylor. Glasses, Michel Loubiere for I.D.C. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Comme Les Garçons and Comme Des Fous, Los Angeles. Scarf at neck, Echo Design Group. Pocket square, Trafalgar. Belt, Johnny Farah. Scarf at hip, Jean Paul Gaultier. Both at If, Soho NYC. **298:** Cap and goggles, Speedo America. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

Correction: In the May issue on page 280, we identified a black-and-white polka-dot shirt as Agnès B. The correct manufacturer is Irie.

ACCESSORIES *Details from photos, pages 226-229.*

226-227: 1. Bag, Ralph Lauren Handbags and Luggage Company, $1400. All Polo/Ralph Lauren Shops....2. Hermès watch, $595. Hermès, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Beverly Hills, San Francisco....3. Baume & Mercier watch, $3400. Tourneau Corner, NYC, Bal Harbour FL; Tivol, Kansas City MO; Shreve & Co., San Francisco.... 4. Watch, Gucci Time Pieces, $350. Macy's, Herald Square; Foley's, Houston....5. Watch, Blancpain at Tiffany & Co., $5700....6. Bulgari watch. Bulgari at the Hotel Pierre, NYC....7. Watch, Piaget Watch Corporation, $4590. Tiffany & Co.; Fred Joaillier, Beverly Hills....8. Baume & Mercier watch, $6900. Tourneau Corner, NYC; Tivol, Kansas City MO; Shreve & Co., San Francisco....9. Bottega Veneta gloves, $165. Bottega Veneta, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco....10-13. Belts, Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. 10. Belt, $285. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Greenwich CT....11. Belt, $90. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Farmington CT....12. Belt, $90. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Short Hills NJ, Dallas....13. Belt, $85. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Pittsburgh, Beverly Hills.

228-229: 1. Hermès pillbox, $565. Hermès, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Beverly Hills, San Francisco....2. Bulgari watch. Bulgari at the Hotel Pierre, NYC....3. Janis Savitt for M&J Savitt cuff links, $330 a pair. Bloomingdale's; M&J Savitt at Joseph, Chicago; Barbara Jean Ltd., Little Rock AR; HWR Jewelry, Aspen CO....4. Janis Savitt for M&J Savitt rings, $160 each. For stores, see #3....5. Lighter, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co., $170....6. Hermès belt, $895. For stores, see #1....7. Patricia Von Musulin belt, $975. Barneys New York; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; Neiman-Marcus, Northbrook IL, Beverly Hills; Stanley Korshak at the Crescent, Dallas; Fred Segal Collections, Santa Monica CA....8. Verdura pin. Verdura, NY....9. Michelle Savitt for M&J Savitt cuff, $550. For stores, see #3....10. Watch, Gucci Time Pieces, $450. Macy's, Herald Square; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Foley's, Houston; May Company, California....11., 12. Fred Leighton bracelet and necklace. Fred Leighton, NYC....13. Rings, Janis Savitt for M&J Savitt, $160 each. For stores, see #3.



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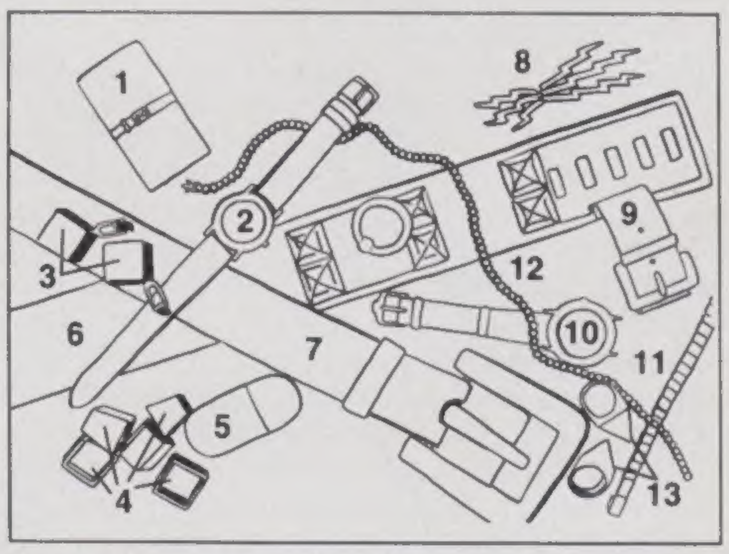

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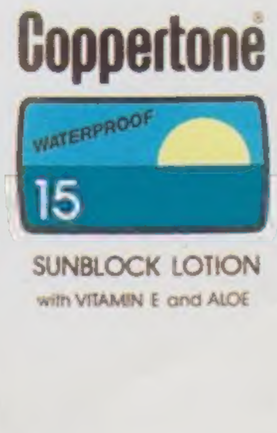

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